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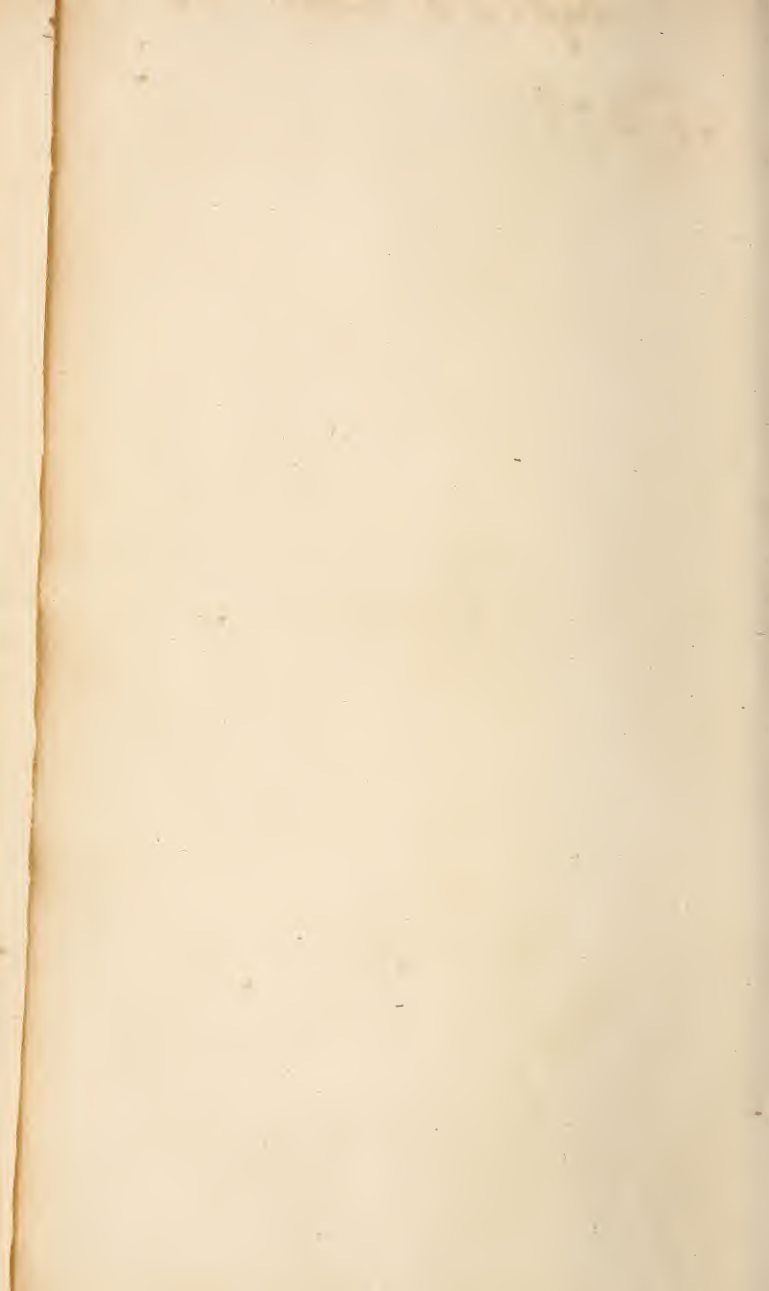
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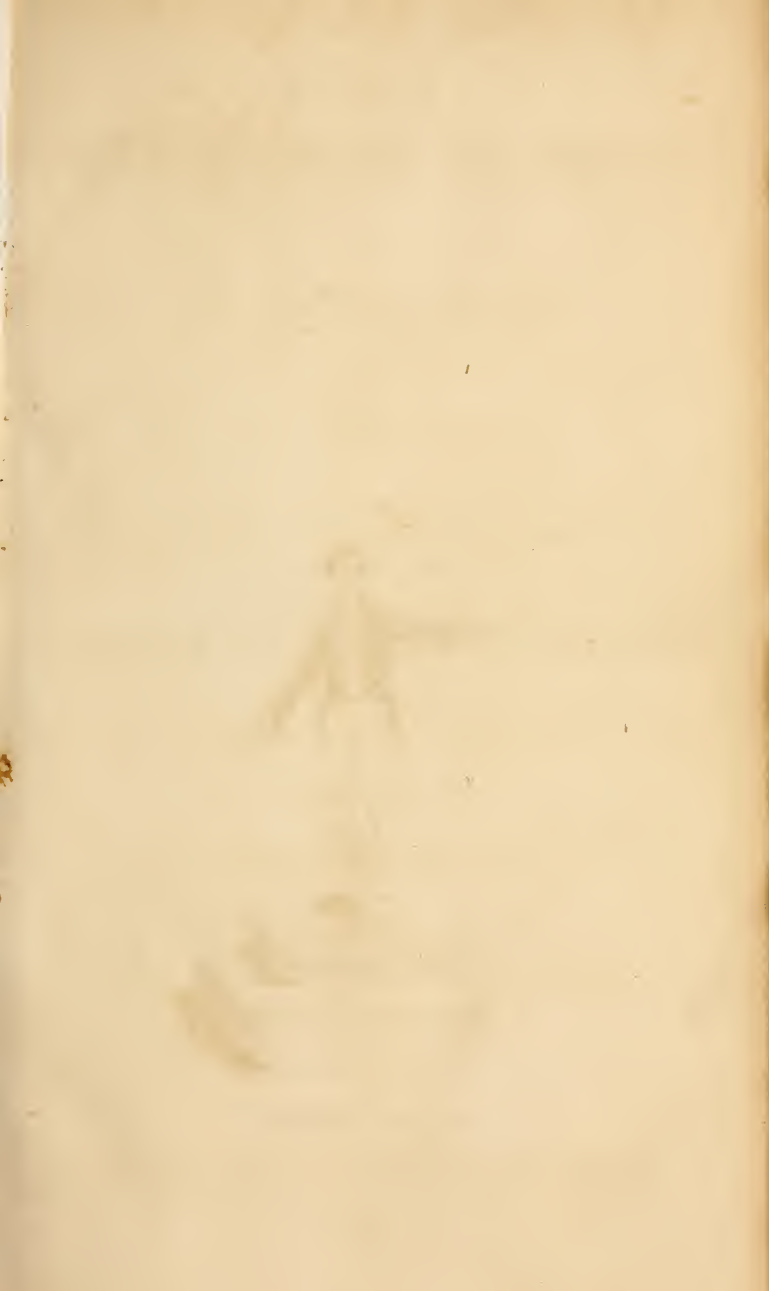
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ELOCUTION.

THE
RHYTHMICAL READER:

BEING

A SELECTION OF PIECES

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

PRESENTED UNDER A SYSTEM OF NOTATION WHICH EXHIBITS THE
MEASURE OF SPEECH, THE QUANTITIES OF SYLLABLES, AND
THE JUST ADMEASUREMENT OF PAUSES.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS,

AS WELL AS FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS
WHO WISH TO IMPROVE THEMSELVES

IN THE ART OF

READING AND SPEAKING.

BY ANDREW COMSTOCK, M. D.

AUTHOR OF PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.

Philadelphia :

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PREFACE.

IN the year 1830, I published a volume, entitled *Practical Elocution ; or, The Art of Reading Simplified*. It consisted of extracts from the writings of various authors, presented under the notation of Joshua Steele. Since that period I have been solicited by a number of respectable teachers to publish another work on the same plan, with the exclusion of pieces of a dramatic character. I, therefore, present the public with a work of this description.

In this, as in the former work, I have used Steele's notation. This notation divides discourse into rhythmical sections, gives the length of each syllable, and the place and duration of each pause ; and by its ingenious construction enables a reader to bring out the sense in a clear and forcible manner, without hurrying respiration, and, consequently, without producing exhaustion: for, even under the

most energetic delivery, according to this system of notation, the respiratory function is but slightly disturbed. The notation, however, cannot be duly appreciated by those who are not practically acquainted with the system; but I feel confident, that whoever does become practically acquainted with it, will not deny its utility.

INTRODUCTION.

OF ARTICULATION.

A GOOD ARTICULATION consists in the distinct utterance of the elements of speech, either separately, or when combined into words ; and in making such a distinction between syllables, that the ear may readily perceive to which syllable each element belongs.*

Without good articulation it is impossible to be a correct reader or speaker. Those who have been accustomed to pronounce their words in a careless or slovenly manner, will find it difficult, even with their best efforts, to utter them distinctly : the organs of articulation, for the want of proper exertion, having become, as it were, paralyzed. The pupil, therefore, at the very commencement of his studies, should be conducted through a series of exercises, calculated to strengthen the muscles of articulation, and render them obedient to the will. The best method for effecting these purposes, is to exercise the voice on the elements of speech : first, on each element separately ; and then, on some of their most difficult combinations.

The number of elementary sounds in the English language is thirty-eight. They are usually divided into vowels and consonants ; but the division of Dr. Rush is much better. Without discarding altogether former di-

* See Sheridan's Lectures.

visions of the elements, he makes a new classification, founded on their use in intonation. He arranges them under three general heads—*Tonics*, *Subtonics*, and *Atonics*.

The *Tonics* “consist of different sorts of vocality,” and are the most important agents in intonation. They are usually denominated vowel sounds. Their number is fifteen.

The *Subtonics* possess “variously among themselves, properties analogous to those of the tonics, but differing in degree.” They amount to fourteen.

The *Atonics* are mere aspirations. They are nine in number.

Table of the Elements

Tonics.

ā	as heard in <i>ale</i> , <i>day</i> , <i>fate</i> .
â	<i>arm</i> , <i>farm</i> .
ã	<i>all</i> , <i>law</i> , <i>for</i> , <i>orb</i> .
â	<i>an</i> , <i>man</i> , <i>idea</i> , <i>fat</i> .
ê	<i>eel</i> , <i>eve</i> , <i>see</i> , <i>imitate</i> .
ë	<i>end</i> , <i>met</i> .
î	<i>isle</i> , <i>ice fly</i> , <i>pine</i> .
ï	<i>in</i> , <i>pin</i> , <i>England</i> .
ô	<i>old</i> , <i>no</i> , <i>more</i> , <i>oats</i> .
ö	<i>ooze</i> , <i>lose</i> , <i>too</i> , <i>to</i> , <i>move</i> , <i>fool</i> .
õ	<i>on</i> , <i>lock</i> , <i>not</i> .
ù	<i>few</i> , <i>tube</i> , <i>pupil</i> .
û	<i>up</i> , <i>her</i> , <i>hurt</i> .
ü	<i>full</i> , <i>pull</i> , <i>wolf</i> .
ou	<i>our</i> , <i>now</i> , <i>flour</i> , <i>flower</i> .

Subtonics.

b	as heard in <i>bow, orb, barb.</i>
d	<i>day, bid, did.</i>
g	<i>gay, fig, gig.</i>
l	<i>light, all, lull.</i>
m	<i>mind, storm, maim.</i>
n	<i>no, on, nine.</i>
ng	<i>song, think, finger.</i>
r	<i>roe, war, rare, orb.</i>
th	<i>then, with, beneath.</i>
v	<i>vile, live, vivid, valve.</i>
w	<i>wo, wave, world.</i>
y	<i>yoke, yonder.</i>
z	<i>zone, his, Xenophon.</i>
zh	<i>azure, enclosure.</i>

Atonics.

f	as heard in <i>fame, if, drift.</i>
h	<i>he, hence.</i>
k	<i>kite, wreck, cake.</i>
p	<i>pit, up, apt.</i>
s	<i>sin, yes, crisp, cell.</i>
sh	<i>shine, push, flushed.</i>
t	<i>take, it, oats,</i>
th	<i>thin, truth, months.</i>
wh	<i>when, which, what.</i>

Six of the tonic elements are *Monothongs*; that is, they have a uniform sound throughout their concrete movement. The remaining nine are *Diphthongs*, and “have different sounds for the extremes of their intervals.”

The monothongs are, *è, ê, î, ô, û, ù*. The diphthongs are, *â, ă, ǎ, ǎ, ĩ, ȳ, ȳ, ou*.

The diphthongs *â* and *ĩ* have each a peculiar sound for their radical, and the monothong *è* for their vanish;* *ă, ǎ, ǎ, and ȳ*, have each a peculiar sound for their radical, and the monothong *û* for their vanish;† *ȳ, ȳ, and ou* have each a peculiar sound for their radical, and the monothong *ô* for their vanish. For the purpose of illustration, let the letters which represent the diphthongs, stand only for the radicals of these elements—then the analysis of the diphthongs may be shown, thus :

<i>Radicals.</i>	<i>Vanishes.</i>
<i>â</i>	<i>è</i>
<i>ă</i>	<i>û</i>
<i>ǎ</i>	<i>û</i>
<i>ǎ</i>	<i>û</i>
<i>ĩ</i>	<i>è</i>
<i>ȳ</i>	<i>ô</i>
<i>ȳ</i>	<i>û</i>
<i>ȳ</i>	<i>ô</i>
<i>ou</i>	<i>ô</i>

The tonic elements should be exploded from the throat

* The note of speech, or a single effort of the voice on an element or syllable, according to Dr. Rush, commences with a certain degree of fullness, and gradually diminishes till its termination. The two parts of the movement thus distinguished, he calls the *radical* and *vanish*. The term *concrete* includes both radical and vanish.

† The compound nature of the diphthongs *ă, ǎ, ǎ, and ȳ*, is not very perceptible, unless they are pronounced interrogatively, and with long quantity.

in every range of pitch within the compass of the voice, and with every possible degree of force.*

This is a very important exercise. It strengthens the voice, by giving it body; or, in other words, (if I may use the expression,) by increasing its density, or specific gravity. The notes of a public speaker, who has this explosive power of the voice, fall with distinctness upon the ear; whereas, those of another whose voice has not been improved by this exercise, are often feeble and inefficient.

But the exploding of the elements answers a far more important purpose than that of developing the voice; it is a powerful means of invigorating the pulmonary organs. All the blood, in the course of its circulation, passes through the lungs, and there undergoes a change, not only essential to health, but also to life. Whenever the lungs become debilitated, they do not properly perform their office; and hence the whole system suffers: in fact, the very citadel of life is sapped, and unless efficient measures are taken to enable the lungs to recover their tone, death is the result. Now, one of the best remedies for strengthening the lungs, and securing them against the invasion of disease, is to exercise the voice on the tonic elements. If every individual, both male and female, were daily to explode these elements, and read a few pages aloud, according to the principles laid down in this volume, the number of deaths from pulmonary affections, especially

* An element is exploded in the following manner: make a full inspiration, and close the throat—then utter the element with a sudden emission of the breath. The process is somewhat analogous to a single act of coughing.

consumption, I have no doubt, would be, in a measure, diminished. My pupils have frequently told me, that they always feel better after the exercise. A young gentleman who has been in the practice of resorting to a gymnasium for the benefit of his health, assures me that he has derived more advantage from exploding the elements and reading aloud, than he has from his gymnastic exercises. Let those, therefore, who visit gymnasiums for the purpose of exercising their limbs, not forget the equally important gymnastics of the pulmonary organs. In schools, the exercise of exploding the elements, should never be neglected. There can be no objection raised against it on account of its taking time—it need not occupy more than five minutes, as the whole school can explode them in concert.*

The pupil should exercise his voice every day upon the subtonics and atonics. The subtonics should be uttered in the most energetic manner, and with long quantity. Much of the beauty of good reading depends on the distinct utterance of the subtonic and atonic elements.

Table exhibiting the Analysis of Words, in which there are easy combinations of Elements.

In the first column are presented a few words as they are usually spelt ; in the second, their elements, separated by hyphens. Let the pupil spell the words, uttering, separately, each element, and not the *name* of the letter, as is generally done in the schools.

* The author has published a table of the elements, on a large scale, for the use of Schools, Gymnasiums, and private families. It is varnished, and mounted on rollers, like a map.

Note.—The subtonic *th* is printed in small capitals, and the atonic *th* in italics, that one may not be mistaken for the other.

ale	à-l
day	d-à
fame	f-à-m
arm	â-r-m
cart	k-â-r-t
all	â-l
call	k-â-l
awe	â
orb	â-r-b
morn	m-â-r-n
add	â-d
lamb	l-â-m
eve	è-v
leave	l-è-v
plea	p-l-è
deeds	d-è-d-z
end	è-n-d
net	n-è-t
isle	ì-l
file	f-ì-l
sky	s-k-ì
ink	ì-ng-k
oak	ò-k
more	m-ò-r
mow	m-ò
ooze	ò-z
lose	l-ò-z
to	t-ò
on	ò-n
lock	l-ò-k
flock	f-l-ò-k
once	w-ù-n-s
spell	s-p-è-l
waste	w-â-s-t
clear	k-l-è-r

flew	f-l-ù
crew	k-r-ò
tube	t-ù-b
up	ù-p
flirt	f-l-ù-r-t
wool	w-ù-l
pull	p-ù-l
our	ou-r
power	p-ou-ù-r
blame	b-l-â-m
claim	k-l-â-m
spoil	s-p-â-î-l
dare	d-â-r
fair	f-â-r
think	th-î-ng-k
beneath	b-è-n-è-TH
faith	f-â-th
yoke	y-ò-k
lady	l-â-d-è
world	w-ù-r-l-d
fight	f-ì-t
thought	th-â-t
shrine	sh-r-ì-n
loaves	l-ò-v-z
noise	n-â-è-z
disdain	d-î-z-d-â-n
nature	n-â-t-sh-y-ù-r
feign	f-â-n
thumb	th-ù-m
shrub	sh-r-ù-b
azure	â-zh-y-ù-r
spice	s-p-î-s
wave	w-â-v
wealth	w-è-l-th
pause	p-â-z

Table exhibiting the Analysis of Words in which there are difficult combinations of Elements.

months	m-ũ-n-th-s	friendship	f-r-ê-n-d-sh-ĩ-p
lengths	l-ê-ng-th-s	attempts	â-t-t-ê-m-t-s
rhythm	r-ĩ-th-m	exhausts	ê-g-z-h-â-s-t-s
twists	t-w-ĩ-s-t-s	thirteenth	th-ũ-r-t-ê-n-th-s
smoked	s-m-ò-k-t	projects	p-r-ò-d-d-zh-ê-k-t-s
breadths	b-r-ê-d-th-s	betrothed	b-ê-t-r-ò-th-t
tasks	t-â-s-k-s	vanquished	v-â-ng-k-w-ĩ-sh-t
mulcts	m-ũ-l-k-t-s	precepts	p-r-ê-s-ê-p-t-s
thwack	th-w-â-k	softness	s-ò-f-t-n-ê-s
shrugged	sh-r-ũ-g-d	deepest	d-ê-p-ê-s-t
tugged	t-ũ-g-d	greatest	g-r-â-t-ê-s-t
plugged	p-l-ũ-g-d	perfectly	p-ê-r-f-ê-k-t-l-ê
bragged	b-r-â-g-d	themselves	th-ê-m-s-ê-l-v-z
begged	b-ê-g-d	suspects	s-ũ-s-p-ê-k-t-s
bursts	b-ũ-r-s-t-s	resolves	r-ê-z-ò-l-v-z
swagged	s-w-â-g-d	exists	ê-g-z-ĩ-s-t-s
dredged	d-r-ê-d-zh-d	thousands	th-ou-z-â-n-d-z
swerved	s-w-ê-r-v-d	thousandth	th-ou-z-â-n-d-th
acts	â-k-t-s	mouths	m-ou-TH-z
wives	w-ĩ-v-z	objects	ò-b-d-zh-ê-k-t-s

The article, *a*, should have the sound of *u* in up ; thus,
He was *ũ* man ; not he was *â* man.

The, when situated before a word beginning with a tonic, should be pronounced *thê* ; before a word beginning with a subtonic, or atonic, *thũ* ; thus,

Thê arts and *thũ* sciences ; not *thê* sciences.

RHYTHMUS.

General Definition.—“**RHYTHMUS** is an instinctive sense and idea of dividing the duration of all sounds and

motions, by an equal periodical pulsation, like the oscillations, or swings of a pendulum.”*

All discourse, prose as well as verse, when correctly spoken, falls under rhythmical divisions. These divisions are called *measures*, or *cadences*; and, as the pulsation which points out these measures is marked with vertical bars, the measures themselves have obtained the name of *bars*. If the word *alphabet* be repeated several times successively, each repetition will be a rhythmical measure, and the whole taken together will constitute a rhythmical clause—thus:

| Alphabet, | alphabet, | alphabet. |

The beginning of each measure is heavy, the ending light, and the word *poise* is used to express both these affections. But there are three degrees of poise, which are denoted by the following signs :

Heavy (Δ), light (\therefore), lighter (\cdot).

The word *alphabet* may serve as an example to illustrate the three degrees of poise.

| Alphabet, | alphabet, | alphabet, |
| $\Delta \dots \therefore$ | $\Delta \dots \therefore$ | $\Delta \dots \therefore$ |

Thus, the first syllable is heavy; the third, light; the second, lighter.

“*Quantity* is a term used to discriminate the relative value of sounds in duration of time.”† Hence, the quantity of a syllable is its length, and is measured by the time occupied in its pronunciation.

* Steele’s Prosodia Rationalis. † Steele.

The following characters are called *notes*, and are employed for the expression of quantity :

Quaver - | equal to 1, shortest quantity.

Crotchet - √ = 2, short quantity.

Minim - ∅ = 4, long quantity.

Semibreve □ = 8, longest quantity.

Hence,

A semibreve = 2 minims = 4 crotchets = 8 quavers.

□ ∅ ∅ √ √ √ √ |||||

The following marks are denominated *rests*, and denote pauses :

Quaver rest - ∩ equal to 1.

Crotchet rest - ∞ = 2.

Minim rest - = = 4.

Semibreve rest | = 8.

Hence, a | = = = ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ = ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩

A point or dot following any note or rest, makes such note or rest half as long again as it otherwise would be, were there no dot annexed to it ; or, in other words, increases its length in the ratio of 2 to 3. This may be seen in the following examples, in which are introduced all the different proportions of quantity employed in this work.

Quaver - - - | = 1. Quaver rest - - - ∩ = 1.

Dotted quaver |· = 1½. Dotted quaver rest ∩· = 1½.

Crotchet - - √ = 2. Crotchet rest - - ∞ = 2.

Dotted crotchet √· = 3. Dotted crotchet rest ∞· = 3.

Minim - - - ♪ = 4. Minim rest - - - — = 4.

Dotted minim ♪· = 6. Dotted minim rest —· = 6.

Semibreve - ♩ = 8. Semibreve rest - - — = 8.

Rhythmus is divided into two general modes of time or measure, *common* and *triple*. In common measure, the whole time of the cadence or bar is divisible by the number 2; and when there are two crotchets in a bar, this number is placed at the beginning of the piece; but when there are four crotchets in a bar, the letter C is employed. In triple measure, the whole time of the cadence, is divisible by the number 3.

I will now give an example of each genus, placing the notes of quantity over the syllables, and using rests where they are required.

Example of common time—2 crotchets in a bar.

2 | ♪· The | ♪· shady | ♪· grove or | ♪· winding | ♪ stream. |
 Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴

Second example of common time—4 crotchets in a bar.

C | ♪ ♪ Oh that the | ♪ ♪ desert | — ♪ ♪ were my | ♪ ♪ dwelling | ♪· ♪ place. ♪· |
 Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴

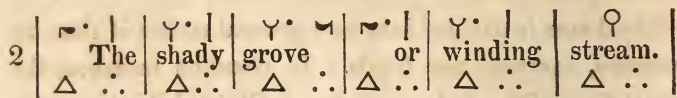
Example of triple time—3 crotchets in a bar.

3 | ♪· | ♪ | ♪· | ♪ | ♪· | ♪ |
 Alphabet, alphabet, alphabet.
 Δ Δ Δ

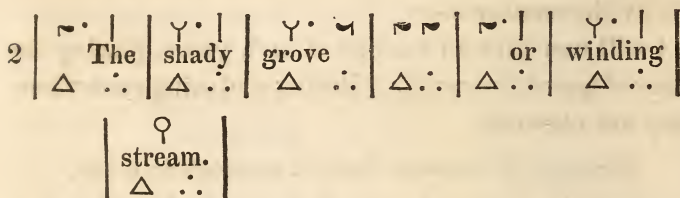
Another example of triple time—3 crotchets in a bar.

3 | ♪· ♪ | ♪ ♪· | ♪· | ♪ | ♪ ♪· | ♪· ♪ |
 I am monarch of all I sur- vey.
 Δ . . ∴ Δ . . ∴ Δ . . ∴ Δ . . ∴

Should it be thought necessary to make a pause after *grove*, in the first example of common time, another measure must be introduced, thus :



When the sense of the passage requires a pause its length is determined by the rhythmus. Hence, if a longer pause be made after *grove*, than is there expressed, a silent bar must be introduced, thus :



And if a still longer pause be required, the figure 2 may be placed in the silent bar, which would indicate two bars rest ; or the figure 3, which would denote three bars rest, &c. &c.

In the above example, I have placed the marks of poise not only under the syllables, but also under the rests ; because “ the affections of *heavy* and *light*, are constantly alternate and periodical as the swings of a pendulum, and must be continued by conception in the mind during all measured rests or pauses, as well as during the continuance of sound.”*

* Steele.

The figure 3 placed over three crotchets, or their equivalent, signifies that they are to be read in the time of two, as in the following examples of common time :

2	³ Y Y Y Willing for	Y . once I'll	Y . quit my	Y . prey.
	Δ .. ∴	Δ ∴	Δ ∴	Δ ∴

2	Y . Yet	Y Y calling	Y Y up a	³ Y . Y serious	Y . look.
	Δ ∴	Δ ∴	Δ ∴	Δ . . . ∴	Δ ∴

When the sense requires the movement to be quickened, or made slower, it is denoted by the following words:

Very fast.

Fast.

Rather fast.

Moderate.

Rather slow.

Slow.

Very slow.

I apply the term *moderate*, to discourse that requires a medium rate of utterance, as simple narrative. *Rather fast* is a degree faster than moderate; *rather slow*, a degree slower, &c. Other terms are employed to denote the manner of reading; but their application will be understood by examining the exercises.

“It will perhaps be asked here—what is the meaning of these divisions? And what useful purpose do they serve in instruction?

“All the works on elocution before the time of Mr.

* Steele.

Steele, recommend the accurate accentuation of words, and a strict attention to their separation at the proper places for pausing. Mr. Sheridan, indeed, has given a notation for rhetorical pause and emphasis. But he has proposed no scheme to draw the attention of the pupil to the subject of accent. That this subject is of the utmost importance in the schools of elocution, will be admitted by those who have observed the manner in which children learn to read: for the close attention which their ignorance requires, and the slowness of utterance, lead them to lay an equal stress on every syllable, or at least upon every word.

“This habit continues a long time after the eye has acquired a facility in following up discourse; and, in some cases, this vice infects pronunciation throughout subsequent life. The notation of Mr. Steele, which has a symbol for each degree of stress, would certainly obviate this tendency of accentuation, by marking both the heavy and the light syllables, and thus affording a guide to the pupil in the absence of the master. I do not say that these objects would not be attained, in a degree, by employing the common mark of stress on all the accented syllables of discourse. But even this is never done, and if it were, it would not be as definite as the conspicuous division by bars; nor would it include the indication of pause, together with other points enumerated in this system.

“One of the objects of a scientific institute is to point out what is necessary in the art, even if it is not able to tell the exact mode of executing it: and I will venture to

assert that no person who has heard of Mr. Steele's system of notation, will hesitate to acknowledge that it has set the phenomena of accentuation and pause before his attention, in a manner which had never occurred to him before ; but which, when known, seems to spring immediately out of what he did know before.

“This notation will not indeed inform us what syllables are to be accented or emphatic, nor where the pauses are to be placed : but it will enable a master, who knows how to order all these things in speech, to furnish that which most men require for every thing they do—a copy. If a boy is taught by a well appointed scoring in this method, he acquires the habit of attention to the subject of accentuation and pause, which may be readily applied by him in ordinary discourse.”*

FAULTS OF READERS.

Some of the most prominent faults of readers are the following :

1. Imperfect articulation, or the entire omission of one or more elements of a word.

Examples.—*His* is incorrectly pronounced *is* ; *her*, *er* ; *and*, *an* ; *orb*, *awb* ; *purse*, *pus* ; *months*, *munse* ; *must*, *mus* ; *friendship*, *frienship* ; &c.

2. The introduction of a supernumerary element into a word.

Examples.—*Even* is incorrectly pronounced *e-ven* ; *heaven*, *heav-en* ; *myrtle*, *myrtel* ; *little*, *littel* ; &c.

* Philosophy of the Human voice, by James Rush, M. D.

3. The exchanging of one element for another.

Examples.—*To* is incorrectly pronounced *tur* ; *of*, *uv* ; *from*, *frum* ; *morning*, *mornin* ; *judgment*, *judgmunt* ; *command*, *cummand* ; *believe*, *burlieve* ; *vision*, *wision*, *virtue*, *wurtue*, &c.

4. Incorrect Intonation.—The faults of intonation are so many, that my limits will not allow me even to enumerate them. Those who wish information on this subject, I refer to *Dr. Rush's Philosophy of the Human Voice*, a work which should be profoundly studied by all who are ambitious of accomplishment in the Art of Reading and Speaking.

THE

RHYTHMICAL READER.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

MRS. THRALE.

Moderate.

2 | ~· | The | Y· | | Y Y | Y· | | ♀ | ♀ |
willing	still to	quit the	ground:	~·	'Twas			
Y Y	Y·		Y Y	Y Y	~·	That	Y·	
therefore	said by	ancient	sages,	~·	That	love of		
Y·		Y·		Y·		Y· ♀	~·	
life in-	creas'd with	years So much,	~·	that				
Y Y	Y Y	Y Y	~ Y	Y·				
in our	latter	stages,	~ When	pains grow				
Y·		Y Y	Y Y	~		Y Y		
sharp, and	sickness	rages,	~ The	greatest				
Y·		Y·		Y· ♀	~·	This	Y·	
love of	life ap-	pears.	~·	This	great af-			
Y Y	~		Y· ♀	~·		Y·		
fection	to be-	lieve,	~· Which	all con-				
Y· ♀	~·		Y·		♀	~·		
fess,	but	few per-	ceive,	~· If	old as-			

sections | can't pre- | vail, | Be | pleas'd to |

hear a | modern | tale. | When | sports went |

round, and | all were | gay, | On | neighbour |

Dodson's | wedding | day, | Death | call'd a- |

side the | jocund | groom | With | him | into an- |

oth er | room ; | And | looking | grave-- | " You |

Rather slow.

must," says | he, | "Quit your sweet | bride, and |

3

come with | me." | "With | you! | and |

Rather fast, with the expression of surprise.

quit my | Susan's | side! | With | you!" |

Moderate.

the hapless | husband | cried ; | "Young as |

Rather slow,

I am, 'tis | monstrous | hard! | Be- | side, in |

truth, I'm | not pre- | par'd: | My | thoughts on |

other matters go; This is my wedding-

Moderate.

day you know." What more he

urged, I have not heard, His reasons

could not well be stronger; So Death the

poor de-linquent spar'd. And left to live a

little longer. Yet calling up a serious look,

His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—

Rather slow.

"Neighbour," he said, "fare-

well. No more shall Death dis-turb your

mirthful hour; And farther, to a-void all

blame Of cruelty upon my name, To give you

time for prepar-ation, And fit you for your

future station, Three several Warnings

you shall have, Be- fore you're summon'd

to the grave. ³ Willing for once I'll quit my

prey, And grant a kind re- prieve; In

hopes you'll have no more to say; But

when I call a- gain this way, Well pleas'd the

Moderate.
world will leave." To these con- ditions

both con- sented, And parted perfectly con-

tented. What next the hero of our

tale be- fell, How long he liv'd, how wise,

how well, How roundly he pur- su'd his

course, And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his

horse, The willing muse shall tell:

He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold

Nor | once per- | ceiv'd his | growing | old, | Nor |
 thought of | Death as | near: | His | friends | not |
 false, | his | wife | no | shrew; | ³ Many his |
 gains, | his | children | few, | He | pass'd his |
 hours in | peace. | But | while he | view'd his |
 wealth in- | crease, | While | thus a- | long Life's |
 dusty | road The | beaten | track con- | tent he | trod, |
 Old | Time, | whose | haste no | mortal | spares, |
 Un- | call'd, | un- | heeded, | una- | wares, |
 Brought | on his | ³ eightieth | year. | And |
 now, one | night, in | musing | mood | As | all a- |
 lone he | sat, | The un- | welcome | messenger of |
 Fate | Once | more be- | fore him | stood. | Half |

With energy

kill'd with | anger and sur- | prise, | ♪ ♪ | ♪ "So |

*and surprise.**Moderate.*

soon re- | turn'd!" | ♪ Old | Dodson | cries. | ♪ ♪ | ♪ "So |

soon, d'ye | call it?" | ♪ Death re- | plies: | ♪ ♪ |

Surely, my | friend, | ♪ you're but in | jest! | ♪ ♪ |

Since I was | here be- | fore | ♪ 'Tis | six-and- |

thirty | years at | least, | ♪ And you | now are | fourscore." |

♪ ♪ | ♪ So | much the | worse," | ♪ the | clown re- |

join'd, | ♪ To | spare the | aged | ♪ would be | kind: |

♪ ♪ | ♪ How- | ever, | ♪ see your | search be | legal; |

♪ ♪ | And your au- | thority— | ♪ is't | regal? | ♪ ♪ |

Else you are | come on a | fool's | errand, | With but a |

secretary's | warrant. | ♪ Be- | side, you |

promis'd me | Three | Warnings, | ♪ ♪ | Which I have |

look'd for	nights and	mornings!	~ ~	~ ~	But		
for that	loss of	time and	ease,	~ ~	I	can recover	
damages."	~ ~	2	~ ~	"I	know,"	~ ~	cries
Death,	~ ~	"that, at the	best,	~ ~	I	seldom	
~ ~	am a	welcome	guest;	~ ~	But	don't be	
captious,	friend, at	least:	~ ~	~ ~	I little		
thought you'd	still be	able To	stump a-				
bout your	farm and	stable;	~ ~	Your	years have		
run to a	great	length;	~ ~	I	wish you		
joy, though,	~ ~	of your	strength!"	~ ~	"Hold,"		
~ ~	says the	farmer,	~ ~	not so	fast!	~ ~	
3	I have been	lame these	four years	past."	~ ~	And	
no great	wonder,"	~ ~	Death re-	plies:	~ ~	"How-	

ever, you still keep your eyes; And

sure, to see one's loves and friends, For

legs and arms would make a-mends."

"Per-haps," says Dodson, "so it

might, But latterly I've lost my sight."

Rather slow.

"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true,

Moderate.

But still there's comfort left for you:

Each strives your sadness to a-muse,

I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he; and if there

were, I'm grown so deaf, I could not

With energy.

hear." "Nay, then," the spectre

stern re- join'd, " These are un- justifiable ^{5*}

yearnings; If you are ³ Lame, and Deaf, and

Blind, You've had your Three suf- ficient

Warnings. So come a- long, no

Moderate.
more we'll part;" He said, and touch'd him

with his dart. And now, old

Dodson turning pale, yields to his fate—

So ends my tale. ⁴

VERSES SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK, DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE ON THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

COWPER.

Rather slow.

³ I am monarch of all I sur- vey, My

right there is none to dis- pute; From the

* These five quavers must be read in the time of four.

centre all round to the sea, I am lord of the

fowl and the brute. Oh solitude!

where are the charms, That sages have

seen in thy face? Better dwell in the

midst of alarms, Than reign in this horrible

place. I am out of humanity's reach;

I must finish my journey alone;

Never hear the sweet music of speech, I

start at the sound of my own. The beasts that

roam over the plain, My form with in-

difference see: They are so unacquainted with

man, Their tameness is shocking to me.

So-ciety, friendship, and love, Di-

vinely be- | stow'd upon | man, ~ | Oh | had I the |

wings of a | dove, ~ | - How | soon would I |

taste you a- | gain ! ~ | - My | sorrows I | then might as- |

suage ~ | ~ In the | ways of re- | ligion and | truth; ~ |

- Might | learn from the | wisdom of | age, ~ |

~ And be | cheer'd by the | sallies of | youth. ~ | - Re- |

ligion ! ~ | - what | treasure un- | told, | - Re- |

sides in that | heavenly | word ! ~ | - ~ | ~ More |

precious than | silver or | gold, | - Or | all that this |

earth can af- | ford. ~ | - ~ | ~ But the | sound of the |

church-going | bell, ~ | - These | vallies and |

rocks never | heard ; ~ | - Ne'er | sigh'd at the |

sound of a | knell, ~ | - Or | smil'd when a |

| ŷ ŷ ŷ | ˆ ˘ | - ˘ | - ŷ | ŷ˙ | | ŷ |
| sabbath ap- | pear'd. | | Ye | winds that have |

| ŷ˙ | | ŷ | ˆ ˘ | - ŷ | ŷ˙ | | | ŷ ŷ ŷ |
| made me your | sport, | | Con- | vey to this | de solate |

| ˆ ˘ | - ŷ | ŷ | | ŷ | ŷ | | ŷ | ˆ ˘ |
| shore, | | Some | cordial en- | dearing re- | port |

| ˘ ŷ ŷ | ŷ˙ | ŷ | ŷ ŷ ŷ | ŷ˙ | ˘ | - ˘ |
| Of a | land I shall | visit no | more. | |

| - ŷ | ˆ ˘ | ˘ ŷ ŷ | ŷ ŷ ŷ | ŷ ŷ ŷ | ˆ ˘ ˘ | |
| My | friends, | do they | now and then | send A |

| ŷ˙ ˘ | | | ŷ˙ | ˙˙ | ŷ˙ ˘ ˘ | - ˘ | ˆ ˘ |
| wish | or a | thought after | me ? | O |

| ŷ˙ | | ŷ | ŷ˙ ŷ | | ˆ ˘ | ˘ ŷ ŷ |
| tell me I | yet have a | friend, | Though a |

| ŷ˙ | | ŷ | ŷ ŷ ŷ | ŷ˙ ˘ ˘ | - ˘ | - ŷ |
| friend I am | never to | see. | How |

| ˆ ˘ | | | ŷ˙ | | ŷ | ˆ ˘ | - ŷ |
| fleet is a | glance of the | mind ! | Com- |

| ŷ | | ŷ | ŷ˙ | | ˆ ˘ | - ŷ | ŷ ŷ ŷ |
| par'd with the | speed of its | flight, | The | tempest it- |

| ˆ ˘ | ˘ ˘ | ˆ ˘ ŷ | ˆ ˘ | ˘ ŷ ŷ | ŷ˙ ŷ˙ |
| self | lags be- | hind, | And the | swift wing'd |

| ŷ ŷ ŷ | ˆ ˘ | - ˘ | ˘ ŷ ŷ | ŷ˙ | | ŷ |
| arrows of | light. | | When I | think of my |

| ŷ ŷ ŷ | ˆ ˘ | ˘ ŷ ŷ | ŷ ŷ ŷ | ŷ˙ | | ŷ |
| own native | land, | In a | moment I | seem to be |

there; But, a-las! recol-lection at hand,
 Soon hurries me back to despair.
 But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest, The
 beast is laid down in his lair; Even
 here is a season of rest, And I to my
 cabin re-pair. There's mercy in every
 place; And mercy—encouraging thought!
 Gives even affliction a grace, And
 reconciles man to his lot. 3

THE HERMIT.

BEATTIE.

Rather slow.

3 At the close of the day, when the
 hamlet is still, And mortals the

| sweets of for- | getfulness | prove; ~ | - When |

| nought but the | torrent is | heard on the | hill, ~ |

| - And | nought but the | nightingale's | song | in the |

| grove: | - ~ | ~ It was | thus by the | cave of the |

| mountain a- | far, ~ | ~ While his | harp |

| rung sym- | phonious, | - a | hermit be- | gan; ~ |

| ~ No | more with him- | self ~ | ~ or with | nature at |

| war, ~ | - He | thought as a | sage, ~ | ~ though he |

| felt as a | man. ~ | - 2 | *Slow.* Ah! | why, ~ | all a- |

| bandon'd to | darkness and | wo; ~ | - ~ | Why, ~ |

| lone Philo- | mela, ~ | - that | languishing | fall? ~ |

| - For | spring shall re- | turn, ~ | ~ and a | lover be- |

| stow, ~ | - And | sorrow no | longer thy | bosom en- |

thral. ˘	˘ But, if	˘ ˘ ˘	˘ ˘ ˘	˘ re-			
˘ ˘	˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	
new the sad	lay ;	˘ ˘	Mourn,	˘ ˘ ˘			
˘ ˘	˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	
plainer,	˘	˘ ˘	man	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘
˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	
O	sooth	him	˘ whose	˘ ˘ ˘	˘ like		
˘ ˘	˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	
thine,	˘	pass a-	way :	˘ ˘	˘ Full		
˘ ˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	
quickly they	pass—	˘ ˘	but ˘	˘ they			
˘ ˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	
never re-	turn.	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	
˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	
mote,	˘ on the	verge of the	sky,	˘ The	˘ moon		
˘ ˘ ˘	˘ ˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	
half ex-	tinguish'd,	her	crescent dis-	plays ;			
˘ But	˘ ˘	˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘
But	lately I	mark'd,	˘ when ma-	jestic on			
˘	˘ She	shone,	˘ ˘ ˘	˘ ˘ ˘	˘ ˘		
high	˘ She	shone,	˘ and the	planets were			
˘ ˘	˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	
lost in her	blaze.	˘ ˘	Roll	on,	˘ thou	˘ fair	
˘ ˘	˘ ˘ ˘	˘ ˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘		
orb,	˘ and with	gladness pur-	sue ˘	˘ The			

| Y. | Y | Y. | Y | Y. | Y | O ~ |
| path that con- | ducts thee to | splendour a- | gain: |

Slow.

- Y	O.	O Y	O Y	- ~	O.	O.
But	man's	faded	glory	- ~	what	change
~ Y Y	O ~	- ~	Ah	fool!	~ Y Y	
shall re-	new!	- ~	Ah	fool!	~ Y Y	
to ex-						

Rather slow.

O			Y Y Y	O.	- ~	- Y	O.
ult in a	glory so	vain!	- ~	'Tis	night,		
~ Y Y	Y.	Y	Y Y Y	O ~	- Y		
and the	landscape is	lovely no	more:	- I			
O.	~ Y Y	Y. Y.	- Y	Y.	Y		
mourn;	but, ye	woodlands,	I	mourn not for			
O ~	- Y	Y.	Y	Y. Y.	- Y		
you;	For	morn is ap-	proaching,	your			
Y.	Y	O ~	- Y	Y.	Y		
charms to re-	store,	Per-	fum'd with fresh				
Y. Y.	- Y	Y Y Y	O ~	- Y			
fragrance,	and	glitt'ring with	dew. ~	Nor			
Y.	Y	Y Y Y	Y Y Y	O.	- ~		
yet for the	ravage of	winter I	mourn;	- ~			
O	Y Y Y	Y. Y	Y Y Y	O ~			
kind	nature the	embryo	blossom will	save: ~			

Slow.

| - Y | O Y | O ~ | Y Y Y | Y. | Y |
| But | when shall | spring | visit the | mouldering |

Very slow.

urn! — — O when shall day dawn — on the

Rather slow.

night — of the grave! — 3 — 'Twas

thus by the glare of false science be- tray'd, —

That leads to be- wilder, and dazzles to

blind; — My thoughts wont to roam, — from

shade onward to shade, — De- struction be-

Very slow.

fore me, — and sorrow be- hind. — — O

pity, — great Father of light, — then I cried, —

Thy creature who fain would not wander from

thee! — — Lo, — humbled in dust, — — I re-

linquish my pride: — From doubt — and from

darkness — — thou only — canst free. — 2 — —

Rather fast, and with spirit.

And darkness and doubt are now flying a-

way; ~	~ No	longer I	roam in con-	jecture for-	
lorn: ~	~ So	breaks on the	traveller, ~	faint and a-	
stray, ~	- The	bright and the	balmy ef-		
fulgence of	morn.	- See	Truth,	Love, and	
Mercy in	triumph de-	scending,	- And	nature	
all	glowing in	Eden's	first	bloom!	~ On the
cold cheek of	death ~	smiles and	roses are		
blending, ~	- And	beauty im-	mortal	- a-	
wakes from the	tomb.	3	- ~		

PROCRASTINATION.

YOUNG.

Rather slow.

3 | - Y | ~ wise to- | day; ~ | - Y | ~ madness | ~ Y Y |
 | fer, ~ | - ~ | Next | day the | fatal | precedent will |

plead; | Thus, | on, | till | wisdom | is |
 push'd out of | life. | Pro- | crasti- | nation |
 is the | thief of | time. | Year after |
 year it | steals, | till | all are | fled; | And to the |
 mercies of a | moment | leaves The | vast con- |
 cerns | of an e- | ternal | scene. | If |
 not so | frequent, | would not | this be | strange? |
 That 'tis so | frequent, | this is | stranger |
 still. | Of | man's mi- | raculous mis- |
 takes, | this | bears The | palm, | "That |
 all men | are a- | bout to | live:" | For- | ever |
 on the | brink of | being | born. | All |
 pay them- | selves the | compliment | to | think, They, |

one day, | shall not | drivell, | and their | pride
 On | this re- | version | takes up | ready
 praise; | At | least, their | own, | their | future
 selves ap- | plauds. | How | excellent
 that life, | they | ne'er will | lead! | Time,
 lodg'd in their | own hands, | is | folly's | vails;
 That | lodg'd in | fate's, | to | wisdom
 they con- | sign; | The | thing they | can't but
 purpose, | they post- | pone. | 'Tis not in
 folly, | not to | scorn a | fool; | And | scarce in
 human | wisdom | to | do | more. | All
 promise is | poor | dilatory | man; | And
 that through | every | stage. | When

young, in- deed, In full con- tent, we sometimes
 nobly rest, Un- anxious for our- selves;
 and only wish, As duteous sons,
 our fathers were more wise. At
 thirty, man sus- pects him- self a fool;
 knows it at forty, and re- forms his
 plan; At fifty, chides his infamous de-
 lay; Pushes his prudent purpose to re-
 solve, In all the magna- nimity of thought,
 Re- solves, and rere- solves; then
 dies the same. And why? Be-
 cause he thinks him- self im- mortal.
 All men think all men mortal, but them-

selves;	- Them-	selves,	when some a-	larming		
shock of	fate ~	strikes through their	wounded			
hearts the	sudden	dread;	- ~	~ But their		
hearts	wounded,	~ like the	wounded	air, ~		
Soon	close;	- ~	~ where	past the	shaft, ~	
no	trace is	found. ~	- ~	~ As from the	wing ~	
no	scar the	sky re-	tains; ~	- ~	The	parted
wave ~	~ no	furrow	from the	keel, ~	- ~	
So	dies in	human	hearts ~	- ~	the	thought of
death. ~	- ~	Even	~ with the	tender	tear ~	
- which	Nature	sheds	- O'er	those we	love, ~	
- ~	~ ~	~ ~	~ ~	~ ~	~ ~	
we	drop it	~ ~	~ ~	in their	grave.	~ ~

Very slow.

| - ~ | ~ ~ | ~ ~ | ~ ~ | ~ ~ | ~ ~ |

SLAVERY.

COWPER.

Slow.

3 | $\overset{\circ}{\text{O}}$ h | for | a | lodge | $\overset{\circ}{\text{O}}$ | in | some | vast | wilderness, |
— —	— $\overset{\circ}{\text{S}}$ ome	$\overset{\circ}{\text{b}}$ oundless	— $\overset{\circ}{\text{c}}$ onti-	$\overset{\circ}{\text{g}}$ uity of	$\overset{\circ}{\text{s}}$ hade,	
— —	$\overset{\circ}{\text{W}}$ here	$\overset{\circ}{\text{r}}$ umour	— $\overset{\circ}{\text{o}}$ f op-	$\overset{\circ}{\text{p}}$ ression	— $\overset{\circ}{\text{a}}$ nd de-	
$\overset{\circ}{\text{c}}$ eit, —	— $\overset{\circ}{\text{O}}$ f	$\overset{\circ}{\text{u}}$ nsuc-	$\overset{\circ}{\text{c}}$ essful	— —	$\overset{\circ}{\text{o}}$ r suc-	$\overset{\circ}{\text{c}}$ essful
$\overset{\circ}{\text{w}}$ ar, —	— $\overset{\circ}{\text{M}}$ ight	$\overset{\circ}{\text{n}}$ ever	$\overset{\circ}{\text{r}}$ each me	$\overset{\circ}{\text{m}}$ ore.	— —	
— $\overset{\circ}{\text{M}}$ y	$\overset{\circ}{\text{e}}$ ar is	$\overset{\circ}{\text{p}}$ ain'd,	— $\overset{\circ}{\text{M}}$ y	$\overset{\circ}{\text{s}}$ oul is	$\overset{\circ}{\text{s}}$ ick, with	$\overset{\circ}{\text{e}}$ very
$\overset{\circ}{\text{d}}$ ay's re-	$\overset{\circ}{\text{p}}$ ort, —	— $\overset{\circ}{\text{O}}$ f	$\overset{\circ}{\text{w}}$ rong and	$\overset{\circ}{\text{o}}$ utrage		
— $\overset{\circ}{\text{w}}$ ith which	$\overset{\circ}{\text{e}}$ arth is	$\overset{\circ}{\text{f}}$ ill'd.	— —	— $\overset{\circ}{\text{T}}$ here	$\overset{\circ}{\text{i}}$ s	$\overset{\circ}{\text{n}}$ o
$\overset{\circ}{\text{f}}$ lesh	— $\overset{\circ}{\text{i}}$ n	$\overset{\circ}{\text{m}}$ an's	$\overset{\circ}{\text{o}}$ bdurate	$\overset{\circ}{\text{h}}$ ear; —	— $\overset{\circ}{\text{I}}$ t	$\overset{\circ}{\text{d}}$ oes not
$\overset{\circ}{\text{f}}$ eel for	$\overset{\circ}{\text{m}}$ an:	— $\overset{\circ}{\text{T}}$ he	$\overset{\circ}{\text{n}}$ atural	$\overset{\circ}{\text{b}}$ ond Of	$\overset{\circ}{\text{b}}$ rotherhood	
— $\overset{\circ}{\text{i}}$ s	$\overset{\circ}{\text{s}}$ ever'd,	— $\overset{\circ}{\text{a}}$ s the	$\overset{\circ}{\text{f}}$ lax	— $\overset{\circ}{\text{T}}$ hat	$\overset{\circ}{\text{f}}$ alls a-	$\overset{\circ}{\text{s}}$ under

~ Y Y	O Y	O ~	= Y	O Y	Y Y ~				
at the	touch of	fire.	He	finds his	fellow				
Y Y		O ~	= Y		O ~
guilty of a	skin	Not	colour'd like his	own;					
= Y	Y . Y .	Y Y			O Y	O ~			
and	having	power To en-	force the	wrong,					
= Y	O Y	O Y	O .	= ~	O .	~ Y Y			
for	such a	worthy	cause,	Dooms	and de-				
O Y	~ Y Y	Y . Y .	O ~	= ~	O .				
votes him	as his	lawful	prey.	Lands					
~ Y Y	Y Y		Y . Y .	O ~	= Y	Y . Y .			
inter-	sected by a	narrow	frith	Ab-	hor each				
Y Y ~	= ~	Y Y			O .	= Y			
other.	Mountains inter	pos'd,	Make						
Y	Y		Y Y ~	~ Y Y	O ~	= Y			
enemies of	nations,	who had	else,	Like					
Y . Y .	O ~	= Y	Y . Y .	~ Y Y	O ~				
kindred	drops,	been	mingled	into	one.				
2	O ~	O Y	O Y	Y Y ~					
= ~	Thus	man de-	votes his	brother,					
~ Y Y	O ~	= Y	O Y	O .					
and de-	stroy;	And	worse than	all,					
= Y	Y .			O .	= Y	Y . Y .			
and	most to be de-	plor'd,	As	human					
Y . Y .	Y . Y .	Y . Y .	O ~	= ~					
nature's	broadest,	foulest	blot,						

Chains him, and tasks him, and ex- acts his

sweat with stripes, that Mercy with a

bleeding heart, Weeps when she sees in-

flicted on a beast. Then what is

man! And what man seeing this,

Moderate.

Slow.

And having human feelings, does not

blush, And hang his head, to

Rather slow.

think him- self a man! I would not

have a slave to till my ground, To carry me,

to fan me while I sleep, And tremble

when I wake, for all the wealth That

sinews bought and sold, have ever earn'd

No; dear as freedom is, and in

˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘			˘ ˘ ˘	˘ ˘ ˘	˘ ˘ ˘	˘ ˘ ˘	
my heart's	Just esti-	mation	priz'd a-	bove all					
˘	˘	˘	˘	˘	˘	˘	˘	˘	˘
price,	I had much	rather	be my-						
˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘				
self the	slave,	And	wear the	bonds,	than				
		˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘		
fasten them on	him	We have	no						
˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘				
slaves at	home—	then	why a-	broad ?	And				
˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘				
they them-	selves	once	ferried o'er the						
˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘				
wave That	parts us,	are e-	mancipated	and					
˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘				
loos'd.	Slaves	cannot	breathe in	England :					
˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘				
if their	lungs Re-	ceive our	air,	that					
˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘				
moment	they are	free ;	They	touch our					
˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘				
country,	and their	shackles	fall.						
˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘				
That's	noble	and be-	speaks a	nation					
˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘				
proud	And	jealous	of the	blessing,					

$\overset{\circ}{\text{S}}$ pread it	then, \sim	— And	$\overset{\circ}{\text{let}}$ it	$\overset{\circ}{\text{circulate}}$		
— through	$\overset{\circ}{\text{ev}}$ $\overset{\circ}{\text{er}}$ $\overset{\circ}{\text{y}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{vein}}$ $\overset{\circ}{\text{Of}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{all}}$ $\overset{\circ}{\text{your}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{empire}}$;		
— \sim	$\overset{\circ}{\text{that}}$ $\overset{\circ}{\text{where}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{Britain's}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{power}}$ $\overset{\circ}{\text{Is}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{felt}}$, \sim		
— $\overset{\circ}{\text{man-}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{kind}}$ $\overset{\circ}{\text{may}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{feel}}$ $\overset{\circ}{\text{her}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{mercy}}$ \sim	$\overset{\circ}{\text{too}}$. \sim	— \sim	3

GOD.

DERZHAVIN.

Slow.

3 | $\overset{\circ}{\text{O}}$ | $\overset{\circ}{\text{Thou}}$ $\overset{\circ}{\text{e-}}$ | $\overset{\circ}{\text{ternal}}$ | $\overset{\circ}{\text{One}}$! \sim | — $\overset{\circ}{\text{whose}}$ | $\overset{\circ}{\text{presence}}$ |
$\overset{\circ}{\text{bright}}$ \sim	$\overset{\circ}{\text{All}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{space}}$ $\overset{\circ}{\text{doth}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{oc}}$ $\overset{\circ}{\text{cupy}}$,	— \sim	$\overset{\circ}{\text{all}}$	
$\overset{\circ}{\text{motion}}$ \sim	$\overset{\circ}{\text{guide}}$; \sim	— $\overset{\circ}{\text{Un-}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{chang'd}}$ $\overset{\circ}{\text{through}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{time's}}$		
$\overset{\circ}{\text{all-}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{devastating}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{flight}}$; \sim	\sim $\overset{\circ}{\text{Thou}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{only}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{God}}$! \sim	
\sim $\overset{\circ}{\text{There}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{is}}$ $\overset{\circ}{\text{no}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{God}}$ $\overset{\circ}{\text{be-}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{side}}$! \sim	— \sim	$\overset{\circ}{\text{Being}}$	
— $\overset{\circ}{\text{a-}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{bove}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{all}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{beings}}$!	— \sim	$\overset{\circ}{\text{Mighty}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{One}}$! \sim
— $\overset{\circ}{\text{Whom}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{none}}$ $\overset{\circ}{\text{can}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{compre-}}$	$\overset{\circ}{\text{hend}}$ \sim	— $\overset{\circ}{\text{and}}$		

none ex- | plored; Who | fill'st ex- | istence
 with Thy- | self a- | lone: Em- | bracing:
 all,— sup- | porting,— ruling | o'er,—
 Being | whom we | call | God— | and
 know | no | more! In its sub- | lime re-
 search, Phi- | losophy | May | measure
 out the | ocean | deep— | may | count The | sands
 or the | sun's | rays— | but, | God! | for
 Thee There is | no | weight | nor | measure:
 none can | mount | Up to | Thy | mysteries;
 Reason's | brightest | spark, Though
 kindled | by Thy | light, in | vain would
 try To | trace Thy | counsels, infinite | and

ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘
dark !	And	thought is	lost	ere	thought can		
ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘
soar so	high,	Even like	past	moments			
˘	˘	˘	ˆ	˘	˘	ˆ	˘
in e-	ternity.	2	Thou	from pri-			
˘	˘	˘	˘	˘	˘	ˆ	˘
meval	nothingness	did'st	call	First			
˘	˘	ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘	˘	˘
chaos,	then	ex-	istence ;—				
ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘	˘	˘
Lord !	on	Thee	E-	ternity	had its foun-		
˘	˘	˘	ˆ	ˆ	ˆ	˘	ˆ
dation :—	all	sprung	forth from	Thee :—			
˘	ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘	ˆ
of	light,	joy,	harmony,				
ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘
Sole	origin :—	all	life,	all			
˘	˘	ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘
beauty	Thine.	Thy	word cre-	a ted	all,		
˘	ˆ	ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘
and	doth cre-	ate ;	Thy	splendour	fills		
ˆ	ˆ	˘	ˆ	ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘
all	space	with	rays di-	vine.	Thou		
ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘	ˆ	˘
art,	and	wert,	and	shalt	be !		

Y·	Y	- ~	Q·	- ~	Q	Y·Y·		
Glorious!	Great!	Light-	giving,					
- ~	Q Y	Q Y	Y·Y·	Q ~	- ~			
life-sus-	taining	Poten-	tate!					
- Y	Q·	~ Y Y	Y· Y·	Y	Y·			
Thy	chains	the un-	measur'd	universe				
- Y	Q·	- Y	Q Y	Q·	- Y			
sur-	round :	Up-	held by	Thee,	by			
Q Y	Q Y	Q	- ~	Y	Y			
Thee in-	spir'd with	breath!	Thou the be-					
Y·Y·	~ Y Y	Q Y	Q·	- Y				
ginning	with the	end hast	bound,	And				
Y·			Y·Y·	Q Y	Q·	- ~	- Y	
beautifully	mingled	life and	death!	As				
Y· Y·	Y Y			Y Y Y	Q·			
sparks mount	upwards from the	fiery	blaze,					
- Y	Q Y	Q·	- Y	Q·	~ Q			
So	suns are	born,	So	worlds	spring			
Q Y	Q ~	- ~	Y Y Y	Y·Y·				
forth from	Thee;	And as the	spangles					
	·	·	·	·	Q ~	~ Q	Q Y	Q Y
in the sunny	rays	Shine	round the	silver				
Q ~	- Y		·	·	·	·	Y·Y·	Q·
snow,	the	pageantry Of	heaven's	bright				

♀ Y	- ~	Y·Y·	~ Y Y	♀·	- ~			
army		glitters	~ in Thy	praise.*	- ~			
- Y	Y·Y·	Y Y ~	Y Y Y	Y· Y·				
A	million	torches ~	lighted by	Thy hand				
- ~	Y Y Y	Y·Y·	~ Y Y	♀ Y				
Wander un-	wearied	through the	bluea-					
♀ : ~	- Y	♀ Y	Y Y ~	- Y				
byss : ~	They	own thy	power, ~	- Y				
Y·Y·	~ Y Y	♀·	- ~	♀·	♀ Y			
accomplish	Thy com-	mand	- ~	All gay with				
♀·	- ~	♀·		·	·	·	♀ ~	- ~
life,		all	eloquent with	bliss. ~	- ~			
Y Y Y	Y·Y·	2	♀ Y	Y·Y·				
What shall we	call them ?	- ~	Piles of	crystal				
♀·	- Y	Y·	Y		·	·	·	♀ Y
light—	A	glorious	company of	golden				
♀·	- ~	Y·	·	·	Y·Y·	Y Y ~		
streams—	Lamps of ce-	lestial	ether					
♀ Y	♀·	- ~	♀·	Y·Y·	Y·Y·			
burning	bright—	Suns	lighting	systems				

* "The force of this simile," says Bowring, in his *Specimens of the Russian Poets*, "can hardly be imagined by those who have never witnessed the sun shining, with unclouded splendour, in a cold of twenty or thirty degrees of Reaumur. A thousand and ten thousand sparkling stars of ice, brighter than the brightest diamond, play on the surface of the frozen snow; and the slightest breeze sets myriads of icy atoms in motion, whose glancing light, and beautiful rainbow hues, dazzle and weary the eye."

with their joyous beams? But
 thou to these art as the noon to
 night. Yes! as a drop of water in the
 sea, All this magnificence in
 Thee is lost:— What are ten-
 thousand worlds compared to Thee!
 And what am I then? Heaven's un-
 number'd host, Though multiplied by myriads,
 and array'd In all the glory of sub-
 lime thought, Is but an atom in the
 balance weighed Against Thy greatness, is a
 cypher brought Against infinity!
 What am I then? Nought!

| Nought! | - ~ | ~ But the | ~ ~ ~ | ~ of Thy |

| light di- | vine, | - ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | - ~ |

| reach'd my | bosom | too; | ~ ~ | - ~ | Yes! ~ | - ~ in |

| my spirit | - ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | - ~ | As |

| shines the | sunbeam | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ |

| 2 ~ | ~ Nought! | - ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ |

| hope's | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ |

| ~ ~ ~ | - ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | - ~ | ~ ~ ~ | - ~ |

| breathe, | - ~ | ~ ~ ~ | - ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | - ~ |

| ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ |

| 2 ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | - ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ |

| - ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | - ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | - ~ |

| ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | ~ ~ ~ | - ~ | ~ ~ ~ | - ~ | ~ ~ ~ |

ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ				
rect my	under-	standing	then to	Thee ; ˆ				
- ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ				
Con-	trol my	spirit ˆ	guide my	wandering				
ˆ .	- ˆ	ˆ .	ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ			
heart :	ˆ ˆ	Though but an	atom ˆ	midst im-				
ˆ .	ˆ	- ˆ	ˆ .	ˆ	ˆ . ˆ .			
mensity,	ˆ ˆ	Still I am	something,					
ˆ .	ˆ .	ˆ .	ˆ .	ˆ ˆ ˆ	- ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ		
fashion'd by Thy	hand ! ˆ	- I	hold a					
ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ				
middle rank	ˆ 'twixt	heaven and	earth, ˆ					
ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ .	ˆ ˆ	ˆ . ˆ .	ˆ . ˆ .	ˆ .			
On the	last	verge of	mortal	being	stand,			
- ˆ	ˆ .	ˆ	ˆ .	- ˆ	ˆ . ˆ .			
Close to the	realms	where	angels					
ˆ . ˆ .	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ	- ˆ	ˆ .	ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ		
have their	birth, ˆ	- ˆ	Just on the	boundaries				
ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ	- ˆ	- ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ				
of the	spirit-land !	- ˆ	The	chain of				
ˆ . ˆ .	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ	- ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ			
being	is com-	plete in	me ; ˆ	- In	me is			
ˆ . ˆ .	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ .	- ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ			
matter's	last gra-	dation	lost ;	and the				
ˆ .	ˆ .	- ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ	- ˆ	ˆ		ˆ	2
next	step	is	spirit-	Deity ! ˆ	- ˆ			

I can com- | mand the | lightning, | and am | dust !

A | monarch, | and a | slave ; | a | worm,

a | god ! | ² | Whence | came I | here, and

how ? | So | marvellous- | ly Con- | structed

and con- | ceiv'd ? | ² | un- | known !

this | clod | Lives | surely | through some

higher | energy ; | For from it- | self a-

lone | it | could not | be ! | ² | Cre- | ator,

creasing animation.

yes | Thy | wisdom | and thy | word

Cre- | a ted | me ! | Thou | source of

life and | good ! | Thou | spirit of | my spirit,

and my | Lord ! | Thy | light, | Thy | love,

in their | bright | plenitude | Fill'd me

| ~ | | Y | | Y·Y· | | ♀· | | - Y | | ♀· |
| with an im- | mortal | soul | - to | spring |

| Y | | Y | | ♀ Y | | ♀· | | - Y | | Y·Y· |
| Over the a- | byss of | death, | - and | bade it |

| ♀ Y | | Y·Y· | | ~ Y Y | | ♀ Y | | ♀· | | - Y |
| wear The | garments | ~ of e- | ternal | day, | - and |

| ♀ Y | | Y Y Y | | ♀ Y | | ♀· | | Y Y Y |
| wing Its | heavenly | flight be- | yond | this little |

| ♀· | | - ~ | | ♀ Y | | ~ Y Y | | ♀· | | - Y |
| sphere, | - ~ | Even | ~ to its | source— | - to |

| ♀· | | - Y | | Y·Y ~ | | ♀ ~ | | - ~ | | ♀· |
| Thee— | - its | Author ~ | there. ~ | - ~ | O |

with spirit.

| ♀ Y | | Y Y Y | | - ~ | | ♀· | | Y·Y· | | ♀· |
| thoughts in- | ef fa ble ! | - ~ | O | visions | blest ! |

| - ~ | | - Y | | Y·Y· | | ~ Y Y | | Y·Y· |
| - ~ | - Though | worthless | ~ our con- | ceptions |

| ♀ Y | | ♀· | | - ~ | | Y· | | Y | | Y·Y· | | Y ♀ |
| all of | Thee, | - ~ | Yet shall Thy | shadow'd | image |

| Y·Y· | | ♀· | | - Y | | ♀ Y | | Y ♀ | | - ~ |
| fill our | breast, | - And | waft its | homage | - ~ |

Slow.

| ~ Y Y | | Y || ~ | | 4 | | ♀· | | ~ Y Y | | ♀ Y |
| to Thy | Deity. | - ~ | God ! | ~ thus a- | lone my |

| ♀ Y | | ♀ Y | | ♀· | | - ~ | | ♀ ~ | | ♀ Y |
| lowly | thoughts can | soar ; | - ~ | Thus ~ | seek thy |

˘ ˘ ˘	˘˘˘	˘ ˘	˘˘	˘	˘˘	˘	˘	˘	˘
presence—Being	wise and	good !	˘˘	˘	˘	˘	˘		
˘˘	˘ ˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘	˘	˘˘	˘	˘	˘˘
vast	works ad-	mire,	˘ ˘	˘˘	˘	˘	˘˘		
˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘		
And	when the	tongue is	eloquent no	more,					
˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘˘	˘	˘	˘˘	˘	˘		
The	soul shall	speak	˘	in	tears	˘	of		
˘	˘˘	4							
gratitude.	˘˘								

PART OF THE EPISCOPAL BURIAL SERVICE.

FROM THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

Rather slow.

3 | ˘ ˘ ˘ | ˘˘˘ | ˘˘˘ | ˘ ˘ ˘ | ˘ ˘ | ˘˘ |
I am the	resur-	rection	˘ and the	life,			
˘ ˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘
saith the	Lord ;	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘
˘ ˘ ˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘
though he were	dead,	˘˘	yet shall he	live ;			
˘ ˘	˘˘˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	
and	whosoever	liveth,	˘˘ and be-	lieveth in			
˘˘	˘˘	˘˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘
me,	˘˘	shall	never	die.	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘
˘ ˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	˘˘	
that my Re-	deemer	liveth,	˘˘	and that he shall			

| ♀ ~ | . . . | ♀ ~ | ~ | | Y | ♀ ~ |
| stand | at the latter | day | upon the | earth, |

| ~ Y Y | ♀ Y | ♀ ~ | ♀ ~ | Y Y ~ |
| and though | worms de- | stroy | this | body, |

| - ~ | Y . | Y | ♀ ~ | ~ Y Y | ♀ ~ | ♀ . |
| yet in my | flesh | shall I | see | God. |

Slow.

| 2 | - Y | ♀ . | ~ Y Y | ♀ Y | ♀ . |
| - ~ | Be- | hold, | thou hast | made my | days, |

| ~ Y Y | Y ~ Y | ♀ . | ♀ . | - ~ | ~ Y Y |
| as it | were a | span | long : | and mine |

| ♀ . | - Y | Y . | Y | Y Y ~ | ~ Y Y | ♀ Y |
| age | is | even as | nothing | in re- | spect of |

| ♀ ~ | - Y | Y Y Y | Y Y Y | ♀ . | Y . Y . |
| thee ; | and | ver i ly | ever y | man | living |

| - Y | ♀ Y | Y . Y . | Y | | ~ | - ~ | ~ ♀ |
| is | al to- | gether | vanity ; | for |

| ♀ . | Y Y | | | ♀ . | Y Y ~ | ~ Y Y |
| man | walketh in a | vain | shadow, | and dis- |

| Y | Y | ♀ Y | ♀ ~ | - Y | Y . Y . |
| quieteth him- | self in | vain : | he | heapeth |

| ♀ ~ | Y . Y ~ | - Y | Y . Y . | ♀ . | ♀ Y |
| up | riches | and | cannot | tell | who shall |

| Y Y Y | - ~ | - Y | Y . Y . | ♀ . | - Y |
| gather them. | A | thousand | years | in |

| Y . Y . | - ~ | Y . | Y | Y Y Y | - ~ | Y . Y . |
| thy sight | are but as | yesterday ; | seeing |

that is | past | as a | watch in the | night. |

As | soon as thou | scatterest them | they are |

even as a | sleep: | and | fade away | suddenly |

like the | grass. | In the | morning |

it is | green, | and | groweth | up: |

but in the | evening | it is | cut | down, |

dried | up, | and | withered. | ² | We con- |

sume a- | way | in thy dis- | pleasure, |

and are a- | fraid | at thy | wrathful | in dig- |

nation: | for | when thou art | angry, |

all our | days are | gone | and we | bring our |

years | to an | end, | as it were a | tale |

that is | told. | ² | So | teach us to |

˘ ˘ ˘	˘˙	— ˘		˙	˙	˙	˙
number our	days	— ˘	that we may ap-				
˘ ˘	˘˙	˘ ˘ ˘	˘ ˘ ˘ ˘	4			
ply our	hearts	unto	wisdom.	— ˘			

Moderate.

˘ ˘	˘˙		˙	˙	˙	˙	˘ ˘	˘ ˘ ˘	
Now is	Christ	risen from the	dead,	and be-					
˘ ˘	˘˙	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘˙	— ˘			
come the	first	fruits of	them that	slept:	for				
˘ ˘	˘˙	˘˙	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	— ˘	˘˙	˘˙		
since by	man	came	death,	by	man	came			
˘ ˘ ˘	˘˙		˙	˙	˙	˙	˘ ˘	— ˘	
al so	the resur-	rection of the	dead.	— ˘					
˘ ˘ ˘	˘˙	˘˙	˘˙	— ˘	˘ ˘	˘˙			
As in	Adam	all	die,	even	so				
— ˘	˘˙	— ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘˙	— ˘			
in	Christ	shall	all be	made a-	live.				
— ˘	˘ ˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘˙	˘˙	— ˘	“How are the			
˘ ˘ ˘	˘ —	˘ ˘ ˘		˙	˙	˙	˙		
dead raised	up?	and with what	body do they						
˘ ˘ ˘	˘˙	2	˘˙	˘˙	— ˘	˘ ˘ ˘			
come?”	— ˘	Thou	fool!	— ˘	that which thou				
˘˙	˙	˘˙	˙	˘˙	˙	˘	˘	˘˙	˙
sowest	is not	quickened	except it	die:					
— ˘	˘ ˘ ˘	˘˙	˙	— ˘	˘ ˘ ˘				
and	that which thou	sowest	thou	sowest not					

that body that shall be, but bare grain,

it may chance of wheat or of some

other grain: but God giveth it a

body, as it hath pleased him; and to

every seed his own body. ² So,

also, is the resur- rection of the dead:

it is sown in cor- ruption; it is

raised in incor- ruption: it is

sown in dis- honour; it is raised in

glory: it is sown in weakness;

it is raised in power: it is

sown a natural body; it is raised a

spiritual body. ² Now this I say,

brethren, that flesh and blood cannot in-

herit the kingdom of God; neither doth cor-

ruption inherit incorruption.

Behold, I show you a mystery.

We shall not all sleep: but we shall all be

changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an

eye, at the last trump: for the

trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be

raised incorruptible, and we shall be

changed. For this corruptible must

put on incorruption, and this mortal

must put on immortality. So

when this corruptible shall have put on

incor- ruption; and this mortal shall have

put on immor- tal i ty, then shall be

brought to pass the saying that is written,

“Death is swallowed up in victory.”

With spirit.

O Death! where is thy sting?

O grave! where is thy victory?

The sting of death is sin; and the

strength of sin is the law. But

thanks be to God who giveth us the

Slow.

victory, through our Lord Jesus

Christ. ⁴ C Man that is born of a

woman hath but a short time to live,

and is full of misery. He

cometh up, and is cut down like a

flower: he fleeth, as it were, a

shadow, and never con- tin ueth in one

stay. In the midst of life we are in

Very slow.
death: of whom may we seek for

succour, but of thee, O Lord,

who for our sins art justly dis- pleased?

Yet O Lord God most holy; O

Lord most mighty; O ho ly and most

merci ful Saviour, de- liver us not

in to the bitter pains of e- ternal

death. 4

NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

COWPER.

Moderate.

2 | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\sim \sim$ |
 Forc'd from | home and | all its | pleasures, |

| $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | \circ | | $\sim \sim$ | | \sim | | To in- |

| $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\sim \sim$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | O'er the |

| $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | \circ | | 2 | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | |
 raging | billows | born. | $\sim \sim$ | Men from | England |

| $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\sim \sim$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | |
 bought and | sold me, | Paid my | price in |

| $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | \circ | | $\sim \sim$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | \circ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | | |
 paltry | gold; | But though | slave | they have en- |

| $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\sim \sim$ | | \circ | | \sim $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | |
 roll'd me, | Minds | are | never | to be |

| \circ | | 2 | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | | | \sim | |
 sold. | $\sim \sim$ | Still in | thought as | free as | ever, |

| $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | \circ | | $\sim \sim$ | | \circ | |
 What are | England's | rights, | I | ask, |

| $\sim \sim$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | | | \sim | | $\sim \sim$ | |
 Me from | my de- | lights to | sever, |

| $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | $\sim \sim$ | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | | \circ | | 2 | | $\overset{\cdot}{Y}$ | |
 Me to | torture, | me to | task? | $\sim \sim$ | Fleecy |

locks and | black com- | plexion | cannot | forfeit |

Nature's | claim; | Skins may | differ, |

but af- | fection | Dwells in | white and | black the |

Rather slow.

same. | Why did | all cre- | ating | nature |

Make the | plant for | which we | toil? | Sighs |

must | fan it, | tears | must | water, |

Sweat of | ours | must | dress the | soil. |

Moderate.

Think, | ye | masters | i ron- | hearted, |

Lolling | at your | jo vial | boards, |

Think how | many | backs have | smarted |

For the | sweets your | cane af- | fords. |

Is there, | as ye | sometimes | tell us, | Is there |

one who | reigns on | high? | Has he | bid you |

˘ ˘		˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘	
buy and	sell us,	Speaking	from his				
˘	˘ ˘		˘ ˘	˘ ˘	2	˘	˘
throne	the	sky?	Ask	him,			
˘		˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	
if your	knotted	scourges,	Matches,				
˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘	˘ ˘	˘		
blood ex-	torting	screws,	Are the				
˘		˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘	
means that	duty	urges	Agents	of his			
˘ ˘		˘ ˘	3	˘	˘ ˘		˘ ˘
will to	use?	Hark!	he	answers,—			
2	˘ ˘		˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	
wild tor-	nados,	strewing	yonder				
˘ ˘		˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘	
sea with	wrecks;	Wasting	towns,				
˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘		
plan-	tations,	meadows,					
˘		˘	˘ ˘		˘ ˘		˘
Are the	voice	with	which he	speaks.			
2	˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	
He,	fore-	seeing	what vex-	a tions			
˘ ˘	˘	˘		˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	
Afric's	sons	should under-	go,				
˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘	˘ ˘		
Fixed their	tyrant's	habi-	tations				

Where his WHIRLWINDS answer, ♀ ♀ ♀ NO. 3

By our blood in Afric wasted, Ere our

necks received the chain; By the

3
miseries that we tasted, Crossing in your

barks the main; By our sufferings since ye

brought us to the man degrading mart;

Rather slow.

All, sustained by patience,

taught us Only by a broken heart:

Moderate.

Deem our nation brutes no longer,

3
Till some reason ye shall find Worthier of re-

gard, and stronger Than the colour of our

kind. 2
Slaves of gold, whose sordid

dealings	Tarnish	all your	boasted	powers,		
~ ~	Prove that	you have	human	feelings,		
~ ~	Ere you	proudly	question	ours !	3	~ ~

SPEECH OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM, ON THE SUBJECT OF
 EMPLOYING INDIANS TO FIGHT AGAINST THE AMERI-
 CANS, Nov. 18, 1777.

Moderate, with energy.

3 | - Y | Y·Y· | - my | Q· | - I | Y·Y· |
I	cannot,	my	lords,	I	will not,				
- ~	Q·	Y·Y·	Y·Y·	Y Y ~	Y·Y·				
join	in con-	gratu-	lation ~	on mis-					
Y·Y·	~ Y Y	Q·	2	Q·	- Y				
fortune	and dis-	grace.	~ This,	my					
Q·	- ~	~ Y Y	Y Y Y	~ Y Y	Y·Y·				
lords,	is a	perilous	and tre-	mendous					
Y·Y·	- ~	~ Y Y	Q Y	Q Y	Y·Y·				
moment—	it is	not a	time for	ad u-					
Y Y ~	- Y	Y·	Y	Y	~	Y·Y·			
lation ;	the	smoothness of	flattery	cannot					
Q Y	~ Y Y	Y·Y·	- Y	Q Y	Y Y ~				
save us	in this	rugged	and	awful	crisis.				
- ~	~ Y Y	Q·		·	·	·	·	~ Y Y	Q Y
It is	now	necessary	to in-	struct the					

| throne | ~ Y Y | Y · | Y | O ~ | - Y |
 | throne | ~ in the | language of | truth. ~ | - We |

| O Y | Y Y Y | - Y | Y · | Y | Y Y Y |
 | must, if | possible, | dis- | pel the de- | lusion and |

| O Y | ~ Y Y | | · | · | · ~ | ~ Y Y |
 | darkness | ~ which en- | velop it; | ~ and dis- |

| O · | ~ | · | O · | Y · Y · | - Y | Y Y Y |
 | play, | ~ in its | full | danger | - and | genuine |

| Y O | - Y | Y · Y · | ~ Y Y | Y · | Y |
 | colours, | - the | ru in | ~ which is | brought to our |

| O ~ | - ~ | - Y | Y Y Y | O Y |
 | doors. ~ | - ~ | - Can | ministers | still pre- |

| Y · | Y | O Y | O · | ~ Y Y | Y Y Y |
 | sume to ex- | pect sup- | port | ~ in their | in fatu- |

| Y Y ~ | - ~ | - Y | Y | Y · | Y · Y · |
 | ation ? ~ | - ~ | - Can | parliament | be so |

| Y · | Y | | · | · | · | Y Y ~ | ~ Y Y |
 | dead to its | dignity and | duty, ~ | ~ as to |

| Y Y Y | O · | - Y | Y · Y · | Y · Y · |
 | give its sup- | port | - to | measures | thus ob- |

| Y Y Y | O Y | Y Y ~ | 2 | Y Y Y |
 | truded and | forced up- | on it, | - ~ | measures, my |

| O · | - ~ | Y Y Y | O Y | O · |
 | lords, | - ~ | which have re- | duced this | late |

| Y Y Y | Y · Y · | - Y | O · | ~ Y Y |
 | flourishing | empire | to | scorn | and con- |

ˆ .	2	ˆ .	ˆ ˆ ˆ	- ˆ	ˆ . ˆ .	
tempt ?	- ˆ	But	yesterday,	- and	England	
ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ .	- ˆ	
might have	stood a-	gainst the	world;	- ˆ		
ˆ .	ˆ ˆ	ˆ .	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ . ˆ .	ˆ ˆ ˆ	
now,	none so	poor	as to	do her	reverence !	
- ˆ	- ˆ	The	ˆ ˆ , ˆ	ˆ .	ˆ	ˆ ˆ
- The	people,	whom we at	first de-			
ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ , ˆ	- ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	
spised as	rebels,	but	whom we	now ac-		
ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ	ˆ .	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ		
knowledge as	enemies,	are a-	betted a-			
ˆ ˆ	- ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ	ˆ	
gainst us,	sup-	plied with	ever y	military		
ˆ .	- ˆ	ˆ . ˆ . ˆ .	ˆ ˆ , ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ		
store,	their	interest con-	sulted,	and their am-		
ˆ	ˆ .	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ .	- ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ	
bassadors	enter-	tain'd	- ˆ	by our in-		
ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ	ˆ ˆ , -	- ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ . ˆ .	
veterate	enemy ; -	and	ministers	do not,		
- ˆ	ˆ . ˆ .	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ .	- ˆ	ˆ . ˆ	
and	dare not,	inter-	pose	with	dignity	
ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ .	- ˆ	- ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ .	ˆ
or ef-	fect.	The	desperate	state of our		
ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ .	ˆ ˆ	ˆ .	ˆ .	2	
army a-	broad	is in	part	known.	- ˆ	

| Y. Y. | ~ ♀ | Y Y Y | ♀ Y | Y Y Y |
| No man | more | highly es- | teems and | honours the |

| Y. Y. | ♀ ~ | - Y | ♀ Y : | - ~ | - Y |
| English | troops | than | I do : | - ~ | - I |

| ♀ Y | Y. Y. | ~ Y Y | Y Y ; ~ | - Y |
| know their | virtues | and their | valour ; ~ | - I |

| Y. | | | | ♀. | Y | Y. | - Y |
| know they can a- | chieve | any thing | but |

| ♀ | | | | Y ; ~ | ~ Y Y | ♀ | | |
| impossi- | bilities ; ~ | and I | know that the |

| Y. Y | | | Y Y Y | Y | | ~ | ♀ Y | ♀ | | |
| conquest of | English A- | merica | is an | impossi- |

| | | | ~ ~ | - Y | Y Y Y | ♀. | - Y |
| bility. ~ ~ | You | cannot, my | lords, | you |

| ♀. | ♀. | Y Y Y | Y | | ~ | 2 |
| can- | not | conquer A- | merica. | - ~ |

| Y Y Y | Y Y | | | Y Y Y | - ~ |
| What is your | present situ- | ation there ? | - ~ |

| - Y | Y. Y. | ♀ Y | ♀. | ~ Y Y | ♀. |
| We | do not | know the | worst : ~ but we | know |

| ~ Y Y | ♀ Y | ♀. | ~ Y Y | ♀. |
| that in | three cam- | paigns | we have | done |

| Y. Y. | - Y | Y. Y. | ♀. | - ~ | ~ Y Y |
| nothing | and | suffered | much. | ~ You may |

| ♀. | | . | . | . | ♀ ~ | - Y | Y Y Y |
| swell | every ex- | pense, ~ | ac- | cumulate |

every as- sistance, and ex- tend your

traffic to the shambles of every German

despot: Your at- tempts will be for-

ever vain and impotent: doubly

so, in- deed, from this mercenary aid on

which you re- ly; for it irritates, to an in-

curable re- sentment, the minds of your

adversaries, to over- run them with the

mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, de-

voting them and their pos- sessions

to the ra- pacity of hireling cruelty. 2

But, my lords, who is the man,

that in ad- dition to the dis- graces and

Y Y			Q.	- Y	Q Y	Y Y Y				
mischiefs of the	war,	has	dared to	authorize						
~ Y Y	Y			Q.	- Y	Y	Y.			
and as-	sociate to our	arms,	the	tomahawk						
- Y	Y. Y.	Q			Y. Y.	- Y				
and	scalping	knife of the	savage?—	to						
Q				Y Y	~	- Y
call into	civilized al-	liance,	the							
Y.	Y	Y Y Y		Y			Q. —			
wild and in-	human in-	habitants of the	woods?							
- Y		Y		Y Y Y	Y Y Y	~ Y Y				
to	delegate to the	merciless	Indian,	the de-						
Y.	Y	Y. Y.	Q ~	~ Y Y	Q Y					
fence of dis-	puted	rights,	and to	wage the						
	Y.	Y	Q.	- Y	Q Y	
horrors of his	barbarous	war	a-	gainst our						
Y. Y.	2	- Y	Q.	~ Y Y						
brethren?	- ~	My	lords,	these e-						
Y.	Y	Q Y	Q.	~ Y Y	Q Y					
normities	cry a-	loud	for re-	dress and						
Y Y Y	2	Y. ~ Y	Q.	- Y						
punishment.	- ~	But,	my	lords,	this					
Y.	Y	Y. Y.	Y Y Y	Y Y ~	- Y					
barbarous	measure	has been de-	fended,	not						
Y.			Y	Y	Y	~	~ Y Y			
only on the	principles of	policy	and ne-							

Y		~	- Y	Y ·	Y	Y ·	Y		~
cessity,	but	also on	those of mo-	rality ;					
- ~	“ for it is	perfectly al-	lowable,”	says lord					
Y Y ~	- Y	O ·	O Y	O ·	- Y				
Suffolk,	—“ to	use	all the	means	that				
O Y	Y · Y ·	- Y	Y		Y	O ·			
God and	nature	have	put into our	hands.”					
2	Y Y Y	Y · Y ·	~ Y Y	O ·	- Y				
- ~	I am as-	tonish’d,	I am	shocked,	to				
Y · Y ·		·	·	·	O ·	- Y			
hear such	principles con-	fessed ;	to						
Y · Y Y	O Y	O ·	O ·	- ~	O ·				
hear them a-	vowed in	this	house,	or					
- Y	O ·	Y · Y ·	2	- Y	O ·	- Y			
in	this	country.	- ~	My	lords,	I			
Y Y Y	Y ·	Y	O Y	O ~					
did not in-	tend to en-	croach so	much						
Y Y Y	Y Y ~	~ Y Y	Y Y Y						
on your at-	tention ;	but I	cannot re-						
O Y	O Y	Y · Y ·	- ~	- Y	O Y				
press my	indig-	nation—	I	feel my-					
O Y	O Y	O ·	- ~	- Y	O ·				
self im-	pelled to	speak.	My	lords,					
~ Y Y	O Y	Y · Y		·	·	·			
we are	called up-	on as	members of this						

| ♀. | - Y | ♀. | - Y | Y. Y. | - ~ |
| house, | as | men, | as | Christians, |

| ~ Y Y | ♀ Y | ♀ Y | Y | | Y |
| to pro- | test a- | gainst such | horrible bar-

| Y || ~ | - ~ | - "That | ♀ and | Y. Y. |
| barity !— | "That | God and | nature

| - Y | Y || Y | ♀. | 2 | ♀ Y |
| have | put into our | hands !" | ~ | What i-

| Y Y Y | ♀ Y | Y. Y. | - Y | Y. Y. | ♀. |
| deas of | God and | nature | that | noble | lord |

| ~. |. |. |. | ♀. | - Y | Y. Y. | - ~ |
| may enter- | tain | I | know not ; |

| ~ Y Y | ♀ Y | ♀ Y | Y Y Y | Y Y Y |
| but I | know that | such de- | testable | principles |

| - Y | |. |. |. |. | Y. Y. | ~ Y Y | Y. Y. |
| are | equally ab- | horrent | to re- | ligious |

| ~ Y Y | Y || ~ 2 | ♀. | ~ Y Y |
| and hu- | manity. | ~ | What ! | to at-

| Y Y Y | Y. Y. | Y Y Y | ♀ Y | Y. Y. |
| tribute the | sacred | sanction of | God and | nature |

| ~ Y Y | Y Y Y | ~ Y Y | Y. Y. | Y. Y. |
| to the | massacres | of the | Indian | scalping |

| ♀. | - ~ | ~ Y Y | Y Y Y | Y. Y. | - ~ |
| knife ! | ~ | to the | cannibal | savage, |

| Y Y Y | - Y | Y Y Y | ~ Y Y | Y. Y. |
| torturing | and | murdering | his un- | happy |

victims ! 2 such notions = ~ shock

ev er y precept of mo- rality, = ~ ev er y

feeling of hu- manity, = ~ ev er y sentiment of

honour. 2 These a- bominable principles,

~ and this more a- bominable a- vowing of them,

= ~ de- mand the most de- cisive indig- nation.

2 = ~ I call upon that right reverend,

= ~ and this most learned Bench, = ~ to vindicate

~ the re- ligious of their God, ~ to sup- port the

justice of their country. = ~ = ~ I call upon the

bishops ~ to inter- pose the un- sullied

sanctity of their lawn,— = ~ ~ ~ upon the

judges ~ to inter- pose the purity of their

ˆ ˆ	- ˆ	ˆ˙	ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ			
ermine,	to	save us from	this pol-	lution. ˆ					
- ˆ	- ˆ	ˆ˙				ˆ˙	ˆ˙	ˆ˙	ˆ˙
I	call upon the	honour of your							
ˆ˙ ˆ˙	- ˆ	ˆ˙ ˆ˙ ˆ˙	ˆ˙	ˆ					
lordships,	to	reverence the	dignity of your						
ˆ ˆ ˆ	- ˆ	ˆ˙	ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ˙			
ancestors,	and to main-	tain your	own.						
- ˆ	ˆ˙				ˆ˙ ˆ˙ ˆ˙	ˆ	ˆ	ˆ	ˆ
I	call upon the	spirit and hu-	manity of my						
ˆ˙ ˆ˙	- ˆ	ˆ	ˆ	ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ			
country,	to	vindicate the	national	character.					
- ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ				ˆ˙ ˆ˙ ˆ˙		
I in-	voke the	genius of the	British consti-						
ˆ ˆ	ˆ	- ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ				ˆ	ˆ
tution. ˆ	From the	tapestry that a-							
ˆ˙	ˆ˙	ˆ˙	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ˙	ˆ˙			
dorns	these	walls,	the im-	mortal	ancestor				
ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ˙	- ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ			
of this	noble	lord	frowns with	indig-					
ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ˙	ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	- ˆ			
nation	at the dis-	grace of his	country.						
- ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ ˆ	ˆ˙	ˆ	ˆ ˆ			
In	vain did	he de-	fend the	liberty,	and es-				
ˆ ˆ			ˆ ˆ ˆ	ˆ˙ ˆ˙	- ˆ	ˆ ˆ			
tablish the re-	ligion of	Britain,	a-	gainst the					

| | . | . | . | . | | ♀ . | - | Y | | ♀ . | | ♀ | Y |
 | tyranny of | Rome, | if | these | worse than |

| | Y . Y . | | Y Y Y | ~ | | | | | Y . | Y | | Y . | Y |
 | Popish | cruelties | and inquisi- | torial | practices, |

| ~ | Y | Y | | ♀ | Y | | ♀ | Y | | - ~ | | - | Y |
 | are en- | dured a- | mong us. | - ~ | - | To |

| | Y . | Y | | | Y Y Y | | Y Y Y | | Y | Y | Y |
 | send forth the | merciless | In dian, | thirsting for |

| | ♀ | ~ | | - | Y | | ♀ . | | ♀ . | | - ~ |
 | blood ! ~ | a- | gainst | whom ?— | - ~ |

| ~ | Y . | | Y Y Y | | Y . Y . | | - ~ | | ~ | Y Y |
 | your | Protestant | brethren !— | - ~ | ~ | to lay |

| | ♀ | Y | | Y . Y . | | - | Y | | Y | Y | |
 | waste their | country, | to | desolate their |

| | Y . Y . | | ~ | Y Y | | Y Y Y | | ♀ | Y |
 | dwellings, | and ex- | tirpate their | race and |

| | ♀ . | | ~ | Y | Y | | ♀ | Y | | Y Y Y | | Y | | Y |
 | name, | by the | aid and | instrumen- | tality of |

| | ♀ | Y | | . | . | . | | Y Y Y | | 2 | | ♀ | Y |
 | these un- | governable | savages ! | - ~ | Spain can |

| | Y . Y | | ♀ | Y | | Y | Y . | | ~ | Y | Y |
 | no longer | boast pre- | eminence | in bar- |

| | Y || | ~ | | - ~ | | ♀ ' | | ♀ | Y | | ♀ | Y |
 | barity. ~ | - ~ | She | armed her- | self with |

| | Y . Y . | | ~ | Y Y | | Y Y Y | | Y . Y . |
 | bloodhounds | to ex- | tirpate the | wretched |

| Y Y Y | Y | Y ; ~ | - ~ | ♀ ~ | ♀ . |
 natives of Mexico ; we, more

| ♀ Y | - ~ | ♀ Y | Y . Y . | Y . Y . |
 ruthless, loose those brutal warriors

| - Y | ♀ . Y | Y Y Y | ~ Y Y | Y . | Y |
 a- gainst our countrymen in A- merica,

| - Y | Y . | Y | - Y | Y Y Y | ♀ . | ~ Y Y |
 en- deared to us by ev er y tie that can

| ♀ Y | ♀ Y | Y . | | | - ~ | - Y | Y Y Y |
 sancti- fy hu- manity. I solemnly

| Y | | | Y | Y . Y . | ~ Y | | | Y Y Y |
 call upon your lordships, and upon ev er y

| Y Y Y | Y . | Y | ♀ ~ | - Y | ♀ | | |
 order of men in the state, to stamp upon

| ♀ ~ | | . | . | . | . | Y . Y . | ~ Y Y | Y . | Y |
 this infamous pro- cedure the in- dellible

| ♀ Y | ~ Y Y | Y Y Y | Y . Y . | 2 |
 stigma of the public ab- horrence. - ~

| ♀ Y | | . | . | . | . | - Y | Y . | | |
 More par- ticularly, I call upon the

| | . | . | . | . | Y . Y . | Y Y Y | Y Y ~ | ~ | Y Y |
 venerable prelates of our re- ligion, to do a-

| Y . Y | | | Y | | | ~ | - ~ | Y . Y Y |
 way this in- iquity ; let them per-

| Y . | Y | Y Y ~ | - Y | Y | . | . | Y Y ~ |
 form a lus- tration to purify the country

| Y . Y . | ♀ . | - Y | ♀ Y | ♀ ~ | 3 |
 | from this | deep | and | deadly | sin. ~ | - ~ |

Rather slow.

| - Y | ♀ . | ~ Y Y | ♀ Y | ♀ ~ | ~ Y Y |
 | My | lords- | I am | old and | weak, ~ | and at |

| Y Y Y | Y | | Y | ♀ ~ | - ~ | ~ Y Y |
 | present un- | able to say | more ; | - ~ | ~ but my |

| Y . Y . | Y Y Y | Y Y ~ | - Y | Y . Y ' |
 | feelings | and indig- | nation ~ | were | too strong |

| ~ | Y | | Y | | Y | ♀ ~ | - Y |
 | to have al- | lowed me to say | less. ~ | - I |

| Y Y Y | ♀ Y | Y . | Y | ♀ ~ |
 | could not have | slept this | night in my | bed, ~ |

| - Y | Y . | Y | ♀ Y | Y . | | | Y Y ~ |
 | nor | even re- | posed my | head upon my | pillow, ~ |

| - Y | Y Y Y | Y . | Y | Y Y Y |
 | with- | out giving | vent to my | steadfast ab |

| Y Y ~ | - Y | ♀ Y | ♀ Y | ~ Y Y |
 | horrence ~ | of | such e- | normous | and pre- |

| Y Y Y | Y Y Y | - ~ |
 | postorous | principles. | 3 ~ |

THE CHAMELEON.

MERRICK.

Moderate.

2 | Oft has it | been my | lot ~ to | mark A | proud,
 con- | ceited, | talking | spark, ~ | ~ ~ With | eyes |
 | ~ ~ that | hardly | serv'd at | most | ~ ~ To | guard
 their | master ~ | 'gainst a | post; | ~ Yet | round the |
 | world the | blade has | been, | ~ ~ To | see what- |
 | ever could be | seen: | ~ ~ Re- | turning | ~ from his |
 | finish'd | tour, ~ | Grown | tentimes | perter ~ | than
 be- | fore; ~ | ~ Whatever | word you | chance to |
 | drop ~ | ~ ~ The | travell'd | fool your | mouth will |
 | stop: ~ | ~ ~ "But, ~ if | my judgment | ~ you'll
 al- | low— ~ | ~ I've | seen— | ~ ~ and | sure I |
 | ought to | know"— ~ | ~ ~ So | begs you'd | pay a |
 | due sub- | mission, ~ | ~ ~ And acqui- | esce in | his
 de- | cision. ~ | ~ ~ ~ Two | travellers | ~ of such
 a | cast, ~ | ~ ~ As | o'er A- | rabia's | wilds they |
pass'd ~	~ ~ And	on their	way, ~ in	friendly
chat, ~	~ ~ Now	talk'd of	this ~ and	then of
that, ~	~ ~ Dis-	cours'd a-	while ~	~ 'mongst
other matter,	~ Of the cha-	meleon's	form and	
nature.	~ ~	~ ~ "A	stranger	animal,"
~ cries	one, ~	~ ~ "Sure	never	lived be-
the	sun ! ~	~ ~ A	lizard's	body, ~
long,	~ ~ A	fish's	head ~ a	serpent's
~ ~ Its	foot with	triple	claw dis-	joined;
~ ~ And	what a	length of	tale be-	hind ! ~

| ~How | slow its | pace! ~ | ~And | then its |
| hue—~ | ~Who- | ever | saw so | fine a | blue?" ~ |

Rather fast.

| "Hold there," | ~the | other | quick re- | plies, |
| ~"Tis | green— | ~I | saw it | with these |
eyes, | ~As | late with | open | mouth it | lay, ~ |
~And	warm'd it	~in the	sunny	ray; ~	
~	Stretch'd at its	ease the	beast I view'd,		
~And	saw it	eat the	air for	food."	~"I've
seen it	friend,	~as well as	you ~	~And	
must a-	gain af-	firm it	blue. ~	~At	leisure
I the	beast sur-	vey'd,	~Ex-	tended	~in
the | cooling | shade." | ~"Tis | green, 'tis |

With energy

green, ~	I can as-	sure ye."	~	"Green!"	
~	crier the	other in a	fury—	~	"Why, ~
~do you	think I've	lost my	eyes?"	~	

Moderate.

"'Twere no	great loss,"	~the	friend re-		
plies,	~For	if they	always	serve you	
thus ~	~You'll	find them	but of little	use." ~	
~So	high at	last the	contest	rose,	~From
words they	almost	came to	blows :	~When	
luckily	came by a	third—~	~To	him the	
question	~they re-	ferr'd ; ~	~And	begg'd	
he'd	tell them,	~if he	knew, ~	Whether the	
thing was	green or	blue. ~	~	"Come," ~	
cries the	umpire,	~	"cease your	pother, ~	
~The	creature's	neither	one nor	t'other. ~	
~I	caught the	animal	~last	night, ~	
~And	view'd it	o'er by	candle	light : ~	

~ ~ I	marked it	well—~	~ ~ 'Twas	black as	
jet—~	~ ~	~ ~	~ ~ You	stare ~	but I have
got it ~	yet, ~	And can pro-	duce it." ~	~ ~	
"Pray then	do : ~	~ ~ For	I am	sure the	
thing is	blue." ~	~ ~ "And	I'll en-	gage	
that	when you've	seen 'The	reptile, ~	You'll	
pro-	nounce him	green." ~	~ ~	"Well then,	
~ ~ at	once to	ease the	doubt," ~	~ ~ Re-	
plies the	man, ~	~ ~ "I'll	turn him	out : ~	
~ ~ And	when be-	fore your	eyes I've	set him,	
~ ~	If you dont	find him	black, ~	~ ~ I'll	
eat him."	~ ~	~ ~ He	said ; ~	~ then	full
be-	fore their	sight Pro-	duc'd the	beast, ~	
~ ~ and	lo—~	~ ~ 'twas	white! ~	~ ~	~ ~
~ ~	~ ~	Both	stared :	~ ~ the	man look'd
wondrous	wise—~	~ ~ "My	children,"	~ the	
cha-	meleon	cries, ~	~ (Then	first the	crea-
ture	found a	tongue,) ~	~ ~ "You	all are	right,
and	all are	wrong; ~	~ When	next you	talk of
what you	view, ~	~ Think	others	see as	well
as	you : ~	~ Nor	wonder	~ if you	find that
none	~ ~ Pre	fers	your	eye-sight	~ to his
own."	~ ~	~ ~			

THANATOPSIS.

W. C. BRYANT.

Moderate.

3 | —To | him | ~ who, | ~ in the | love of | nature, |
 | — ~ | holds Com- | munion | ~ with her | visible |
 | forms, | —she | speaks A | various | language : |

| = ~ | ~ for his | gayer | hours ~ | She has a | voice
 of | gladness, | ~ and a | smile And | eloquence of |
 | beauty ; ~ | = ~ | ~ and she | glides | Into his |
 | darker | musings, | ~ with a | mild And | gentle |
 | sympathy, | = that | steals a- | way Their | sharp-
 ness, | = ~ | ere | he is a- | ware. | = ~ | = ~ |

Rather slow.

= When	thoughts Of the	last	bitter	hour	= ~
come like a	blight	Over thy	spirit,	= and	sad
images	= Of the	stern	agony,	= and	shroud,
= and	pall,	= And	breathless	darkness,	= and
the	narrow	house,	= ~	Make thee to	shudder, ~
~ and grow	sick at	heart,	~ Go	forth	under
the	open	sky,	= and	list To	nature's
ings,	= ~	while from	all a-	round—	= ~
Earth	~ and her	waters, ~	~ and the	depths of	

Slow.

| air,— | = ~ | Comes a | still | voice— | = ~ | Yet
 a | few | days, | = and | thee The | all be- | holding |
 | sun | = shall | see no | more | = In | all his | course ; |
 | = nor | yet in the | cold | ground, | = ~ | Where
 thy | pale | form was | laid, | = with | many | tears, |
 | = ~ | Nor | in the em- | brace of | ocean | ~ shall
 ex- | ist | = Thy | image. | = ~ | = ~ | Earth, |
 | = that | nourished | thee ~ | = shall | claim Thy |
 | growth, | ~ to be re- | solved to | earth a- | gain ; ~ |

Rather slow.

Moderate.

| = ~ | And, ~ | lost each | human | trace, | = sur- |
 | rendering | up Thine | indi- | vidual | being, | = ~ |

Slow.

| shalt thou | go | = To | mix for- | ever | ~ with the |

elements,	= ~	~ To be a	brother	to the in-	
sensible	rock ~	And to the	sluggish	clod	
~ which the	rude	swain	= ~	Turns	with his
share,	= and	treads up-	on. ~	= ~	= The
oak shall	send his	roots a-	broad	= and	pierce

Rather slow.

thy | mould. | = ~ | ~ Yet | not | to thy e- | ternal |
 | resting | place ~ | Shalt thou re- | tire a- | lone— |
 | = ~ | nor | couldst thou | wish ~ | Couch | more
 mag- | nificent. | = ~ | Thou shalt lie | down With |
patriarchs	~ of the	infant	world—	= with			
kings,	= The	powerful	~ of the	earth—	= the		
wise,	= the	good,	= ~	Fair	forms,	= and	
hoary	seers of	ages	past,	= ~	All	= in	one
mighty	sepulchre.	= ~	= The	hills	Rock-rib-		
bed	= and	ancient	~ as the	sun,— ~	= the		
vales	Stretching in	pensive	quietness be-	tween;			
= The	venerable	woods—	= ~	rivers that			
move In	majesty,	= ~	and the com-	plaining			
brooks That	make the	meadows	green;	= ~			
and, ~	poured	round	all,	= ~	Old	ocean's	
gray and	melancholy	waste,	= ~	Are but the			
solemn deco-	rations	all	~ Of the	great	tomb of		
man.	= ~	= The	gloden	sun, ~	= The	pla-	
nets,	= ~	all the	infinite	host of	heaven,		
~ Are	shining	~ on the	sad a-	bodes of	death,		
~ Through the	still	lapse of	ages.	= ~	All		
that	tread the	globe	are but a	handful	~ to the		
tribes	= That	slumber in its	bosom.	= ~			
Take the	wings Of	morning,	~ and the	Barcan			

| desert | pierce, ~ | ~ Or | lose thy- | self | in the con- |
 | tinuous | woods | ~ Where | rolls the | Oregon, | — and |
 | hears | no | sound, | — ~ | Save his | own | dash-
 ings— | — ~ | Yet ~ | — the | dead are | there ~ |

Moderate.

| — And | millions | in those | solitudes, | — since |

Rather slow.

| first The | flight of | years be- | gan, ~ | — have | laid
 them | down | ~ In their | last | sleep— ~ | — the |
 | dead | reign | there | — a- | lone. | — ~ | — ~ | So
 shalt | thou | rest— | — ~ | — and | what if | thou
 shalt | fall | — Un- | noticed | ~ by the | living, |
 | — and | no | friend | ~ Take | note | of thy de- | par-
 ture? | — ~ | All that | breathe | — Will | share thy | des-
 tiny. ~ | — ~ | — The | gay will | laugh | — When |
thou art	gone,	— the	solemn	brood of	care ~	
Plod	on, ~	— and	each one,	~ as be-	fore,	
— will	chase His	favourite	phantom ;	— ~		
Yet ~	all	these	— shall	leave Their	mirth	
and their em-	ployments,	~ and shall	come,			
— And	make their	bed with	thee. ~	— ~		
~ As the	long	train Of	ages	glides a-	way, ~	
— the	sons of	men, ~	— The	youth in	life's	
green	spring,	— and	he who	goes	In the	full
strength of	years,	— ~	matron,	— and	maid,	
— The	bowed with	age, ~	— the	infant	~ in	
the	smiles And	beauty of its	innocent	age		
~ cut	off, ~	— Shall,	one by	one,	— be	gather-
 ed | to thy | side, | — By | those | who ~ | — in | their |

Slow.

| turn | — shall | follow them. | — ~ | — ~ | ~ So |

| live, | —that | when thy | summons | comes | —to |
 | join The in- | numerable | caravan, | —that | moves |
 | ~To the | pale | realms of | shade, | —where | each
 | shall | take His | chamber | ~in the | silent | halls of |
 | death, | —Thou | go not | ~like the | quarry | slave
 | at | night, | — ~ | scourged | ~to his | dungeon, |
 | — ~ | ~but sus- | tained | —and | soothed | By an
 | un- | faltering | trust, | —ap- | proach thy | grave, |
 | —Like | one who | wraps the | drapery of his | couch
 | A- | bout him, | —and | lies | down | —to | pleasant |
 | dreams. | — ~ | — ~ | — ~ |

HYMN TO THE DEITY ON A REVIEW OF THE SEASONS.

THOMSON.

Slow.

3 | These, | ~ as they | change, | — ~ | AL-
MIGHTY	FATHER,	— ~	these	Are but the		
varied	God. ~	— ~	—The	rolling	year	—Is
full of	THEE. ~	— ~	Forth in the	pleasing		
Spring	—THY	beauty	walks,	—THY	tender-	

Moderate, with animation.

ness | —and | love. ~ | — ~ | Wide | flush the | fields; |
—the	softening	air is	balm;	— ~	Echo the	
mountains	round;	—the	forest	smiles;	—And	
every	sense,	—and	every	heart	—is	joy.

Rather slow

— ~	— ~	Then	comes THY	glory	~in the
Summer	months,	—with	light and	heat re-	
fulgent.	— ~	Then THY	sun	shoots	full per-

Slow.

fection ~	through the	swelling	year ; ~	= And		
oft THY	VOICE in	dreadful	thunder ~	speaks ; ~		
= And	oft at	dawn, ~	deep	noon,	= or	falling
eve,	= By	brooks and	groves,	= in	hollow	

Rather slow.

| whispering | gales. | = ~ | = THY | bounty | shines
 in | Autumn | uncon- | fined, | = And | spreads a | com-
 mon | feast | = for | all that | live. ~ | = ~ | = In |
 | Winter ~ | awful | THOU ! ~ | = with | clouds and |
 | storms A- | round THEE | thrown, | = ~ | tempest
 o'er | tempest | rolled, | = Ma- | jestic | darkness ! |
= ~	~ on the	whirlwind's	wing,	Riding sub-		
lime,	= THOU	bids't the	world a-	dore : ~		
= And	humblest	Nature	~ with THY	northern		
blast.	= ~	= Mys-	terious	round !	= ~	what
skill, ~	what	force di-	vine,	Deep	felt,	= in
ap-	pear ! ~	= a	simple	train, ~	= Yet	so de-
ful	mixed,	= with	such	kind	art,	= ~
beauty	~ and be-	nificence	= com-	bined ;		
= ~	Shade,	unper-	ceived,	~ so	softening	
~ into	shade,	= And	all	so	forming	~ an har-
monious	whole,	= ~	That as they	still suc-		
ceed,	= they	ravish	still. ~	= ~	= But	wan-
dering	oft,	= with	brute un-	conscious	gaze,	
= ~	Man ~	marks not	THEE, ~	= ~	marks	
not the	mighty	hand,	= That	ever	busy, ~	
wheels the	silent	spheres,	= ~	Works in the		
secret	deep,	= ~	shoots,	steaming,	thence	
= The	fair pro-	fusion	~ that o'er-	spreads the		

Spring ;	— ~	Flings from the	sun di-	rect the		
flaming	day ; ~	— ~	Feeds	every	creature ;	
— ~	hurls the	tempest	forth ;	— ~	And, as on	
earth this	grateful	change re-	volves,	— With		
transport	touches	all the	springs of	life. ~		
— ~	— ~	Nature,	— at-	tend !	— ~	join
every	living	soul,	— Be-	neath the	spacious	
temple of the	sky, ~	— In	ado-	ration	join,	
— and	ardent	raise	~ One	general	song !	
— ~	— To	HIM,	— ye	vocal	gales,	— ~
Breathe	soft,	— whose	spirit	~ in your	fresh-	
ness	breathes :	— ~	O,	talk of	HIM in	solitary
glooms !	— ~	Where, ~	o'er the	rock, ~ the		
scarcely	waving	pine	— ~	Fills the	brown	
shade	— ~	with a re-	ligious	awe. ~	— ~	
— And	ye, whose	bolder	note is	heard a-	far, ~	
— Who	shake the as-	tonished	world,	— ~	lift	
high to	heaven	~ The im-	petuous	song,	— and	
say	— from	whom you	rage.	— ~	— His	
praise	— ye	brooks, at-	tune, ~	— ye	trembling	
rills,	— And	let me	catch it	~ as I	muse a-	
long. ~	— ~	— Ye	headlong	torrents, ~	rapid	
~ and pro-	found ;	— Ye	softer	floods,	— that	
lead the	humid	maze A-	long the	vale,	— and	
thou, ma-	jestic	main,	— A	secret	world of	
wonders	~ in thy-	self,	— ~	Sound	His stu-	
pendous	praise,	— whose	greater	voice,	— Or	
bids you	roar,	— or	bids your	roarings	fall.	
— ~	— ~	Soft	roll your	incense,	— ~	
herbs,	— and	fruits,	— and	flowers,	— In	

mingled	clouds to	HIM,	= whose	sun ex-	alts,
= Whose	breath per-	fumes you,	= ~	~ and whose	
pencil ~	paints. ~	= ~	= ~	Ye	forests
bend ;	= Ye	harvests,	wave to	HIM ; ~	= ~
Breathe your	still	song	into the	reaper's	heart,
= As	home he	goes	= be-	neath the	joyous
moon.	= ~	= ~	Ye that keep	watch in	heav-
en,	= as	earth a-	sleep Un-	conscious	lies,
= ef-	fuse your	mildest	beams,	= Ye	constel-
lations,	= ~	while your	angels	strike, A-	mid
the	spangled	sky,	= the	silver	lyre. ~
= ~	Great	source of	day ! ~	= ~	best
image	here be-	low ~	Of thy CRE-	ATOR, ~	
= ~	ever	pouring	wide,	= From	world to
world,	= the	vital	ocean	round,	= On
write	= with	every	beam	= His	praise.
= Ye	thunders,	roll :	= be	hushed the	prostrate
world,	= While	cloud to	cloud re-	turns the	solemn
hymn. ~	= ~	Bleat out a-	fresh, ye	hills : ~	
= ye	mossy	rocks, Re-	tain the	sound ;	= the
broad re-	sponsive	low,	= Ye	vallies,	raise ;
~ for the	GREAT	SHEPHERD	reigns,	= And	
his un-	suffering	kingdom	yet will	come. ~	
= ~	= Ye	woodlands	all,	= a-	wake
boundless	song	Burst from the	groves ;	= and	
when the	restless	day,	= Ex-	piring,	= ~
lays the	warbling	world a-	sleep,	= ~	Sweet
est of	birds !	= ~	sweet	Philo-	mela,
charm The	listening	shades,	= and	teach the	
night	~ His	praise.	= ~	= ~	Ye

—for	whom the	whole cre-	ation ~	smiles,	
—At	once the	head,	—the	heart,	—the
tongue of	all,	— ~	Crown the	great	hymn. ~
— ~	—In	swarming	cities	vast,	—As-
sembled	men,	~to the	deep	organ ~	join The
long re-	sounding	voice,	— ~	oft	breaking
clear,	—At	solemn	pauses,	~through the	
swelling	base ; ~	— ~	And as each	mingling	
flame in-	creases	each,	—In	one u-	nited
ardour ~	rise to	heaven.	— ~	— ~	Or,
~if you	rather	choose the	rural	shade,	—And
find a	fane in	every	sacred	grove,	— ~
There let the	shepherd's	flute,	—the	virgin's	
lay,	—The	prompting	seraph,	~and the	poet's
lyre, ~	Still	sing the	God of	SEASONS	~as
they	roll.	— ~	—For	me,	— ~
get the	darling	theme,	— ~	Whether the	
blossom	blows,	—the	summer	ray	Russets the
plain,	—in-	spiring	autumn	gleams,	—Or
winter	rises	—in the	black'ning	east,	— ~
Be my	tongue	mute,	—my	fancy	paint no
more, ~	—And,	dead to	joy,	—for-	get my
heart to	beat ! ~	— ~	—Should	fate com-	
mand me	~to the	furthest	verge Of the	green	
earth,	—to	distant	barbarous	climes,	— ~
Rivers un-	known to	song ;	—where	first the	
sun	Gilds	Indian	mountains,	~or his	setting
beam	Flames	on the At-	lantic	isles ;	—'tis
nought to	me, ~	—Since	God is	ever	present,
— ~	ever	felt	~In the	void	waste

city	full ; ~	— And	where	HE	vital	breathes
— ~	there	must be	joy.	— ~	— ~	When
even at	last the	solemn	hour shall	come,		
— And	wing my	mystic	flight to	future	worlds,	
— I	cheerful	~ will o-	bey ; ~	— ~	there,	
— with	new	powers,	— Will	rising	wonders	
sing : ~	— I	cannot	go ~	Where	UNI-	VERSAL
LOVE ~	smiles	not a-	round,	— Sus-	taining	
all yon	orbs,	— and	all their	suns ;	— From	
seeming	Evil	— ~	still e-	ducing	Good,	
— And	better	thence a-	gain, ~	— and	better	
still, ~	— In	infinite pro-	gression.	— ~		
~ But I	lose my-	self in	HIM,	— in	LIGHT	
~ in-	effable ! ~	— ~	Come	then,	— ex-	
pressive	Silence,	— ~	muse	~ His	praise.	
— ~	— ~	— ~				

Slow.

THE ROSE.

COWPER.

Moderate.

3 | — The | rose had been | wash'd, ~ | just | wash'd in a |
shower, ~	— Which	Mary to	Anna con-	vey'd ; ~
— The	plentiful	moisture en-	cumber'd the	
flower, ~	— And	weighed	down its	beautiful
head. ~	— The	cup was all	filled	~ and the
leaves were all	wet, ~	— And it	seemed to a	fan-
ciful	view ~	— To	weep for the	buds it had
left with re-	gret, ~	~ On the	flourishing ! '	

where it | grew. ~ | — I | hastily | seiz'd it | — un- |
 | fit as it | was ~ | ~ For a | nosegay, | — so | dripping
 and | drown'd ; | — And | swinging it | rudely, ~ |
~ too	rudely, a-	las ! ~	— I	snapped it—	— it
fell to the	ground.	— ~	— And	such, I ex-	
claim'd,	~ is the	pitiless	part ~	Some	act by the
delicate	mind ;	— Re-	gardless of	wringing and	
breaking a	heart, ~	~ Al-	ready to	sorrow re-	
signed.	— ~	— This	elegant	rose,	~ had I
shaken it	less, ~	~ Might have	bloom'd with its		
owner a-	while :	~ And the	tear that is	wip'd	
with a	little ad-	dress, ~	~ May be	follow'd,	
— per-	haps, ~	~ by a	smile.	— ~	— ~

THE MILLENNIUM.

COWPER.

Moderate.

3 | Sweet is the | harp of | prophecy ; ~ | — ~ | too
 sweet | Not to be | wrong'd | by a mere | mortal | touch ; ~ |
— ~	Nor can the	wonders it re-	cords	— be	sung To	
meaner	music,	~ and not	suffer ~	loss. ~	— ~	
— But	when a	poet, ~	~ or when	one like		
me, ~	Happy to	rove a-	mong po-	etic	flowers,	
— Though	poor in	skill to	rear them,	— ~		
lights at	last	— On	some	fair	theme,	— some
theme di-	vinely	fair,	— ~	Such is the	impulse	
~ and the	spur he	feels	— To	give it	praise	
— pro-	portion'd	~ to its	worth,	— That	not	
 to at- | tempt it, | — ~ | arduous | ~ as he | deems the |

| labour, ~ | ~ were a | task | more | arduous | still. — ~ |

Rather slow.

| — ~ | — ~ | O | scenes sur- | passing | fable ~ |
 | ~ and | yet | true, — ~ | — ~ | Scenes of ac- | com-
 | plish'd | bliss ! ~ | which ~ | who can | see, ~ |
 | Though but in | distant | prospect, | ~ and not | feel
 His | soul re- | fresh'd | — with | foretaste | ~ of the |
 | joy ? | — ~ | Rivers of | gladness | water | all the |
 | earth, ~ | — And | clothe all | climes with | beau-
 ty ; ~ | ~ the re- | proach Of | barrenness is | past. ~ |
 | — The | fruitful | field | Laughs with a- | bundance ; ~ |
 | ~ and the | land, | ~ once | lean, | — Or | fertile |
 | only ~ | ~ in its | own dis- | grace, ~ | — Ex- | ults
 to | see its | thirstly | curse re- | peal'd. | — ~ | — The |
 | various | seasons | woven into | one, ~ | — And | that
 one | season | ~ an e- | ternal | spring, | — The | gar-
 den | fears no | blight, ~ | — and | needs no | fence, ~ |
 | — ~ | For there is | none to | covet, ~ | — ~ | all |
 | — are | full. | — ~ | — The | lion, ~ | ~ and the |
 | libbard, | ~ and the | bear, ~ | — ~ | Graze with the
 | fearless | flocks ; ~ | — ~ | all | bask at | noon To- |
 | gether, ~ | — or | all | gambol in the | shade | ~ Of
 the | same | grove, | — and | drink one | common |
stream.	— ~	— An-	tipathies	— are	none. ~
— ~	No	foe to	man ~	Lurks in the	serpent
now : ~	— the	mother	sees,	— And	smiles to
see, ~	— her	infant's	playful	hand	Stretch'd
forth to	dally ~	~ with the	crested	worm,	— To
stroke his	azure	neck, ~	— ~	or to re-	ceive
 The | lambent | homage | ~ of his | arrowy | tongue. |

— ~	All	creatures	worship	man, ~	— and	
all man-	kind	— ~	One	Lord,	— ~	one
Father.	— ~	— ~	Error ~	has no	place ; ~	
— ~	~ That	creeping	pestilence	— is	driven a-	
way ; ~	— The	breath of	heaven has	chased it.		
— ~	~ In the	heart	~ No	passion	touches a	
dis-	cordant	string ;	— But	all is	harmony	
— and	love. ~	— Dis-	ease	— Is	not : ~	— the
pure and	uncon-	taminated	blood ~	Holds its		
due	course,	— nor	fears the	frost of	age.	— ~
~ One	song em-	ploys	all	nations ;	— and	
all	cry, ~	“ Worthy the	Lamb,	— for	he was	
slain for	us ! ” ~	— ~	— The	dwellers in the		
vales	~ and on the	rocks	— ~	Shout to each		
other, ~	~ and the	mountain	tops ~	— From		
distant	mountains	catch the	flying	joy ;	— ~	
Till, ~	nation	after	nation	taught the	strain,	
— ~	Earth	rolls the	rapturous Ho-	sanna ~		
round.	— ~	— Be-	hold the	measure of the		
promise	fill’d !	— ~	~ See	Salem	built,	— the
labour ~	~ of a	God !	— ~	— ~	Bright as a	
sun ~ the	sacred	city	shines ;	~ • All	kingdoms	
~ and all	princes of the	earth ~	Flock to that			
light : ~	— the	glory of	all	lands	~ Flows	
into her ;	— un-	bounded	~ is her	joy,	— And	
endless	~ her in-	crease. —	— Thy	rams are		
there, Ne-	bajoth, ~	~ and the	flocks of	Kedar* ~		

* Nebajoth and Kedar, the sons of Ishmael, and progenitors of the Arabs, in the prophetic scripture here alluded to, may be reasonably considered as representatives of the Gentiles at large.

| there ; ~ | — The | looms of | Ormus, | ~ and the |
 | mines of | Ind, ~ | — And | Saba's | spicy | groves, |
 | — pay | tribute | there. ~ | — ~ | Praise | is in | all
 her | gates : ~ | — up- | on her | walls, | — And | in
 her | streets, | — and | in her | spacious | courts, | — Is |
 | heard | — sal- | vation. ~ | — ~ | Eastern | Java |
 | there ~ | Kneels | ~ with the | native | ~ of the | far-
 thest | west ; ~ | — And | Æthi- | opia | spreads a- |
 | broad the | hand, | — And | worships. | — ~ | ~ Her
 re- | port has | travell'd | forth ~ | ~ Into | all | lands. |
 | — From | every | clime they | come To | see thy |
 | beauty, ~ | ~ and to | share thy | joy, | O | Sion ! ~ |
 | ~ an as- | sembly | ~ such as | earth | ~ Saw | ne-
 ver, ~ | ~ such as | heaven | stoops | down | — to |
 | see. ~ | — ~ | — ~ | — ~ |

APOSTROPHE TO LIGHT.

MILTON.

Slow.

3 | Hail, | holy | Light, ~ | — ~ | offspring of | hea-
 ven, | first | born, | — ~ | Or | of the E- | ternal |
 | — ~ | co-e- | ternal | beam, | — ~ | May I ex- | press
 thee ~ | un- | blamed ? | — ~ | since ~ | God is |
light, ~	— And	never	~ but in	unap-	proached
light ~	Dwelt from e-	ternity,	— ~	dwelt	
then in	thee, ~	— ~	Bright	effluence	— of
bright	essence	incre-	ate. ~	— ~	~ Or
thou	rather ~	— ~	pure e-	thereal	stream, ~
— Whose	fountain	who shall	tell ? ~		

— ~	— Be-	fore the	sun, ~	— Be-	fore the
heavens	thou	wert, ~	— ~	and at the	voice Of
God, ~	as with a	mantle, ~	~ didst in-	vest The	
rising	world of	waters	— ~	dark	— and
deep, ~	— ~	Won from the	void	— and	form-
less	infinite.	— ~	— ~	Thee I re-	visit ~
now ~	— with	bolder	wing, ~	— Es-	caped the
Stygian	pool, ~	— though	long de-	tained In	
that ob-	scure so-	journ	— ~	while ~	~ in my
flight ~	— Through	utter ~	~ and through	mid-	
dle	darkness	borne,	— With	other	notes ~
than to the Or-	phean	lyre ~	— I	sung of	
chaos	~ and e-	ternal	night. ~	— ~	Taught by
the	heavenly	muse	— to	venture	down
dark de-	scent, ~	— and	up to	re-as-	cend, ~
— Though	hard	— and	rare : ~	— ~	thee I
re-	visit ~	safe, ~	— And	feel thy	sovereign
vital	lamp; ~	— ~	— but	thou ~	— Re-
not	these	eyes,	— that	roll in	vain To
find thy	piercing	ray, ~	— and	find	no
dawn ; ~	— ~	So	thick a	drop se-	rene
— hath	quenched their	orbs	— ~	— Or	dim
suf-	fusion	veiled. ~	— ~	— ~	Yet ~ not the
more	Cease I to	wander ~	where the	Muses	
haunt, ~	Clear	spring,	— or	shady	grove, ~
— or	sunny	hill, ~	— ~	Smit with the	love of
sacred	song ;	— ~	— but	chief ~	Thee, ~
Sion, ~	~ and the	flow'ry	brooks be-	neath,	
— That	wash thy	hallowed	feet, and	warbling	
flow, ~	— ~	Nightly	— I	visit ; ~	— ~

sometimes	=for-	get ~	Those	other	two ~
equalled with	me in	fate, ~	= ~	So were	I
equalled with	them in re-	nown, ~	= ~	Blind	
Thamyris	=and	blind Mæ-	onides,	~ And Ty-	
resias and	Phineas,	= ~	prophets	old : ~	
= ~	Then ~	feed on	thoughts ~	=that	volun-
tary	move Har-	monious	numbers ; ~	~as the	
wakeful	bird ~	Sings	darkling,	~and in	
shadiest	covert	hid ~	Tunes her noc-	turnal	
notes. ~	= ~	= ~	Thus with the	year ~	
Seasons re-	turn, ~	=but	not to	me re-	turns
Day, ~	~or the	sweet ap-	proach of	even	
=or	morn,	= ~	~Or	sight of	vernal
bloom, ~	=or	summer's	rose, ~	=Or	
flocks, ~	=or	herds, ~	=or	human	face di-
vine ;	= ~	=But	cloud in-	stead, ~	=and
ever-	during	dark ~	=Sur-	rounds me,	= ~
~from the	cheerful	ways of	men ~	Cut ~	off, ~
= ~	and for the	book of	knowledge	fair ~	
=Pre-	sented	~with a	uni-	versal	blank Of
Nature's	works ~	=to	me ~	=ex-	punded
=and	rased	=and	wisdom	=at	one
trance,	= ~	quite shut	out. ~	= ~	= ~
much the	rather	thou,	=ce-	lestial	Light, ~
Shine	inward	= ~	~and the	mind	=through
all her	powers	=Ir-	radiate ;	= ~	there
plant	eyes,	= ~	all	mist from	thence ~
Purge	~and dis-	perse, ~	= ~	that I may	
see ~	=and	tell ~	=Of	things in-	visible
=to	mortal	sight. ~	= ~	= ~	

HAPPY FREEDOM OF THE MAN WHOM GRACE MAKES FREE.

COWPER.

Moderate.

3 | He is the | freeman, ~ | whom the | truth makes |
free, ~	— And	all are	slaves be-	side. ~	— ~
There's not a	chain,	— That	hellish	foes,	
— con-	federate	for his	harm,	— Can	wind a-
round him,	~ but he	casts it	off ~	~ With as	
much	ease	— as	Samson	his green	withes. ~
— He	looks a-	broad	into the	varied	field Of
nature,	~ and though	poor, per-	haps, ~ com-		
pared With	those whose	mansions	glitter in his		
sight, ~	Calls the de-	lightful	scenery ~	all his	
own.	— ~	His are the	mountains,	~ and the	
valleys	his, ~	And the re-	splendant	rivers :	
— ~	his to en-	joy ~	With a pro-	priety that	
none can	feel,	— But	who, ~ with	filial	confi-
dence in-	spired,	— Can	lift to	heaven ~ an	un-
pre-	sumptuous	eye,	— And	smiling	say— ~
— ‘ My	Father	made them	all !’	— ~	Are they
not	his ~	by a pe-	culiar	right, ~	And by an
emphasis of	interest	his,	— Whose	eye they	
fill with	tears of	holy	joy,	— Whose	heart with
praise,	— and	whose ex-	alted	mind	— With
worthy	thoughts of	that un-	wearied	love,	
— That	plann'd	— and	built,	— and	still up-

| holds a | world | So | clothed with | beauty | ~ for
 re- | bellious | man ? | = ~ | Yes—~ | ~ ye may |
fill your	garner,	= ~	ye that	reap The	
loaded	soil, ~	= ~	and ye may	waste much	
good In	senseless	riot ; ~	~ but ye	will not	
find In	feast, ~	or in the	chase, ~	= in	song
= or	dance,	= A	liberty like	his, ~	who, ~
unim-	peached Of	usur-	pation, ~	~ and to	
no man's	wrong,	= Ap-	propriates	nature	
~ as his	Father's	work, ~	And has a	richer	
use of	yours	= than	you. ~	= ~	He is in-
deed a	freeman.	= ~	Free by	birth ~ Of	no
mean	city ; ~	= ~	plann'd or	ere the	hills
Were	built,	= the	fountains	opened, ~	or the
sea	= With	all his	roaring	multitude of	waves.
= ~	His	freedom	~ is the	same in	every
state ;	= And	no con-	dition of this	changeful	
life, ~ So	manifold in	cares,	= Whose	every	
day	Brings its	own evil	with it, ~	makes it	
less ; ~	= ~	For he has	wings	= that	neither
sickness,	pain, Nor		penury,	~ Can	cripple or
con-	fine.	= ~	No	nook so	narrow
spreads them	there With	ease, ~	and is at		
large.	= ~	~ The op-	pression	holds His	
body	bound,	= but	know not	~ what a	range
His	spirit	takes,	~ un-	conscious of a	chain ;
= ~	And that to	bind	him ~	~ is a	vain at-

*Rather slow.**Slow.*

tempt, ~ | ~ Whom | God de- | lights in | = ~ | ~ and
 in | whom he | dwells. | = ~ | = ~ | = ~ |

PROVIDENCE VINDICATED IN THE PRESENT STATE
OF MAN.

POPE.

Moderate.

3 | Heaven | from all | creatures | hides the | book of |
fate,	- ~	All but the	page pre-	scribed,	~ their	
present	state ;	- ~	- From	brutes	~ what	
men,	- from	men	~ what	spirits	know ;	~ Or
who could	suffer ~	being	here be-	low ?	- ~	
- The	lamb thy	riot	dooms to	bleed to-	day,	
- ~	Had he thy	reason,	~ would he	skip and		
play ?	- ~	- ~	Pleased to the	last,	- he	
crops the	flowery	food,	- And	licks the	hand	

Slow.

| just | raised to | shed his | blood. | - ~ | O | blind-
ness	~ to the	future !	- ~	kindly	given, ~	
- That	each may	fill the	circle ~	mark'd by		
Heaven ;	- Who	sees with	equal	eye,	- as	
God of	all,	- A	hero	perish,	~ or a	sparrow
fall ;	- ~	Atoms	- or	systems	~ into	ruin
hurl'd,	- And	now ~ a	bubble	burst,	- and	

Moderate.

now	- a	world.	- ~	- ~	Hope	humbly	
then ; ~	- with	trembling	pinions	soar ;	- ~		
Wait the	great	teacher ~	Death ; ~	- and			
God	- a-	dore.	- ~	- ~	What	future	bliss
- he	gives not	thee to	know,	- But	gives that		
hope ~ to	be thy	blessing	now. ~	- ~	Hope		

springs e-	ternal	~ in the	human	breast :	— ~	
Man	never	is,	— but	always	to BE	blest.
— ~	— The	soul,	— un-	easy,	~ and con-	
fin'd from	home,	— ~	Rests	~ and ex-	patiates	
~ in a	life to	come.	— ~	— ~	Lo, ~	~ the
poor	Indian !	~ whose un-	tutor'd	mind	Sees	
God in	clouds,	— or	hears him	~ in the	wind ;	
— ~	His	soul	proud	science	never	taught to
stray ~	Far as the	Solar	Walk	— or	Milky	
Way ; ~	— Yet	simple	nature	~ to his	hope	
has	given, ~	— Be-	hind the	cloud-top't	hill,	
— a	humbler	heaven ;	— Some	safer	world	
— in	depths of	woods em-	braced,	— Some	hap-	
pier	island	~ in the	watery	waste ;	— Where	
slaves	~ once	more	— their	native	land be-	
hold,	— No	fiends	— tor-	ment	— no	chris-
tians	— ~	thirst for	gold.	— ~	— To	BE,
— con-	tents his	natural de-	sire ; ~	— He		
asks no	angel's	wing,	— no	seraph's	fire : ~	

Rather fast.

| — But | thinks, ~ | — ad- | mitted | to that | equal |

Moderate.

sky,	— His	faithful	dog	— shall	bear him
company.	— ~	— ~	Go, ~	wiser	thou !
— and	in thy	scale of	sense,	— ~	Weigh thy o-
pinion ~ a-	gainst	Providence ;	— ~	Call	im-
per-	fection ~	what thou	fanciest	such ; ~	— ~
Say ~	here he	gives too	little, —	— ~	there
— too	much. — ~	— ~	— ~	— In	pride,
— in	reasoning	pride,	— our	error	lies ;
All	quit their	sphere,	— and	rush	into the

skies.	= ~	= ~	Pride	still is	aiming	~ at the	
blest a-	bodes ;	= ~	Men	~ would be	angels,		
= ~	angels	~ would be	gods.	= ~	= As-		
piring	~ to be	gods,	= if	angels	fell,	= As-	piring
~ to be	angels,	= ~	men	= re-	bel :	= And	
who but	wishes ~	~ to in-	vert the	laws	= Of		
Slow.							
ORDER,	= ~	Sins	= a-	gainst the E-	TERNAL		
CAUSE.	= ~	= ~	= ~				

THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH SHOW THE GLORY
 AND WISDOM OF THEIR CREATOR.—THE EARTH HAP-
 PILY ADAPTED TO THE NATURE OF MAN.

GOLDSMITH.

Moderate.

3 | = The | universe | may be con- | sidered | ~ as the |
 | palace in | which the | Deity re- | sides ; ~ | ~ and
 the | earth, | = as | one of its a- | partments. | = ~ |
 | = In | this, ~ | all the | meaner | races of | animated |
 | nature | = me- | chanically o- | bey him ; | ~ and
 stand | ready to | execute | ~ his com- | mands, |
= With-	out hesi-	tation. ~	= ~	Man a-	lone
= is	found re-	fractory ; ~	= ~	he is the	only
being	= en-	dued with a	power ~	~ of contra-	
dicting these	mandates.	= ~	= The	Deity was	
pleased to ex-	ert su-	perior	power ~	~ in cre-	
ating	him a su-	perior	being ;	= a	being en-
dued with a	choice of	good and	evil ; ~	= and	
capable,	~ in some	measure,	~ of co-	operating	

| ~ with his | own in- | tentions. | = ~ | = ~ | Man, |
 | therefore, | may be con- | sidered | ~ as a | limited |
 | creature, | = en- | dued with | powers ~ | imitative
 of | those re- | siding in the | Deity. ~ | = ~ | ~ He is |
thrown into a	world	= that	stands in	need of his	
help ;	= ~	and he has been	granted a	power ~	
~ of pro-	ducing	harmony,	= from	partial con-	
fusion. ~	= ~	= ~	If,	therefore,	~ we con-
sider the	earth as al-	lotted	for our habi-	tation, ~	
~ we shall	find	= that	much has been	given us	
to en-	joy, ~	= and	much to a-	mend ; ~	= ~
that we have	ample	reasons	~ for our	gratitude,	
= and	many ~	~ for our	industry.	= ~	= In
those great	outlines of	nature,	~ to which	art	
cannot	reach	= and	where our	greatest	efforts ~
must have	been inef-	fectual,	= ~	God him-	
self has	finished	every thing	~ with a-	mazing	
grandeur	= and	beauty. ~	= ~	Our be-	nefi-
cent	Father ~	has con-	sidered	these	parts of
nature	~ as pe-	culiarly his	own ; ~	= as	
parts	which no	creature	could have	skill	= or
strength	~ to a-	mend ;	= ~	and he has,	
therefore,	made them in-	capable of alter-	ation, ~		
or of more	perfect regu-	larity. ~	= ~	= The	
heavens	~ and the	firmament	= ~	show the	
wisdom	~ and the	glory	~ of the	Workman.	
= ~	= As-	tronomers,	~ who are	best	skill'd
in the	symmetry of	systems,	= can	find	no-
thing	there ~	that they can	alter for the	better. ~	
= ~	God	~ made	these	perfect,	= be-

| no sub- | ordinate | being | ~could cor- | rect their
 de- | fects. ~ | = ~ | = ~ | When, | therefore, | ~we
 sur- | vey | nature | ~on | this side, | = ~ | nothing
 can | be more | splendid, | = ~ | more cor- | rect, |
~or a-	mazing.	= ~	= We	there be-	hold a
Deity	=re-	siding in the	midst of a	universe,	
infinitely ex-	tended	every	way, ~	animating	
all,	=and	cheering the va-	cuity	~with his	
presence.	= ~	~ We be-	hold an im-	mense and	
shapeless	mass of	matter, ~	formed into	worlds	
~by his	power, ~	~and dis-	persed at	inter-	
vals,	~to which	even	~the imagin-	ation ~	can-
not	travel. ~	= ~	= ~	In this great	theatre of
his	glory,	=a	thousand	suns,	~like our
= ~	animate	~their re-	spective	systems,	
=ap-	pearing	=and	vanishing	~at Di-	vine
com-	mand.	= ~	= ~	~ We be-	hold our
bright	luminary,	= ~	fixed in the	centre of its	
system,	= ~	wheeling its	planets in	times pro-	
portioned to their	distances,	~and at	once dis-		
pensing	light,	heat, and	action. ~	= ~	= The
earth	also is	seen	~with its	twofold	motion ; ~
=pro-	ducing,	~by the	one,	=the	change of
seasons ;	= ~	and, by the	other, ~	=the	grate-
ful vi-	cissitudes of	day and	night.	= ~	With what
silent mag-	nificence	=is	all	this per-	formed !
= ~	with what	seeming	ease !	= ~	= The
works of	art are ex-	erted ~	~with inter-		
rupted	force ;	~and their	noisy	progress	=dis-
covers the ob-	structions	~they re-	ceive ; ~		

| — ~ | ~but the | earth, | ~with a | silent, | steady
 ro- | tation, ~ | —suc- | cessively pre- | sents | every |
 | part of its | bosom to the | sun ; ~ | —at | once im- |
 | bibing | nourishment and | light ~ | ~from that | pa-
 rent of vege- | tation ~ | ~and fer- | tility. ~ | — ~ |
~But not	only pro-	visions of	heat and	light are
thus sup-	plied ; ~	—the	whole	surface of the
earth	—is	covered with a	transparent	atmosphere,
—that	turns with its	motion, ~	—and	guards it
from	external	injury. ~	—The	rays of the
~are thus	broken ~	into a	genial	warmth ;
—and	while the	surface is as-	sisted ~	~a gentle
heat is pro-	duced in the	bowels of the	earth, ~	
~which con-	tributes to	cover it with	verdure.	
— ~	Waters	also ~	~are sup-	plied in
ful a-	bundance,	~to sup-	port	life,
sist vege-	tation. ~	— ~	Mountains	rise,
di-	versify the	prospect,	~and give a	current to the
stream.	— ~	Seas ex-	tend from	one continent
~to the	other, ~	—re-	plenished with	animals, ~
that may be	turned to	human sup-	port ; ~	—and
also	serving to en-	rich the	earth	~with a suf-
ficiency of	vapour. ~	— ~	Breezes	fly along the
surface of the	fields, ~	~to promote	health and	
vege-	tation. ~	—The	coolness of the	evening
—in-	vites to	rest ; —	~and the	freshness of the
morning	—re-	news for	labour. ~	— ~
Such ~	are the de-	lights	~of the habi-	tation ~
that has been as-	signed to	man : ~	— ~	
~without	any one of	these,	—he	must have

been | wretched ; | — and | none of | these ~ | could his |
 own | industry | ~ have 'sup- | plied. ~ | — ~ | — But |
while, ~	on the one	hand, ~	many of his	wants ~	
~ are thus	kindly	furnished,	— there	are, ~	
~ on the	other, ~	numberless	incon-	veniences	
~ to ex-	cite his	industry.	— ~	This habi-	
tation, ~	~ though pro-	vided with	all the con-		
veniences of	air, ~	pasturage,	— and	water, ~	
is but a	desert	place ~	~ without	human cul-	
tivation. ~	— The	lowest	animal ~	~ finds	
more con-	veniences	~ in the	wilds of	nature,	
— than	he who	boasts him-	self their	lord.	
— ~	— The	whirlwind,	— the	inun-	dation, ~
— and	all the as-	perities of the	air, ~		
~ are pe-	culiarly	terrible to	man,	— who	
knows their	consequences,	— ~	and, at a	dis-	
tance,	— ~	dreads	~ their ap-	proach.	— The
earth it-	self	— where	human	art	has not per-
vaded, ~	puts on a	frightful,	gloomy ap-	pear-	
ance.	— ~	— The	forests are	dark and	tangled ;
— The	meadows	~ are over-	grown with	rank	
weeds :	~ and the	brooks	stray ~ with	out a de-	
termined	channel. ~	— ~	Nature, ~	that has	
been	kind to	every	lower ~	order of	beings,
— ~	seems to	have been neg-	lectful ~	~ with	
re-	gard to	him : ~	— ~	~ to the	savage
con-	triving	man,	— the	earth	is an a-
~ of deso-	lation, ~	— ~	where his	shelter ~ is	
insuf-	ficient,	~ and his	food	— pre-	carious. ~
— ~	— A	world	~ thus	furnished with ad-	

vantages on	one side,	—and	incon-	veniences	
~on the	other, ~	~is the	proper a-	bode of	
reason,	~and the	fittest to	exercise the	industry	
~of a	free	~and a	thinking	creature.	— ~
~These	evils,	—which	art can	remedy, ~	
—and	prescience	guard a-	gainst,	~are a	
proper	call ~	for the ex-	ertion of his	faculties ;	
~and they	tend	still more	~to as	simulate him	
~to his Cre-	ator. ~	— ~	God be-	holds, with	
pleasure,	—that	being	which he has	made,	
—con-	verting the	wretchedness of his	natural		
situ-	ation ~	into a	theatre of	triumph ;	— ~
bringing	all the	headlong	tribes of	nature ~	
into sub-	jection	to his	will ; ~	~and pro-	
ducing that	order and uni-	formity upon	earth,		
—of	which ~his	own	heavenly	fabric	~is so
bright	~an ex-	ample. ~	— ~	— ~	

REFLECTIONS ON A FUTURE STATE, FROM A REVIEW OF WINTER.

THOMSON.

Rather slow.

3 | —'Tis | done ! ~ | ~dread | winter | spreads his |
 | latest | glooms, | —And | reigns tre- | mendous |
 | ~o'er the | conquer'd | year. ~ | — ~ | ~How | dead
 the | vegetable | kingdom | lies ! ~ | ~How | dumb the |
tuneful !	— ~	Horror	wide ex-	tends	—His
desolate do-	main.	— ~	—Be-	hold,	~fond
man ! ~	—See	here	—thy	pictur'd	life : ~
~pass	some few	years,	—Thy	flowering	spring,

—Thy	summer's	ardent	strength,	—Thy	sober
autumn ~	fading into	age,	—And	pale con-	
cluding	winter ~	comes at	last,	—And	shuts the
scene.	— ~	— ~	Ah ! ~	~ whither	now are
fled	—Those	dreams of	greatness ?	— ~	
those un-	solid	hopes of	happiness ?	—those	
longings	after	fame ?	—Those	restless	cares ?
—those	busy	bustling	days ?	—Those	gay-
spent,	festive	nights ?	—those	veering	thoughts, ~
Lost	~ between	good and	ill,	—that	shared thy
life ? ~	— ~	— ~	All	now are	vanish'd !
— ~	Virtue	sole sur-	vives,	—Im-	mortal,
never-	failing	friend of	man, ~	—His	guide to

Rather fast, with animation.

happiness on	high. ~	—And	see ! ~	—'Tis	
come, ~	—the	glorious	morn !	—The	second
birth Of	heaven and	earth ! ~	—a-	wakening	
nature ~	hears The	new cre-	ating	word ; ~	
—and	starts to	life, ~	—In	every	heighten'd
form,	—from	pain and	death ~	—For	ever
free. ~	—The	great e-	ternal	scheme,	—In-
volving	all, ~	and in a	perfect	whole	—U-
niting	~ as the	prospect	wider	spreads,	—To
reason's	eye re-	fin'd	~ clears	up a-	pace. ~

Moderate.

| — ~ | —Ye | vainly | wise ! ~ | —Ye | blind pre- |
 | sumptuous ! | — ~ | now, | —Con- | founded | ~ in
the	dust, ~	—a-	dore that	Power And	Wisdom, ~	
oft ar-	rain'd :	— ~	—see	now the	cause	
—Why	unas-	suming	worth	—in	secret	liv'd,
And	died neg-	lected ;	— ~	why the	good	

man's | share In | life ~ | — was | gall, and | bitter-
 ness of | soul : | — ~ | Why the | lone | widow ~ |
 | ~ and her | orphans ~ | pin'd in | starving | solitude ; |
 | — while | luxury | — In | palaces | lay ~ | straining
 her | low | thought, | — To | form un- | real | wants : ~ |
— why	heaven-born	truth,	— And	moder-	ation	
fair,	— ~	wore the	red	marks	~ Of super-	
stition's	scourge :	— ~	— Why	licens'd	pain,	
— That	cruel	spoiler,	~ that em-	bosom'd	foe,	
— Im-	bitter'd	all our	bliss. ~	— ~	~ Ye	
good dis-	tress'd !	— Ye	noble	few ! ~	~ who	
here un-	bending	stand	— Be-	neath	life's	
pressure,	— ~	yet bear	up a-	while,	— And	
what your	bounded	view	— which	only	saw A	
little	part,	— ~	deemed	evil, ~	~ is no	more :
— ~	— The	storms of	wintry	time	— will	
quickly	pass, ~	— And	one un-	bounded	spring	
— en-	circle	all.	— ~	— ~	— ~	

NOTHING FORMED IN VAIN.

THOMSON.

Moderate.

3 | — Let | no pre- | suming | impious | railer ~ | tax
 Cre | ative | wisdom, | ~ as if | aught was | form'd In |
vain,	— or	not for	admirable	ends.	— ~
— Shall	little,	haughty	ignorance	— pro-	
nounce	His	works un-	wise,	— of	which the
smallest	part	— Ex-	ceeds the	narrow	vision
 of her | mind ? | — ~ | — ~ | — As | if, ~ | upon a |

full-pro-	portion'd	dome,	— On	swelling	
columns	heav'd the	pride of	art, ~	— A	critic-
fly, ~	— whose	feeble	ray ~	scarce	spreads An
inch a-	round,	— with	blind pre-	sumption	
bold,	— Should	dare to	tax ~ the	structure of the	
whole.	— ~	— And	lives the	man,	— whose
uni-	versal	eye	— Has	swept at	once
un-	bounded	scheme of	things ;	— ~	Mark'd
their de-	pendence	so, ~ and	firm ac-	cord, ~	
As with un-	faltering	accent	~ to con-	clude,	
— That	this a-	vaileth	nought ?	— ~	— Has
any	seen The	mighty	chain of	beings,	— ~
less'ning	down From	infinite per-	fection, ~		
~ to the	brink Of	dreary	nothing,	— ~	deso-
late a-	byss ! ~	— From	which as-	tonish'd	
thought,	— re-	coiling,	— ~	turns ?	— ~

Rather slow

| — ~ | Till then | — a- | lone | — let | zealous | praise
 as- | cend, | — And | hymns of | holy | wonder | — to |
that	power, ~	~ Whose	wisdom	shines	— as	
lovely	~ in our	minds,	— As	on our	smiling	
eyes	— his	servant	sun. ~	— ~	— ~	~ ~

Slow.

ON PRIDE.

POPE.

Moderate.

3 | — Of | all the | causes, | ~ which con- | spire to |
 | blind | Man's | erring | judgment, | ~ and mis- |
 | guide the | mind, | — ~ | ~ What the | weak | head |

— with	strongest	bias	rules,	— Is	pride :	— the
never-	failing	vice of	fools.	— ~	~ What-	ever
nature	~ has in	worth de-	ny'd,	— She	gives in	
large re-	cruits of	needful	pride !	— ~	For, ~	
~ as in	bodies,	— ~	thus in	souls,	— we	find
What	wants in	blood and	spirits, ~	swell'd with		
wind.	— ~	— ~	Pride,	— where	wit	fails,
— steps	in to	our de-	fence,	— And	fills up	
all the	mighty	void of	sense.	— ~	— If	once ~
right	reason	drives that	cloud a-	way, ~		
~ Truth	breaks up-	on us	~ with re-	sistless		
day. ~	— ~	Trust	not your-	self ; ~	— ~	
but, ~	your de-	fects to	know,	~ Make	use of	
every	friend,	— and	every	foe.	— ~	— A
little	learning	~ is a	dangerous	thing ;	— ~	
Drink	deep,	~ or	taste not	~ the Pi-	erian	
spring :	— ~	There. ~	shallow	draughts	— in-	
toxi-	cate the	brain,	— And	drinking	largely	
— ~	sobers	us a-	gain. ~	— ~	— ~	Fir'd ~
first	sight	— with	what the	muse im-	parts,	
— In	fearless	youth,	~ we	tempt the	heights of	
arts ;	— ~	While,	~ from the	bounded	level of	
our	mind,	— ~	Short	views we	take, ~	— nor
see the	lengths be-	hind ;	— But	more ad-		
vanc'd,	— be-	hold,	— with	strange sur-	prise,	
— ~	New	distant	scenes	— of	endless	science
rise !	— ~	— ~	So, ~	pleas'd at	first	— the
towering	Alps we	try, ~	— ~	Mount	o'er the	
vales,	— and	seem to	tread the	sky ; ~	~ The e-	
ternal	snows	— ap-	pear al-	ready	past, ~ {	

~ And the	first	clouds and	mountains	= ~		
seem the	last ? ~	= ~	But, ~	those at-	tain'd,	
= we	tremble	~ to sur-	vey ~	= The	growing	
labours	~ of the	lengthen'd	way ; ~	~ The in-		
creasing	prospect	tires our	wandering	eyes ;		
= ~	Hills	peep o'er	hills,	= and	Alps	= on
Alps	= a-	rise.	= ~	= ~	= ~	

THE MORNING IN SUMMER.

THOMSON.

Moderate.

3 | = The | meek-eye'd | morn ap- | pears, | = ~ |
 | mother of | dews, | = ~ | = At | first | faint | gleam-
 | ing | ~ in the | dappled | east ; | = Till | far o'er |
 | ether ~ | spreads the | widening | glow ; | = ~ | And
from be-	fore the	lustre of her	face	~ White	
break the	clouds a-	way.	= ~	= With	quicken'd
step, ~	~ Brown	night re-	tires :	= ~	~ young
day	~ pours	in a-	pace, ~	= And	opens
the	lawny	prospect	wide.	= ~	= The
rock,	= the	mountain's	misty	top, ~	Swell
on the	sight,	= and	brighten	~ with the	dawn.
~ ~	Blue,	~ through the	dusk,	= the	smoking
currents	shine ;	= ~	And from the	bladed	field
= the	fearful	hare ~	Limps,	awkward :	= ~
while a-	long the	forest-	glade	= The	wild
deer	trip, ~	= and	often	turning	= ~
early	passenger.	= ~	= ~	Music a-	wakes
= The	native	voice of	undis-	sembled	joy ;
= And	thick a-	round	= the	woodland	hymns

a- | rise- | = ~ | Rous'd by the | cock, ~ | = the | soon-
 clad | shepherd | leaves His | mossy | cottage, ~ |
 | where with | peace he | dwells ; | = ~ | And from the |
 | crowded | fold, | = in | order, ~ | drives His | flock
 ~ to | taste the | verdure | ~ of the | morn. | | = ~ |
= ~	Falsely lux-	urious,	= ~	will not	man a-	
wake ;	= And,	springing	~ from the	bed of		
sloth,	= en-	joy The	cool,	= the	fragrant,	
~ and the	silent	hour,	= To	medi-	tation	
due	= and	sacred	song ?	= ~	= For	is there
aught in	sleep	= can	charm the	wise ?	= ~	
= To	lie in	dead ob-	livion,	= ~	losing	half
The	fleeting	moments	~ of too	short a	life ;	
= ~	Total ex-	tinction	of the en-	lighten'd		
soul !	= Or	else to	feverish	vanity a-	live,	
= ~	Wilder'd,	= and	tossing	~ through dis-		
temper'd	dreams ?	= ~	= ~	= ~	Who would,	
in	such a	gloomy	state re-	main	Longer than	
nature	craves ;	= when	every	muse	= And	
every	blooming	pleasure	= ~	waits with-		
out, ~	= To	bless the	wildly	devious	morn-	
 ing | walk ? ~ | = ~ | = ~ | = ~ |

THE PLEASURE AND BENEFIT OF AN IMPROVED AND
WELL-DIRECTED IMAGINATION.

AKENSIDE.

Rather slow.

3 | Oh, | blest of | Heaven ! | = ~ | whom ~ | not
 the | languid | songs Of | luxury, | = the | Siren, |

| — ~ | not the | bribes Of | sordid | wealth, | — nor |
 | all the | gaudy | spoils | — Of | pageant | Honour, ~ |
 | ~ can se- | duce to | leave | ~ Those | ever- | bloom-
 ing | sweets, | — ~ | which, | ~ from the | store Of |
 | Nature, | — ~ | fair im- | agin- | ation | culls, |
 | — To | charm | ~ the en- | liven'd | soul ! | — ~ |
 | — ~ | ~ What | though not | all Of | mortal | off-
 spring | ~ can at- | tain the | heights Of | envy'd |
 | life, ~ | — though | only | few pos- | sess Pa | tri-
 cian | treasures, | ~ or im- | perial | state ; ~ | — Yet |
Nature's	care,	— to	all her	children	just,
— With	richer	treasures,	~ and an	ampler	
state,	— En-	dows at	large	— what-	ever
happy	man	— Will	deign to	use them.	— ~
— ~	His the	city's	pomp,	— The	rural
nour's	his : ~	— what-	e'er a-	dorns The	prince-
ly	dome,	~ the	column,	~ and the	arch,
— The	breathing	marble	~ and the	sculptur'd	
gold,	— Be-	yond the	proud pos-	sessor's	nar-
row	claim,	— ~	His	tuneful	breast en-
— ~	— For	him	— the	Spring Dis-	tils her
dews,	— ~	and from the	silken	gem ~	— Its
lucid	leaves	— un-	folds :	— ~	— for
— the	hand Of	Autumn	tinges	every	fertile
branch	— With	blooming	gold,	— and	blushes
~ like the	morn.	— ~	— ~	Each	passing
hour	~ sheds	tribute	~ from her	wings ;	
— And	still ~	~ new	beauties	meet his	lone-
ly	walk,	— And	loves un-	felt at-	tract him.
— ~	~ Not a	breeze	flies o'er the	meadow ;	

| ~not a | cloud im- | bibes The | setting | sun's ef- |
 | fulgence ; | ~not a | strain | —From | all the | te-
 nants | ~of the | warbling | shade | —As- | cends ; |
—but	whence his	bosom	~can par-	take	
Fresh	pleasure	~unre-	proved :	— ~	—nor
thence par-	takes	~Fresh	pleasure	only ;	
— ~	for the at-	tentive	mind	—By	this har-
monious	action ~	on her	powers,	—Be-	comes
her-	self har-	monious :	— ~	wont so	oft In
outward	things	—to	meditate the	charm Of	
sacred	order, ~	— ~	soon she	seeks at	home,
—To	find a	kindred	order ; ~	~to ex-	ert
With-	in her-	self ~	~this	elegance of	love, ~
~This	fair in-	spired de-	light :	— ~	—her
temper'd	powers Re-	fine at	length, ~	—and	
every	passion	wears	—A	chaster,	— ~
er,	— ~	more at-	tractive	mien.	— ~
if to	ampler	prospects,	— ~	if to	gaze On
Nature's	form,	— ~	where, ~	negligent of	
all These	lesser	graces,	~she as-	sumes the	
port Of	that E-	ternal	Majesty	—that	weigh'd
The	world's foun-	dations,	— ~	if to	these
—the	mind ex-	alts her	daring	eye ;	— ~
then ~	mightier	far	—Will	be the	change,
—and	nobler.	— ~	— ~	Would the	forms of
servile	custom ~	cramp her	generous	powers ?	
— ~	—Would	sordid	policies,	—the	barbarous
growth Of	Ignorance and	Rapine,	— ~	bow	
 her | down To | tame pur- | suits, ~ | —to | indolence
 and | fear ? | — ~ | — ~ | Lo ! | ~she ap- | peals to |

| Nature, | ~to the | winds | —And | rolling | waves, |
 | —the | sun's un- | weary'd | course, | —The | ele-
 | ments | —and | seasons: | — ~ | — ~ | all de- | clare |
 | —For | what the E- | ternal | Maker | ~has or- |
 | dain'd the | powers of | man: | —we | feel with- | in
 | our- | selves | —His | energy | —di- | vine: | —he |
 | tells the | heart, | —He | meant, | —he | made us |
 | ~to be- | hold and | love | —What | he be- | holds
and	loves,	—the	general	orb Of	life and	being:
— ~	~to be	great	—like	him,	—Be-	neficent
—and	active.	— ~	— ~	Thus the	men	
—Whom	Nature's	works in-	struct,	—with		
God him	self ~	Hold	converse;	— ~	grow fa-	
miliar, ~	day by	day,	—With	his con-	ceptions;	
— ~	act up-	on his	plan; ~	—And	form to	
his,	—the	relish	~of their	souls.	— ~	— ~
— ~						

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY CONTRASTED. PART OF A
LETTER WRITTEN IN ITALY, BY

ADDISON.

Moderate.

3 | How has | kind | Heaven | —a- | dorn'd the | hap-
py	land,	—And	scatter'd	blessings	~with a
wasteful	hand!	— ~	—But	what a-	vail
—her	unex-	hausted	stores,	—Her	blooming
mountains,	~and her	sunny	shores,	—With	
all the	gifts	—that	heaven and	earth im-	part,
—The	smiles of	nature	~and the	charms of	

| art, | - While | proud op- | pression | ~ in her | val-
 ley | reigns, | - And | tyranny | - u- | surps her |
happy	plains ?	- ~	- The	poor in-	habitant
- be-	holds in	vain	- The	reddening	orange,
~ and the	swelling	grain ;	- ~	joyless he	
sees	- the	growing	oils and	wines,	- And
the	myrtle's	fragrant	shade re-	pines.	- ~
- ~	Oh,	Liberty :	- thou	power su-	premely
bright,	- Pro-	fuse of	bliss, ~	- And	preg-
nant	~ with de-	light !	- Per-	petual	pleasures
in thy	presence	reign ;	- And	smiling	plenty ~
leads thy	wanton	train.	- ~	Eas'd of her	load,
- sub-	jection	grows more	light ;	- And	
poverty	~ looks	cheerful	~ in thy	sight.	- ~
- Thou	mak'st the	gloomy	face of	nature	gay ;
- ~	- Giv'st	beauty	~ to the	sun, ~	- and
sure	~ to the	day.	- ~	- ~	- On
mountains,	may the	sun re-	fine	- The	grape's
soft	juice,	- and	mellow	it to wine ;	- With
citron	groves	- a-	dorn a	distant	soil,
~ And the	fat	olive	swell with	floods of	oil :
- ~	- We	envy	not the	warmer	clime,
~ that	lies	- In	ten de-	grees of	more in-
dulent	skies ;	- ~	Nor at the	coarseness	
~ of our	heaven re-	pine,	- Tho'	o'er our	
heads	- the	frozen	Pleiads	shine :	- ~
- 'Tis	Liberty	- that	crowns Bri-	tannia's	
isle,	- And	makes her	barren	rocks,	~ and
her	bleak	mountains	- ~	smile.	- ~
- ~					

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS OFTEN ILL-DIRECTED.

CARTER.

Moderate.

2 | ~ The | midnight | moon se- | renely | smiles |
 | ~ O'er | nature's | soft re- | pose ; | ~ No | lowering |
 | cloud ob- | scures the | sky, | ~ Nor | ruffling | tem-
 pest | blows. | ~ ~ | Now ~ | every | passion | sinks
 to | rest, | ~ The | throbbing | heart | ~ lies | still ; |
~ And	varying	schemes of	life	~ no	more
~ Dis-	tract the	labouring	will.	~ In	silence
hush'd	~ to	reason's	voice,	~ At-	tends each
mental	power :	~ ~	Come, ~	dear E-	milia,
~ and en-	joy	~ Re-	flection's	favourite	hour.
~ ~	Come, ~	~ while the	peaceful	scene in-	
vites,	~ Let's	search this	ample	round ;	~ ~
~ ~	Where shall the	lovely	fleeting	form	
~ Of	happiness	~ be	found ?	~ ~	~ ~
Does it a-	midst the	frolic	mirth	~ Of	gay as-
semblies	dwell ;	~ Or	hide be-	neath the	
solemn	gloom,	~ That	shades the	hermit's	
cell ?	~ ~	~ ~	~ How	oft the	laughing
brow of	joy,	~ A	sickening	heart con	ceals !
~ ~	~ And	through the	cloister's	deep re-	
cess,	~ In-	vading	sorrow	steals.	~ ~
~ In	vain,	~ through	beauty,	~ ~	fortune,
~ ~	wit,	~ The	fugitive	~ we	trace ;
~ It	dwells not	~ in the	faithless	smile,	
~ That	brightens	Clodia's	face.	~ ~	~ ~

~· Per-	haps the	joy to-	these de-	ni'd,	~· The	
heart in	friendship	finds :	~ ~	Ah !	dear de-	
lusion,	~ ~	gay con-	ceit	~· Of	visionary	
minds !	~ ~	~ ~	~ How	e'er our	varying	
notions	rove,	~ Yet	all a-	gree in	one,	~· To
place its	being	~ in some	state,	~· At	distance	

Rather slow.

| from our | own. | ~ ~ | O | blind to | each in- | dul-
gent	aim,	~· Of	power su-	premely	wise,
~· Who	fancy	happiness	~· in	aught	~· The
hand of	heaven de-	nies !	~ ~	~ ~	Vain is a-
like the	joy we	seek,	~· And	vain	what we
pos-	sess,	~· Un-	less har-	monious	reason ~
tunes	~· The	passions	~ into	peace.	~ ~
~· To	temper'd	wishes,	~ ~	just de-	sires,
~· Is	happiness	~· con-	fin'd ;	~ ~	And, ~
deaf to	folly's	call,	~· At-	tends	~· The
music	~ of the	mind.	~ ~	~ ~	

THE CREATION REQUIRED TO PRAISE ITS AUTHOR.

OGILVIE.

Rather slow.

2 | ~· Be- | gin, my | soul, | ~ the ex- | alted | lay ! ~ |
~ Let	each en-	raptur'd	thought o-	bey, ~	
~· And	praise the Al-	mighty's	name :	~ ~	
Lo !	heaven and	earth,	~· and	seas,	~· and
skies,	~· In	one me-	lodious	concert	rise,
~· To	swell the in-	spiring	theme.	~ ~	~ Ye
fields of	light,	~· ce-	lestial	plains,	~ Where

| gay trans- | porting | beauty | reigns, | ~· Ye | scenes
 di- | vinely | fair ! | ~· Your | Maker's | wondrous |
 | power pro- | claim ; | ~ ~ | Tell | how he | formed
 your | shining | frame, | ~· And | breath'd the | fluid |
 | air. | ~ ~ | ~· Ye | angels, | ~ ~ | catch the | thrill-
 ing | sound ! | ~· While | all the a- | doring | thrones a- |
 | round, | ~· His | boundless | mercy | sing : | ~· Let |
 | every | listening | saint a- | bove, | ~· Wake | all the |
 | tuneful | soul of | love, | ~· And | touch the | sweet-
 est | string. | ~ ~ | Join, | ~· Ye | loud | spheres, |
 | ~· the | vocal | choir ; | ~ ~ | Thou | dazzling | orb
 of | liquid | fire, | ~· The | mighty | chorus | aid : |
~ ~	Soon as gray	evening	gilds the	plain,	
~ ~	Thou	moon,	~· pro-	tract the	melting
strain,	~· And	praise him	~ in the	shade.	
~ ~	Thou	heaven of	heavens,	~· his	vast a-
bode ;	~· Ye	clouds,	~· pro-	claim your	form-
ing	God,	~· Who	call'd	~ yon	worlds
~· from	night :	~ ~	~· "Ye	shades	~· dis-
pel !"	~ the E-	ternal	said ;	~· At	once the in-
volving	darkness	fled,	~· And	nature	sprung to
light.	~ ~	~· What-	e'er a	blooming	world
con-	tains,	~· That	wings the	air,	~· that
skims the	plains,	~· U-	nited	praise be-	stow :
~· Ye	dragons,	~ ~	sound his	awful	name
~· To	heaven	~· a-	loud ;	~· and	roar ac-
claim,	~· Ye	swelling	deeps be-	low.	~ ~
~· Let	every	element	~· re-	joice ;	~· Ye
thunders,	burst	~· with	awful	voice,	~· To
HIM	~· who	bids you	roll :	~ ~	~· His

praise	~· in	softer	notes	~· de-	clare,	~ Each
whispering	breeze	~· of	yielding	air,	~· And	
breathe it	~to the	soul.	~ ~	~· To	him,	
~· ye	grateful	cedars, ~	bow ;	~· Ye	tower-	
ing	mountains,	~ ~	bending	low,	~ Your	
great Cre-	ator ~	own ;	~ ~	Tell,	~ when af-	
frightened	nature	shook,	~ How	Sinai	kindled	
~ at his	look,	~· And	trembled	~ at his	frown.	
~ ~	~ Ye	flocks that	haunt the	humble	vale,	
~· Ye	insects	fluttering	on the	gale,	~· In	
mutual	concourse	rise ;	~ ~	Crop the	gay	
rose's	vermeil	bloom,	~· And	waft its	spoils	
~· a	sweet per-	fume,	~· In	incense	~ to the	
skies.	~ ~	Wake	all ye	mountain	tribes,	
~· and	sing ;	~· Ye	plummy	warblers	~ of the	
spring,	~· Har-	monious	anthems	raise		
~· To	HIM	~· who	shaped your	finer	mould,	
~· Who	tipp'd your	glittering	wings with	gold,		
~· And	tuned your	voice to	praise.	~ ~		
~· Let	man,	~· by	nobler	passions	sway'd,	
~· The	feeling	heart,	~· the	judging	head,	
~· In	heavenly	praise	~· em-	ploy ;	~ ~	
Spread	his tre-	mendous	name a-	round,		
~· Till	heaven's	broad	arch	~ rings	back the	
sound,	~· The	general	burst of	joy.	~ ~	
~ Ye	whom the	charms of	grandeur	please,		
~ ~	Nurs'd	~ on the	downy	lap of	ease,	
~ ~	Fall	prostrate	~ at his	throne :	~ ~	
~ Ye	princes,	rulers,	~ ~	all	~· a-	dore ;
~ ~	Praise	him	~· ye	kings,	~· who	makes

your	power	~ • An	image	~ of his	own.	~ ~
~ ~	~ Ye	fair,	~ • by	nature	form'd to	move,
~ ~	O	praise	~ the E-	ternal	*source of*	
love,	~ • With	youth's en-	livening	fire :	~ ~	
~ • Let	age take	up the	tuneful	lay,	~ ~	
Sigh his	blest	name—	~ ~	then	soar a-	way,
Slow.						
~ • And	ask an	angel's	lyre.	~ ~	~ ~	

AUBURN; OR, THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

GOLDSMITH.

Rather slow.

3 | Sweet | Auburn ! | = ~ | loveliest | village | ~ of
 the | plain, | = ~ | ~ Where | health and | plenty ~ |
cheer'd the	labouring	swain ;	= ~	~ Where		
smiling	spring	= its	earliest	visit	paid,	
= And	parting	summer's	lingering	blooms		
= de-	lay'd ;	= ~	Dear	lovely	bowers	= of
innocence	~ and	ease,	= ~	Seats of my	youth,	
= when	every	sport could	please,	= How		
often	~ have I	loiter'd	~ o'er thy	green,		
~ Where	humble	happiness	= en-	dear'd each		
scene !	= ~	= How	often	have I	paus'd	= on
every	charm,	= The	shelter'd	cot, ~	= The	
cultivated	farm,	= The	never-	failing	brook,	
= the	busy	mill,	= The	decent	church	= that
topp'd the	neighbouring	hill,	= The	hawthorn		
bush,	= with	seats be-	neath the	shade	= For	
talking	age and	youthful	converse	made !	= ~	

— How	often	have I	bless'd the	coming	day,
— When	toil re-	mitting	lent its	turn to	play;
— And	all the	village	train,	— from	labour
free, ~	— Led	up their	sports	— be-	neath the
spreading	tree; ~	— While	many a	pastime	
circled	in the	shade,	— The	young con-	tend-
ing	~ as the	old sur-	vey'd;	— And	many a
gambol	frolick'd	o'er the	ground,	— And	sleights
of	art	— and	feats of	strength went	round,
— ~	These	were thy	charms,	— ~	sweet
village !	— ~	sports like	these,	— With	sweet
suc-	cession, ~	taught e'en	toil to	please;	— ~
These	round thy	bowers	— their	cheerful	in-
 fluence | shed ; | — ~ | These | were thy | charms, — |

Very slow.

| — ~ | but ~ | all these | charms | — are | fled. ~ |
 | — ~ | — ~ | — ~ |

Rather slow.

| Sweet | smiling | village ! | — ~ | loveliest | ~ of
 the | lawn, | ~ Thy | sports are | fled, | — and | all thy |
 | charms | — with- | drawn ; | — A- | midst thy | bow-
 ers | — the | tyrant's | hand is | seen, | — And | deso- |
lation ~	saddens	all thy	green :	— ~	One
only	master	grasps the	whole do-	main,	— And
half a	tillage	stints thy	smiling	plain.	— No
more thy	glassy	brook re-	flects the	day,	— But
chok'd with	sedges,	works its	weedy	way ;	
— A-	long thy	glades,	— a	solitary	guest,
— The	hollow-	sounding	bittern	guards its	nest ;
— A-	midst thy	desert	walks,	— the	lapwing
flies,	— And	tires their	echoes	with un-	varied

| cries. | - ~ | Sunk | are thy | bowers | - in | shape-
less	ruin	all,	~ And the	long	grass	- o'er-
tops the	mouldering	wall ;	- And	trembling,		
- ~	shrinking,	~ from the	spoiler's	hand,		
- ~	Far,	- ~	far a-	way	- thy	children
leave the	land.	- ~	- ~	- ~		

Ill	fares the	land,	- to	hastening	ills a
prey,	- Where	wealth ac-	cumulates,	- and	
men de-	cay.	- ~	- ~	Princes and	lords
- may	flourish,	- or may	fade ;	- A	breath can
make them,	~ as a	breath	has made :	- ~	
~ But a	bold	peasantry,	- their	country's	
pride,	- When	once de-	stroy'd,	- can	never
~ be sup-	plied.	- ~	- A	time there	was, ~
- ere	England's	griefs be-	gan, ~	- When	
every	rood of	ground	- main-	tain'd its	man ; ~
- For	him light	labour	spread her	wholesome	
store ;	- ~	Just	gave what	life re-	quir'd,
- but	gave no	more :	- His	best com-	panions, ~
innocence and	health ; ~	~ And his	best	riches, ~	
ignorance of	wealth. ~	- ~			

| - But | times are | alter'd ; | - ~ | trade's un- |
 | feeling | train | - U- | surp the | land, | - and | dis-
pos-	sess the	swain.	- A-	long the	lawn,
- where	scatter'd	hamlets	rose,	- Un-	wieldy
wealth	- and	cumbrous	pomp re-	pose ;	- And
every	want to	luxury al-	lied,	- And	every
pang that	folly	pays to	pride :	- ~	~ Those
gentle	hours	- that	plenty	bade to	bloom,
- Those	calm de-	sires	- that	ask'd but	little

| room, | — Those | healthful | sports | — that | grac'd
 the | peaceful | scene, | — ~ | Liv'd | in each | look |
— and	brighten'd	all the	green—	— ~	These,
far de	parting,	seek a	kinder	shore,	— And
rural	mirth and	manners	~ are no	more.	— ~
— ~	— ~				

| Sweet | Auburn ! | — ~ | parent | ~ of the | bliss-
 ful | hour, | — Thy | glades for- | lorn | — con- | fess the |
tyrant's	power.	— ~	Here	~ as I	take my
solitary	rounds,	— A-	midst thy	tangling	
walks,	— and	ruin'd	grounds ;	— And	many a
year e-	laps'd	— re-	turn to	view	— Where
once the	cottage	stood,	— the	hawthorn	grew ;
— Re-	membrance	wakes with	all her	busy	
train,	— ~	Swells	~ at my	breast,	— and
turns the	past to	pain.	— ~	— ~	

— In	all my	wanderings	round this	world of	
care,	— In	all my	griefs—	— and	God has
given my	share—	— I	still had	hopes,	— my
latest	hours to	crown,	— A-	midst these	hum-
ble	bowers	— to	lay me	down ;	— To
out	life's	taper	~ at the	close,	— And
the	flame from	wasting	~ by re-	pose ;	— I
still had	hopes,	— for	pride at-	tends us	still,
— A-	midst the	swains	— to	show my	book-
learn'd	skill ;	— A-	round my	fire	— an
ning	group to	draw,	— And	tell of	all I
— and	all I	saw :	— ~	And, ~	~ as a
— whom	hounds and	horns pur-	sue,	— ~	
Pants to the	place from	whence at	first he	flew,	

— ~	I	still had	hopes,	— my	long vex-	ations
past,	— ~	Here to re-	turn—	— and	die at	
home at	last.	— ~	— ~	O	blest re-	tirement,
— ~	friend to	life's de-	cline,	— Re-	treat from	
care	~ that	never	must be	mine !	— ~	~ How
blest is	he, ~	who	crowns,	— in	shades like	
these,	— A	youth of	labour	~ with an	age of	
ease ;	— Who	quits a	world	— where	strong	
temp-	tations	try,	— And,	since 'tis	hard to	
combat,	— ~	learns to	fly !	— ~	— For	him ~
~ no	wretches,	born to	work and	weep,	— Ex-	
plore the	mine,	— or	tempt the	dangerous		
deep ;	— ~	— No	surly	porter ~	stands in	
guilty	state,	— To	spurn im-	ploring	famine	
~ from the	gate ;	— But	on he	moves	— to	
meet his	latter	end,	— ~	Angels a-	round	
— be-	friending	virtue's	friend ;	— ~	Sinks	
~ to the	grave	— with	unper-	ceiv'd de-	cay,	
— While	resig-	nation ~	gently	slopes the		
way ;	— And	all his	prospects	brightening		
~ to the	last,	— His	heaven com-	mences	— ~	
ere the	world be	past !	— ~	— ~	— ~	

| Sweet | was the | sound, | — when | oft, at | eve-
 ning's | close, | — Up | yonder | hill | — the | village |
 | murmur | rose ; | — ~ | There | ~ as I | pass'd, |
 | — with | careless | steps and | slow, | — The | min-
 gling | notes ~ | ~ came | soften'd | ~ from be- | low ; |
 | — The | swain, | — re- | sponsive | ~ as the | milk
 maid | sung, | — The | sober | herd | — that | low'd to |
 | meet their young, | — The | noisy | geese | — that |

gabbled	o'er the	pool,	— The	playful	children
just let	loose from	school,	— The	watch-dog's	
voice	— that	bay'd the	whispering	wind,	
~ And the	loud	laugh,	— that	spoke the	va-
cant	mind ;	— ~	These ~	all in	sweet con-
fusion	sought the	shade,	— And	fill'd each	
pause	— the	nightin-	gale had	made.	— ~
— But	now the	sounds of	popu-	lation	fail,
— ~	No	cheerful	murmurs	fluctuate	~ in the
gale,	— No	busy	steps	— the	grass-grown
foot-way	tread,	— But	all the	bloomy	flush of
life	— is	fled :	— ~	— ~	All
widow'd	solitary	thing,	— that	feebly	bends
— be-	side the	plashy	spring ;	— ~	She, ~
wretched	matron !	— ~	forc'd in	age,	— for
bread,	— To	strip the	brook with	mantling	
cresses	spread,	— To	pick her	wintry	fagot
~ from the	thorn,	— To	seek her	nightly	shed,
— and	weep till	morn ;	— ~	She	only
— of	all the	harmless	train,	— The	sad his-
torian	~ of the	pensive	plain !	— ~	— ~
~ Near	yonder	copse,	~ where	once the	
garden	smil'd,	— And	still where	many a	gar-
den	flower grows	wild,	— ~	There ~	where a
few	torn	shrubs	— the	place dis-	close,
— The	village	preacher's	modest	mansion	rose.
— ~	— A	man he	was	— to	all the
dear,	— And	passing	rich,	— with	forty
pounds a	year ;	— ~	— Re-	mote from	towns
— he	ran his	godly	race,	— Nor	e'er had

| chang'd, | — nor | wish'd to | change, | — his | place. |
 | — ~ | — Un- | skilful | he | — to | fawn, | — or | seek
 for | power, | — By | doctrines | fashin'd | ~ to the |
varying	hour ;	— ~	Far	other	aims	~ his
heart had	learn'd to	prize,	— ~	More	bent to	
raise the	wretched	~ than to	rise.	— ~	— His	
house was	known	— to	all the	vagrant	train ;	
— He	chid their	wanderings,	~ but re-	liev'd		
their	pain.	— ~	— The	long re-	member'd	
beggar	~ was his	guest,	— Whose	beard de-		
scending,	— ~	swept his	aged	breast ;	— The	
ruin'd	spendthrift,	— ~	now no	longer		
proud,	— ~	Claim'd	kindred	there,	— and	
had his	claims al-	low'd	— The	broken	sol-	
dier,	kindly	bade to	stay,	— ~	~ Sat	~ by
his	fire,	— and	talk'd the	night a-	way ;	— ~
Wept	o'er his	wounds,	— or	tales of	sorrow	
done,	— ~	Shoulder'd his	crutch,	— and		
show'd how	fields were	won.	— ~	— ~		
Pleas'd	~ with his	guests,	— the	good man		
learn'd to	glow,	— And	quite for-	got their		
vices	~ in their	wo ;	— ~	Careless	— their	
merits	~ or their	faults to	scan,	— His	pity	
gave	~ e'er	charity	— be-	gan.	— ~	— ~
Thus to re-	lieve the	wretched	~ was his			
pride,	— And	e'en his	failings	— ~	lean'd to	
virtue's	side :	— ~	But, ~	~ in his	duty ~	
prompt at	every	call,	~ He	watch'd	— and	
wept,	— he	pray'd	— and	felt	— for	all :
— ~	And, as a	bird	~ each	fond en-	dearment	

tries,	—To	tempt her	new-fledg'd	offspring		
~to the	skies;	— ~	~ He	tried each	art,	—re-
prov'd each	dull de-	lay,	—Al-	lured to	brighter	
worlds,	—and	led the	way.	— ~	—Be-	side
the	bed, ~	—where	parting	life was	laid,	
—And	sorrow,	guilt, and	pain,	—by	turns dis-	
may'd,	~The	reverend	champion	stood.	— ~	
—At	his con-	troul	—De-	spair and	anguish	
fled the	struggling	soul;	— ~	Comfort	~came	
down	— ~	—the	trembling	wretch to	raise,	
— ~	And his	last	faltering	accents	— ~	
whisper'd	praise.	— ~	— ~			

| —At | church, | —with | meek | ~ and unaf- |
 | fected | grace, | —His | looks a- | dorn'd the | vene-
rable	place;	— ~	Truth from	his lips	—pre-	
vail'd with	double	sway;	—And	fools who		
came to	scoff,	—re-	main'd to	pray.	— ~	
—The	service	past,	—a-	round the	pious	
man,	—With	ready	zeal	~each	honest	rustic
ran;	— ~	E'en	children	follow'd	~with en-	
dearing	wile,	—And	pluck'd his	gown,	—to	
share the	good man's	smile.	—His	ready	smile	
—a	parent's	warmth ex-	press'd;	—Their		
welfare	pleas'd him,	~and their	cares	—dis-		
tress'd.	— —	—To	them	—his	heart,	—his
love,	—his	griefs	—were	given,	—But	all his
serious	thoughts	—had	rest in	heaven:	— ~	
—As	some	tall	cliff	—that	lifts its	awful
form,	— ~	Swells	~ from the	vale,	—and	

| midway | leaves the | storm, | — Though | round its |
 | breast | — the | rolling | clouds are | spread, | — E-
 | ternal | sunshine | — ~ | settles | ~ on its | head. |
 | — ~ | — ~ | — ~ |

HUMAN FRAILTY.

COWPER.

Moderate.

2 | Weak | ~ and ir- | resolute | ~ · is | man ; | ~ · The |
purpose	~ of to-	day,	~ ~	Woven with	pains
into his	plan,	~ · To-	morrow	rends a-	way.
~ · The	bow	well	bent,	~ · and	smart the
spring,	~ ~	Vice	seems al-	ready	slain ;
~ · But	passion	rudely	snaps the	string,	~ ~
And it re-	vives a-	gain.	~ ~	~ Some	foe
to his up-	right in-	tent,	~ Finds	out his	weaker
part ;	~ ~	Virtue en-	gages	~ his as-	sent,
~ · But	pleasure	~ ~	wins his	heart.	~ ~
~ · 'Tis	here the	folly	~ of the	wise,	~ Through
all his	art we	view ;	~ · And	while his	tongue
the	charge de-	nies,	~ · His	conscience	owns it
true.	~ ~	~ ~	Bound on a	voyage of	awful
length,	~ · And	dangers	little	known,	~ · A
stranger	~ to su-	perior	strength,	~ ~	Man
vainly	trusts his	own.	~ ~	~ · But	oars a-
lone	~ can	ne'er pre-	vail	~ · To	reach the
distant	coast ;	~ · The	breath of	heaven	~ must
swell the	sail,	~ · Or	all the	toil	~ · is
~ ~	~ ~	~ ~	~ ~		

THE ORDER OF NATURE.

POPE.

Rather slow.

3 | See, | through this | air, | —this | ocean, | ~and
 this | earth, | —~ | All | matter | quick, | —and |
bursting	~into	birth.	—~	—A-	bove, ~
~how	high	—pro-	gressive	life may	go !~
—A-	round,	~how	wide !~	~how	deep ex-
tend be-	low !~	—~	Vast	chain of	being !
—~	which from	God be-	gan, ~	—~	Na-
tures c-	thereal,	—~	human ;	—~	angel,
—~	man ;	—~	Beast,	bird,	fish,
—~	what no	eye can	see,	~No	glass can
reach ; ~	—from	infinite to	thee,	—From	thee
—to	nothing.—	—~	~On su-	perior	powers
—Were	we to	press,	—in-	ferior	~might on
ours ;	—~	Or in the	full cre-	ation ~	leave a
void,	—~	Where,	one step	broken,	—the
great	scale's de-	stroy'd :	—~	—From	nature's
chain	—What-	ever	link you	strike,	—~
Tenth,	~or ten-	thousandth,	—~	breaks the	
chain a-	like.	—~	—And,	if each	system
~in gra-	dation	roll,	—A-	like es-	sential
to the a-	mazing	whole,	—The	least con-	fusion
~but in	one,	—not	all	That	system
~but the	whole	~must	fall.	—~	—Let
earth un-	balanc'd	~from her	orbit	fly,	—~
Planets and	suns	~run	lawless	~thro' the	

sky ;	= ~	= Let	ruling	angels	~ from their	
spheres be	hurl'd,	= ~	Being on	being	wreck'd,	
= and	world	= on	world ;	= ~	Heaven's	
whole foun-	dations	~ to their	centre	nod,		
~ And	nature	tremble	~ to the	throne of	God :	
= ~	~ All	this dread	ORDER	break—	= ~	
= for	whom ?	= for	thee ?	= ~	Vile	worm !
= ~	Oh	madness !	= ~	pride !	= ~	~ im-
piety ! ~	= ~	= ~	What if the	foot ~ or-		
dain'd the	dust to	tread,	= Or	hand ~ to	toil,	
= as-	pir'd to	be the	head ?	= ~	= ~	What
if the	hand,	= the	eye,	= or	ear	= re-
= To	serve	mere	engines	~ to the	ruling	
mind ?	= ~	= ~	Just as ab-	surd for	any	
part to	claim	~ To be a-	nother, ~	in this		
general	frame :	= ~	Just as ab-	surd,	= to	
mourn the	tasks or	pains,	= The	great di-		
recting	MIND OF	ALL	= or-	dains.	= ~	
= ~	All are but	parts of	one stu-	pendous		
whole,	= Whose	body	nature	is,	= and	God
= the	soul :	= ~	That, ~	chang'd through	all,	
= and	yet in	all the	same,	= ~	Great	~ in
the	earth,	= as	in the e-	thereal	frame ;	= ~
Warms	~ in the	sun, ~	= re-	freshes	~ in the	
breeze,	= ~	Glows	~ in the	stars,	= and	
blossoms	~ in the	trees ;	= ~	Lives	through all	
life, ~	= ex-	tends	= through	all ex-	tent,	
= ~	Spreads	undi-	vided, ~	~ oper-	ates	= un-
spent ;	= ~	Breathes	in our	soul	= in-	forms
 our | mortal | part, | = As | full, | = as | perfect, |

| ~in a | hair | —as | heart; | —As | full, | —as |
 | perfect, | —in | vile | man | —that | mourns, | ~As
 the | rapt | seraph | ~that a- | dores | —and | burns : |
— ~	—To	him	—no	high,	—no	low,	—no
great,	—no	small ;	—He	fills,	—he	bounds,	
—con-	nects,	—and	equals	all.	— ~	— ~	
Cease then,	—nor	ORDER	~imper-	fection ~			
name :	~Our	proper	bliss	—de-	pends on		
what we	blame.	— ~	Know thy	own	point :		
—this	kind,	—this	due de-	gree	—Of	blind-	
ness,	— ~	weakness,	— ~	Heaven be-	stows		
on	thee. ~	— ~	—Sub-	mit.—~	— ~	—In	
this, ~	~or any	other	sphere,	—Se-	cure to		
be as	blest	—as	thou canst	bear :	— ~	Safe ~	
~in the	hand of	one dis-	posing	POWER,			
—Or	in the	natal,	~or the	mortal	hour.		
— ~	All	nature	~is but	art,	—un-	known	
to	thee ; ~	— ~	All	chance,	—di-	rection,	
~which thou	canst not	see ; ~	— ~	All	dis-		
cord,	— ~	harmony	not under	stood ;	— ~		
All	partial	evil, ~	~uni-	versal	good :	— ~	
—And,	spite of	Pride,	—in	erring	Reason's		
spite,	— ~	One	truth is	clear—	— ~	—WHAT-	
EVER	IS,	—IS	RIGHT.	— ~	— ~	— ~	

Slow.

TO THE URSA MAJOR.

H. WARE, JR.

Rather slow.

3 | —With | what a | stately | ~and ma- | jestic |
 | step ~ | —That | glorious | constel- | lation | ~of the |

north	— ~	Treads its e-	ternal	circle !	— ~		
going	forth	— Its	princely	way a-	mongst the		
stars	— in	slow And	silent	brightness.	— ~		
Mighty	one,	— ~	all	hail !	— ~	— I	joy to
see thee,	on thy	glowing	path,	— ~	Walk,		
like some	stout and	girded	giant—	— ~			
stern,	— Un-	wearied,	— ~	resolute,	— whose		
toiling	foot Dis-	dains to	loiter	~ on its	des-		
tined	way.	— ~	— The	other	tribes	— for-	
sake their	midnight	track,	— And	rest their			
weary	orbs	— be-	neath the	wave ;	— ~		
— But	thou dost	never	close thy	burning	eye,		
— Nor	stay thy	steadfast	step. ~	— But	on,		
— ~	still	on,	— While	systems	change,		
— and	suns re-	tire,	— and	worlds	Slumber and		
wake,	— thy	ceaseless	march pro-	ceeds.			
— The	near ho-	rizon ~	tempts to	rest in	vain.		
— ~	Thou,	faithful	sentinel,	— dost	never		
quit Thy	long-ap-	pointed	watch ;	— ~	but, ~		
sleepless	still,	— Dost	guard the	fix'd	light		
~ of the	universe,	— And	bid the	north	— for-		
ever	know its	place.	— ~	— ~			

| Ages have | witness'd | thy de- | voted | trust, |
 | — Un- | chang'd, | — un- | changing. | — ~ | When
 the | sons of | God | ~ Sent | forth that | shout of | joy |
— which	rang thro'	heaven,	— And	echoed	
~ from the	outer	spheres	— that	bound The il-	
limitable	universe,	— thy	voice	Join'd the	
high	chorus ;	— ~	from thy	radiant	orbs
— The	glad	cry	sounded,	— ~	swelling to

His	praise,	— Who	thus had	cast a-	nother	
sparkling	gem,	— ~	Little,	— but	beautiful,	
— a-	mid the	crowd Of	splendours	~ that en-		
rich his	firmament.	— ~	— ~	As thou art		
now	— ~	so	wast thou	then	— the	same.
— ~	— ~					

Ages have	rolled their	course,	— and	time	
grown	gray ;	— The	seas have	chang'd their	
beds ; ~	~ the e-	ternal	hills Have	stoop'd with	
age ;	— the	solid	continents	— Have	left their
banks ;	— and	man's im-	perial	works—	— The
toil,	pride,	strength of	kingdoms,	~ which had	
flung Their	haughty	honours	~ in the	face of	
heaven,	— As	if im-	mortal—	— ~	have been
swept a-	way—	— ~	Shatter'd	— and	mould-
ering,	— ~	buried	~ and for-	got. ~	— ~
— But	time has	shed no	dimness	on thy	front,
— Nor	touch'd the	firmness	~ of thy	tread :	
— ~	youth,	strength,	— And	beauty ~	still
are	thine—	— as	clear,	— as	bright,
when the Al-	mighty	Former	sent thee	forth, ~	
Beautiful	offspring	~ of his	curious	skill,	— To
watch earth's	northern	beacon	~ and pro-	claim	
The e-	ternal	chorus	— of e-	ternal	Love.
— ~	— ~				

— I	wonder	~ as I	gaze.	— ~	— That
stream of	light,	— Un	dimm'd,	— un-	quench'd,—
— ~	just as I	see thee	now,—	— Has	issued
from those	dazzling	points,	— through	years	
~ That go	back	far	into e-	ternity.	— ~

—Ex-	haustless	flood !	—for-	ever	spent,
—re-	new'd For-	ever ! ~	— ~	Yea,	—and
those re-	fulgent	drops,	—Which	now de-	
scend	upon my	lifted	eye,	— ~	Left their
far	fountain	twice three	years a-	go. ~	— ~
While those	wing'd	particles,	—whose	speed	
out-	strips The	flight of	thought,	—were	on their
way,	—the	earth	Compass'd its	tedious	circuit
round and	round,	—And	in the ex-	tremes of	
annual	change,	—be-	held	Six	autumns
— ~	six	springs re-	new their	bloom.	— ~
So	far from	earth	~ those	mighty	orbs re-
volve !	— ~	—So	vast the	void	—through
which their	beams	—de-	scend !	— ~	— ~
Yea,	glorious	lamps of	God,	— ~	He may have
quench'd Your	ancient	flames,	—and	bid e-	
ternal	night	Rest	on your	spheres ;	—and
yet no	tidings	reach This	distant	planet.	— ~
Messengers	still	come ~	Laden with	your far	
fire,	— ~	and we may	seem to	see your	lights
still	burning ;	— ~	while their	blaze	—But
hides the	black	wreck	~ of ex-	tinguish'd	realms,
—Where	anarchy and	darkness	— ~	long have	
reign'd.	— ~	— ~			

Yet ~	what is	this, ~	which ~	to the as-		
tonish'd	mind ~	Seems	measureless,	—and		
which the	baffled	thought Con-	founds ?	— ~		
—A	span,	—a	point,	—in	those do-	mains
~ Which the	keen	eye can	traverse.	— ~		
— ~	Seven	stars ~	Dwell in that	brilliant		

cluster, ~	~and the	sight Em-	braces	all at		
once; ~	= ~	=yet	each from	each	=Re-	
cedes as	far	=as	each of	them from	earth. ~	
=And	every	star	=from	every	other ~	
burns	No less re-	mote.	= ~	From the pro-		
found of	heaven,	=Un-	travell'd	even in		
thought,	= ~	keen,	piercing	rays	= ~	Dart
through the	void,	=re-	vealing	~to the	sense	
Systems	=and	worlds	=un-	number'd.	= ~	
Take the	glass ~	=And	search the	skies.		
= ~	=The	opening	skies	~pour	down	Upon
your	gaze	~thick	showers of	sparkling	fire—	
= ~	Stars,	= ~	crowded,	= ~	throng'd,	
=in	regions	so re-	mote,	~That their	swift	
beams	=the	swiftest	things that	be—	=Have	
travell'd	centuries	on their	flight to	earth. ~		
= ~	Earth,	= ~	sun,	=and	nearer	constel-
lations,	= ~	what Are	ye a-	mid this	infinite	
ex-	tent And	multitude	=of	God's	~most	
infinite	works !	= ~	= ~			

=And	these are	suns!—	= ~	= ~	vast,
central,	living	fires,	= ~	Lords of de-	pendent
systems,	= ~	kings of	worlds	=That	wait as
satellites up-	on their	power,	=And	flourish	
in their	smile.	= ~	=A-	wake, my	soul,
=And	meditate the	wonder !	= ~	Countless	
suns	Blaze	round thee,	= ~	leading	forth their
countless	worlds !	= ~	Worlds,	in whose	
bosoms	living	things re-	joice,	=And	drink the
bliss of	being	~from the	fount Of	all-per-	

vading	Love.—	— ~	— What	mind can	know,
~ What	tongue can	utter,	all their	multitudes !	
— Thus	numberless	— in	numberless	— a-	
bodes !	— ~	— ~	Known	~ but to	thee,
blessed	Father !	— ~	Thine they	are,	— Thy
children	~ and thy	care ;	~ and	none o'er-	
look'd Of	thee !—	— ~	no, ~	not the	humblest
soul	— that	dwells	Upon the	humblest	globe,
— which	wheels its	course	— A-	mid the	giant
glories	~ of the	sky,	— ~	Like the	mean
mote	— that	dances	~ in the	beam	— A-
mongst the	mirror'd	lamps,	— which	fling their	
wasteful	splendour	~ from the	palace	wall.	
— ~	— ~	None,	— ~	none es-	cape the
kindness	~ of thy	care ;	— ~	All	compass'd
~ under-	neath thy	spacious	wing,	— ~	Each
fed and	guided	~ by thy	powerful	hand.	— ~
— ~	— ~				

Tell me,	— ye	splendid	orbs	— as	from your
throne,	— Ye	mark the	rolling	provinces	— that
own Your	sway—	— what	beings	fill those	
bright a-	bodes ?	— ~	— How	form'd,	— how
gifted ?	— ~	what their	powers,	— their	state,
— Their	happiness,	— their	wisdom ?	— ~	— ~
Do they	bear The	stamp of	human	nature ?	— ~
~ Or has	God	Peopled those	purer	realms	
— with	lovelier	forms	— And	more ce-	lestial
minds ?	— ~	— Does	Innocence	— Still	wear
her	native	~ and un-	tainted	bloom ?	— ~
~ Or has	Sin ~	breath'd his	deadly	blight a-	

broad,	— And	sow'd cor-	ruption	in those	
fairy	bowers ?	— ~	— Has	War trod	o'er them
~ with his	foot of	fire ?	— ~	— And	Slavery
forged his	chains ?	— and	Wrath and	Hate, ~	
— And	sordid	Selfishness,	— and	cruel	Lust, ~
Leagued their	base	bands	— to	tread out	light
and	truth, ~	— And	scatter'd	wo	~ where
ven had	planted	joy ?	— ~	— Or	are they
paradise,	— un-	fallen	— And	uncor-	rupt ?
— ex-	istence	one	long	joy,	— With-
ease	upon the	frame,	— or	sin	Upon the
— or	weariness of	life—	— ~	Hope	never
quench'd,	— and	age un-	known,	— And	death
— un-	fear'd ;	— while	fresh and	fadeless	youth ~
Glows in the	light from	God's near	throne of		
love ?	— ~	— ~	— ~		

Open your	lips, ~	— ye	wonderful			
— and	fair !	— ~	Speak,	— ~	speak !	
— ~	— the	mysteries	~ of those	living	worlds	
— Un-	fold ! ~	— ~	— ~	~ No	language ?	
— ~	Ever-	lasting	light,	— And	ever-	lasting
silence ?	— ~	— ~	Yet the	eye May	read	~ and
under-	stand.	— ~	— The	hand of	God	— Has
written	legibly	~ what	man may	know ~		
— THE	GLORY	~ OF THE	MAKER.	— ~	— ~	
There it	shines,	— In-	effable, ~	~ un-	changea-	
able ;	— and	man,	— ~	Bound to the	surface	
of this	pigmy ~	globe,	— May	know	— and	
ask no	more.	— ~	— In	other	days,	— When
death shall	give the en-	cumber'd	spirit	wings,		

—Its	range	shall be ex-	tended ;	— ~	it shall	
roam,	—Per-	chance,	—a-	mongst those	vast,	
—mys-	terious	spheres,	— ~	— Shall	pass from	
orb to	orb,	—and	dwell in	each	—Fa-	miliar
~ with its	children	— ~	learn their	laws,	—	
—And	share their	state,	—and	study and a-		
dore	—The	infinite va-	rieties of	bliss And		
beauty, ~	~ by the	Hand of	Power di-	vine ~		
Lavish'd on	all its	works. ~	— ~	—E-	ter-	
nity	— Shall	thus roll	on	—with	ever	fresh de-
light ;	— ~	No	pause of	pleasure	~ or im-	
provement ;	— ~	world On	world	~ still		
opening	to the in-	structed	mind	—An	unex-	
hausted	universe,	—and	time But	adding to its		
glories ;	— ~	while the	soul,	—Ad-	vancing	
ever ~	~ to the	Source of	light And	all per-		
fection,	— ~	lives,	—a-	dores	—and	reigns
~In	cloudless	knowledge,	— ~	purity	—and	
bliss.	— ~	— ~	— ~			

PERPETUAL ADORATION.

MOORE.

Rather slow.

2 | ~ · The | turf shall | be my | fragrant | shrine ; |
~ · My	temple	Lord,	~ that	arch of	thine ;
~ · My	cencer's	breath the	mountain	airs,	
~ · And	silent	thoughts	~ · my	only	prayers :
~ ~					
~ · My	choir shall	be the	moonlight	waves,	

~ When	murmuring	homeward	to their	caves ;	
~ · Or	when the	stillness	~ of the	sea,	~ ~
Even	more than	music,	~ ~	breathes of	
thee. ~	~ ~				

~ I'll	seek, by	day, ~	~ some	glade un-		
known,	~ ~	All	light and	silence,	~ ~	
like thy	throne;	~ ~	And the	pale	stars	~ · shall
be, ~ at	night,	~ · The	only	eyes	~ · that	
watch my	rite.	~				

| ~ · Thy | heaven, | ~ · on | which 'tis | bliss to |
 | look, ~ | ~ · Shall | be my | pure | ~ · and | shining |
 | book, ~ | ~ ~ | Where I shall | read, | ~ · in | words
 of | flame, | ~ · The | glories | ~ of thy | wondrous |
 | name. | ~ ~ |

~ I'll	read thy	anger	in the	rack,	~ · That
clouds a-	while the	day-beam's	track ;	~ · Thy	
mercy, ~	in the	azure	hue	~ · Of	sunny
brightness,	breaking	through.	~ ~		

~ There's	nothing	bright,	~ · a-	bove,	~ · be-
low,	~ · From	flowers that	bloom,	~ · to	
stars that	glow,	~ · But	in its	light	~ · my
soul can	see	~ Some	feature	~ of thy	Deity!
~ ~					

~ There's	nothing	dark,	~ · be-	low,	~ · a-
bove,	~ · But	in its	gloom	~ · I	trace thy
love ;	~ · And	meekly	wait	that	moment,
when	~ · Thy	touch shall	turn	all	bright
~ · a-	gain.	~ ~	~ ~		

THE PLANETARY AND TERRESTRIAL WORLDS COM-
PARATIVELY CONSIDERED.

ADDISON.

Moderate.

3 | = To | us, ♪ who | dwell on its | surface, ♪ |
| = the | earth is by | far ♪ the | most ex- | tensive |
| orb | ♪ that our | eyes can | any where be- | hold : ♪ |
| ♪ it is | also | clothed with | verdure, | = dis- | tin-
guished by | trees ♪ | ♪ and a- | dorned with a va- |
| riety of | beautiful deco- | rations ; ♪ | = where- | as,
to a spec- | tator ♪ | placed on one of the | planets, ♪ |
♪ it wears a	uniform	aspect ; ♪	looks all	lumi-
nous ; ♪	♪ and no	larger than a	spot. ♪	= To
beings who	dwell at still	greater distances,		
= it en-	tirely disap-	pears. ♪	♪	That which
we	call al-	ternately the	morning	♪ and the
evening	star, ♪	♪ (as in	one part of the	orbit ♪
♪ she rides	foremost in the pro-	-cession of	night, ♪	
♪ in the	other ♪	♪ ushers	in ♪	♪ and an-
ticipates the	dawn,) ♪	♪ is a	planetary	world.
= ♪	This planet,	♪ and the four	others ♪	that so
wonderfully	vary their	mystic	dance, ♪	are in them-
selves	dark bodies,	♪ and shine	only by re-	
flection ; ♪	= have	fields, and	seas, and	
skies of their	own ; ♪	= are	furnished with	
all accommo-	dations for	animal sub-	sistence, ♪	
and are sup-	posed to be the a-	bodes of intel-		
lectual	life ; ♪	= ♪	all	which ♪ to-

our | earthly habi- | tation, ~ | ~are de- | pendent
 on that | grand dis- | penser of Di- | vine mu- | nifi-
 cence, ~ the | sun; ~ | ~re- | ceive their | light |
from the distri-	bution of his	rays, ~	~and de-	
rive their	comfort	from his be-	nign	agency. ~
~ ~	~ ~ The	sun, ~ which	seems to per-	
form its daily	stages through the	sky, ~	is, ~	
in this re-	spect, ~	fixed, and im-	movable: ~	
~ ~	it is the great	axle of	heaven, ~ a-	bout
which the	globe we in-	habit ~ and	other more	
spacious	orbs, ~	wheel their	stated	courses. ~
~ ~	~ ~ The	sun, ~ though	seemingly	small-
er than the	dial it il-	lumines,	~ is	more than a
million times	larger ~	~ than this	whole	earth,
~ on which	so many	lofty	mountains	rise,
~ and	such vast	ocean's	roll.	~ ~
ex-	tending from	side to	side ~	~ through the
centre of that re-	splendent	orb,	~ would	measure
more than eight	hundred	thousand	miles:	~ ~
~ a	girdle ~	formed to go	round its cir-	cumfer-
ence, ~	~ would re-	quire ~ a	length of	millions.
~ ~	~ Were its	solid con-	tents to be	estimated,
~ the ac-	count would over-	whelm our under-		
standing ~	~ and be	almost be-	yond the power	
of	language to ex-	press. ~	~ ~	~ Are we
startled at these re-	ports of phi-	losophy! ~		
~ ~	Are we ready to	cry out in a	transport of	
sur-	prise, ~	~ "How	mighty is the	Being who
kindled so pro-	digious a	fire; and	keeps a-	
live, ~ from	age to	age, ~	~ so e-	normous a

| mass of | flame!" | = ~ | ~ Let us at- | tend our
 philo- | sophical | guides, ~ | and we shall be | brought
 ac- | quainted | ~ with specu- | lations ~ | more en- |
larged	= and	more in-	flaming.	= ~	= This
sun, ~ with	all its at-	tendant	planets, ~	is but a	
very little	part ~ of the	grand ma-	chine of the		
universe :	= ~	every	star ~	though in ap-	
pearance	= no	bigger than	the diamond that		
glitters upon a	lady's	ring,	= is	really a	vast
globe,	~ like the	sun in	size,	~ and in	glory; ~
= ~	no less	spacious,	= ~	no less	luminous,
~ than the	radiant	source of	day. ~	= ~	~ So
that	every	star, ~	~ is not	barely a	world, ~
~ but the	centre of a mag-	nificent	system ; ~		
~ has a	retinue of	worlds,	= ir-	radiated	
~ by its	beams,	~ and re-	volving	round its at-	
tractive	influence,	= ~	all which are	lost to	
our	sight	~ in un-	measurable	wilds of	ether. ~
= ~	~ That the	stars ap-	pear like	so many	
di-	minutive,	= and	scarcely dis-	tinguishable	
points, ~	= is	owing to their im-	mense	and	
incon-	ceivable	distance. ~	= Im-	mense	and
incon-	ceivable in	deed ~ it	is, ~	~ since a	ball, ~
shot from the	loaded	cannon,	= and	flying with	
una-	bated ra-	pidity, ~	= must	travel, ~ at	
this impetuous	rate, ~	almost	seven	hundred	
thousand	years,	= be-	fore it could	reach the	
nearest of these	twinkling	luminaries.	= ~		
While, be-	holding this	vast ex-	panse, ~	= I	
learn ~ my	own ex-	treme	meanness,	~ I would	

also dis-	cover ~ the	abject	littleness ~ of	all ter-	
restrial things.	= ~	What is the	earth ~ with		
all her	osten-	tations	scenes,	= com-	pared with
this as	tonishing	grand	furniture of the	skies? ~	
= ~	What, ~ but a	dim	speck, ~	hardly per-	
ceivable in the	map of the	universe?	= ~	It	
is ob-	served by a	very judicious	writer, ~	~ that	
if the	sun him-	self, which en-	lightens	this part	
of the cre-	ation, ~	~ were ex-	tinguished,	= and	
all the	host of	planetary	worlds, which	move a-	
bout him,	~ were an-	nihilated,	= they	would	
not be	missed by an	eye that can	take in the		
whole	compass of	nature, ~	= any	more than a	
grain of	sand	upon the sea-	shore. ~	= The	
bulk of	which they con-	sist, ~	~ and the	space	
which they	occupy, ~	are so ex-	ceedingly		
little in com-	parison of the	whole, ~	~ that their		
loss would	scarcely leave a	blank ~	in the im-		
mensity ~	~ of God's	works. ~	~	~ If then, ~	
not our globe	only, ~	but this whole	system, ~		
be so very di-	minutive ~	= ~	what is a	king-	
dom,	~ or a	country? ~	= ~	What are a few	
lordships,	~ or the	so much ad-	mired	patrimo-	
nies of	those who are	styled	wealthy? ~	= ~	
~ When I	measure them	~ with my	own little		
pittance, ~	= they	swell into	proud and	bloated	
di-	mensions:	= but	when I take the	universe	
~ for my	standard,	= how	scanty is their	size!	
= ~	how con-	temptible their	figure!	= ~	
= They	sink	~ into	pompous	nothings.	= ~

TO-MORROW.

COTTON.

3 | —To- | morrow, | ~didst thou | say ? ~ | — ~ |
 | —Me- | thought I | heard Ho- | ratio ~ | say, ~To- |
 | morrow. | — ~ | —Go | to ; ~ | —I | will not | hear
 of it— | — ~ | —To- | morrow. | — ~ | ~ ~'Tis a |
 | sharper, | —who | stakes his | penury | —A- | gainst
 thy | plenty— ~ | —who | takes thy | ready | cash, ~ |
 | —And | pays thee | nought but | wishes, ~ | hopes, and |
 | promises, | —The | currency of | idiots— ~ | —in- |
 | jurious | bankrupt, | —That | gulls the | easy | cre-
 ditor ! ~ | — ~ | — ~ | —To- | morrow ! | — ~ | — ~ |
 | ~It is a | period | nowhere to be | found | —In | all
 the | hoary | registers of | time, ~ | —Un- | less, ~per- |
 | chance, | ~in the | fool's | calendar. | — ~ | — ~ |
 | Wisdom | —dis- | claims the | word, ~ | —nor | holds
 so- | ciety With | those who | own it. ~ | — ~ | — ~ |
 | No, | ~my Ho- | ratio, ~ | —'Tis | Fancy's | child, |
 | —and | Folly | ~is its | father ; | — ~ | Wrought of |
 | such | stuff | —as | dreams | are, ~ | —and | base-
 less | ~As the fan- | tastic | visions | ~of the | even-
 ing. | — ~ | — ~ | —But | soft, my | friend— ~ |
—ar-	rest the	present	moment :	—For	be as-	sured
—they	all are	arrant	tell-tales :	— ~	—And	
though their	flight be	silent,	~and their	path		
Trackless	~as the	winged	couriers	~of the		
air,	—They	post to	heaven	—and	there re-	

| cord thy | folly : ~ | — Be- | cause, | — though | sta-
 tioned | on the im- | portant | watch, | Thou, | ~ like
 a | sleeping, | faithless | sentinel, | — Didst | let them |
 | pass un- | noticed, | — ~ | unim- | proved. | — ~ |
 | — And | know, | ~ for that thou | slumberest | ~ on the |
 | guard, ~ | — ~ | Thou shalt be | made to | answer
 at the | bar ~ | — for | every | fugitive : | — ~ | — and |
 | when thou | thus Shalt | stand im- | pleaded | ~ at
 the | high tri- | bunal Of | hood-winked | Justice, |
— ~	who shall	tell thy	audit ?	— ~	— ~
Then ~	stay the	present	instant, ~	dear Ho-	
ratio, ~	— Im-	print the	marks of	wisdom	
~ on its	wings ;	— ~	~ 'Tis of	more	worth
than	kingdoms !	— ~	far more	precious	— Than
all the	crimson	treasures	— of	life's	fountain.
— ~	— ~	O !	let it not e-	lude thy	grasp ;
— ~	but, ~	~ like The	good old	patriarch	
~ upon	record,	— ~	Hold the	fleet	angel
fast	— un-	til he	bless thee.	— ~	— ~

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

YOUNG.

Slow.

3 | TIR'D | Nature's | sweet re- | storer, | — ~ |
balmy	SLEEP !	— ~	He, ~	~ like the	world,	— his
ready visit	pays,	— Where	fortune	smiles ;	— the	
wretched	~ he for-	sakes :	— ~	Swift on his		
downy	pinions	flies from	wo,	— And	lights on	
lids ~	~ un-	sulli'd with a	tear. ~	— ~	— ~	

— From	short	— (as	usual) ~	~ and dis-	
turb'd re-	pose,	— I	wake : ~	— ~	~ how
happy	they	— who	wake no	more !	— ~
~ Yet	that were	vain,	— if	dreams	— in-
fest the	grave.	— ~	— I	wake, ~	— e-
ing	~ from a	sea of	dreams	— Tu-	multuous ;
— ~	where my	wreck'd de-	sponding	thought,	
— From	wave to	wave of	fancied	misery,	
— At	random	drove,	— her	helm of	reason
lost :	— ~	— Though	now re-	stored,	— 'tis
only	change of	pain,	— (A	bitter	change !)
— se-	verer	~ for se-	vere :	— ~	— The
too	short	for my dis-	tress ! ~	— and	night,
Even in the	zenith of her	dark do-	main,	— Is	
sunshine	~ to the	colour of my	fate. ~	— ~	
— ~					

Night, ~	sable	goddess !	~ from her	ebon		
throne,	— In	rayless	majesty ~	~ now	stretches	
forth Her	leaden	sceptre ~	o'er a	slumbering		
world.	— —	— ~	Silence,	~ how	dead ! ~	
— and	darkness,	— ~	how pro-	found !	— ~	
— Nor	eye,	— nor	listening	ear,	— an	object
finds :	— ~	— Cre-	ation	sleeps.	— ~	'Tis
as the	general	pulse Of	life ~	stood	still,	— and
Nature	made a	pause,	— An	awful	pause !	
— ~	— pro-	phetic	~ of her	end.	— ~	— And
let her	prophecy	— be	soon ful-	filled ;	— ~	

Very slow.

| Fate ! ~ | drop the | curtain ; | — ~ | I | — can | lose
 no | more. ~ | — ~ | — ~ | — ~ |

SPEECH OF CICERO AGAINST VERRES.

The time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is effectually put in your power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state,—that, in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependance upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. I demand justice of you, Fathers, upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public: but if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point,—to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case, was not a criminal nor a prosecutor, but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæstorship, the first public employment

he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanies ? Cneius Carbo, plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce but the ruin of those countries ? in which houses, cities, and temples, were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his prætorship here at home ? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge ? Let those who suffered by his injustice answer. But his prætorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years, under the wisest and best of prætors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them : for it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws ; of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate, upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth ; nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years. And his decisions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard-of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most

faithful allies of the commonwealth, have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters, condemned and banished unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, have been opened to pirates and ravagers. The soldiery and sailors, belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, have been starved to death; whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, have been carried off; and the temples stripped of the images. Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols: so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome!" which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them; but, on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask now, Verres, what thou hast to advance against this charge? Wilt thou pretend to deny it? Wilt thou pretend, that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, has been urged against thee? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for demanding satisfaction? What

punishment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country, against the cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought: accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen: I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered, amidst his cruel sufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that, while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution,—for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty!—O sound once delightful to every Roman

ear ! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship !—once sacred !—now trampled upon !—But what then ! Is it come to this ? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen ? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance ?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and the introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

SPEECH OF ADHERBAL TO THE ROMAN SENATE, IM-
PLORING THEIR PROTECTION AGAINST JUGURTHA.

FATHERS !

It is known to you, that king Micipsa, my father, on his death-bed, left in charge to Jugurtha, his adopted son, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother, Hiempsal, and myself, the children of his own body, the administration of the kingdom of Numidia, directing us to consider the senate and people of Rome as proprietors of it. He

charged us to use our best endeavours to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth ; assuring us that your protection would prove a defence against all enemies ; and would be instead of armies, fortifications and treasures.

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing but how to regulate ourselves according to the directions of our deceased father—Jugurtha—the most infamous of mankind !—breaking through all the ties of gratitude and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth, procured the murder of my unfortunate brother ; and has driven me from my throne and native country, though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather, Massinissa, and my father, Micipsa, the friendship and alliance of the Romans.

For a prince to be reduced, by villainy, to my distressful circumstances, is calamity enough ; but my misfortunes are heightened by the consideration—that I find myself obliged to solicit your assistance, Fathers, for the services done you by my ancestors, not for any I have been able to render you in my own person. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deserve any thing at your hands ; and has forced me to be burdensome, before I could be useful to you. And yet, if I had no plea, but my undeserved misery—a once powerful prince, the descendant of a race of illustrious monarchs, now, without any fault of my own, destitute of every support, and reduced to the necessity of begging foreign assistance, against an enemy who has seized my throne and my kingdom—if my unequalled distresses were all I had to

plead—it would become the greatness of the Roman commonwealth, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedness over helpless innocence. But, to provoke your resentment to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions which the senate and people of Rome gave to my ancestors ; and from which my grandfather and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax and the Carthaginians. Thus, Fathers, your kindness to our family is defeated ; and Jugurtha, in injuring me, throws contempt upon you.

O wretched prince ! Oh cruel reverse of fortune ! Oh father Micipsa ! is this the consequence of thy generosity ; that he, whom thy goodness raised to an equality with thy own children, should be the murderer of thy children ? Must, then, the royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havoc and blood ? While Carthage remained, we suffered, as was to be expected, all sorts of hardships from their hostile attacks ; our enemy near ; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a distance. When that scourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of established peace. But, instead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia drenched with royal blood ! and the only surviving son of its late king, flying from an adopted murderer, and seeking that safety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

Whither—Oh ! whither shall I fly ? If I return to the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's throne is seized by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbrue, in my

blood, those hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge or for assistance to any other court, from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth give me up? From my own family or friends I have no expectations. My royal father is no more. He is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother alive, our mutual sympathy would be some alleviation. But he is hurried out of life, in his early youth, by the very hand which should have been the last to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some have been destroyed by the lingering torment of the cross. Others have been given a prey to wild beasts, and their anguish made the sport of men more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death itself.

Look down, illustrious senators of Rome! from that height of power to which you are raised, on the unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations of him who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch who has butchered the son and relations of a king who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own sons. I have been informed that he labours, by his emissaries, to prevent your determining any thing against him in his absence; pretending that I magnify my distress, and might, for him, have staid in peace in

my own kingdom. But, if ever the time comes, when the due vengeance from above shall overtake him, he will then dissemble as I do. Then he, who now, hardened in wickedness, triumphs over those whom his violence has laid low, will, in his turn, feel distress, and suffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirsty cruelty to my brother.

Oh murdered, butchered brother ! Oh dearest to my heart—now gone forever from my sight !—but why should I lament his death ? He is, indeed, deprived of the blessed light of heaven, of life, and kingdom, at once, by the very person who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Micipsa's family. But, as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries which render life to me a burden. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and festering in his own blood. But he lies in peace. He feels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony and distraction, while I am set up a spectacle to all mankind, of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to punish his murderer, I am not master of the means of securing my own life. So far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Fathers ! Senators of Rome ! the arbiters of nations ! to you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha. By your affection for your children ; by your love for your country ; by your own virtues ; by the majesty

of the Roman commonwealth ; by all that is sacred, and all that is dear to you—deliver a wretched prince from undeserved, unprovoked injury ; and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD EDUCATION.

ADDISON.

I consider a human soul, without education, like marble in the quarry : which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us, that a statue lies hid in a block of marble ; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lies hid and concealed in a plebian, which a proper education

might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am, therefore, much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations ; and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated : to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason, When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it sometimes happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner ? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated ? And what colour of excuse can there be, for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species ; that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity ; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them ; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world, as well as in this ; and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it ?

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing, to be born in those parts of the world, where wisdom and knowledge flourish ; though, it must be confessed, there are, even in these parts, several poor, uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which

I have been here speaking ; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure ; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features ; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to great elegance ; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

MOTIVES TO THE PRACTICE OF GENTLENESS.

BLAIR.

To promote the virtue of gentleness, we ought to view our character with an impartial eye ; and to learn, from our own failings, to give that indulgence which in our turn we claim. It is pride which fills the world with so much harshness and severity. In the fulness of self-estimation, we forget what we are. We claim attentions to which we are not entitled. We are rigorous to offences, as if we had never offended ; unfeeling to distress, as if we knew not what it was to suffer. From those airy regions of pride and folly, let us descend to our proper level. Let us survey the natural equality on which Providence has placed man with man, and reflect on the infirmities common to all. If the reflection on natural equality and mutual offences, be insufficient to prompt humanity, let us at least remember what we are in the

sight of our creator. Have we none of that forbearance to give one another, which we all so earnestly entreat from heaven? Can we look for clemency or gentleness from our Judge, when we are so backward to show it to our own brethren?

Let us also accustom ourselves to reflect on the small moment of those things which are the usual incentives to violence and contention. In the ruffled and angry hour, we view every appearance through a false medium. The most inconsiderable point of interest or honour, swells into a momentous object; and the slightest attack seems to threaten immediate ruin. But after passion or pride has subsided, we look around in vain for the mighty mischiefs we dreaded. The fabric, which our disturbed imagination had reared, totally disappears. But though the cause of contention has dwindled away, its consequences remain. We have alienated a friend; we have embittered an enemy; we have sown the seeds of future suspicion, malevolence, or disgust.—Let us suspend our violence for a moment, when causes of discord occur. Let us anticipate that period of coolness, which, of itself, will soon arrive. Let us reflect how little we have any prospect of gaining by fierce contention; but how much of the true happiness of life we are certain of throwing away. Easily, and from the smallest chink, the bitter waters of strife are let forth; but their course cannot be forseen; and he seldom fails of suffering most from their poisonous effect, who first allows them to flow.

A SUSPICIOUS TEMPER THE SOURCE OF MISERY TO ITS
POSSESSOR.

BLAIR.

As a suspicious spirit is the source of many crimes and calamities in the world, so it is the spring of certain misery to the person who indulges it. His friends will be few ; and small will be his comfort in those whom he possesses. Believing others to be his enemies, he will of course make them such. Let his caution be ever so great, the asperity of his thoughts will often break out in his behaviour ; and in return for suspecting and hating, he will incur suspicion and hatred. Besides the external evils which he draws upon himself, arising from alienated friendship, broken confidence, and open enmity, the suspicious temper itself is one of the worst evils which any man can suffer. If “in all fear there is torment,” how miserable must be his state, who, by living in perpetual jealousy, lives in perpetual dread ! Looking upon himself to be surrounded with spies, enemies, and designing men, he is a stranger to reliance and trust. He knows not to whom to open himself. He dresses his countenance in forced smiles, while his heart throbs within from apprehensions of secret treachery. Hence fretfulness and ill-humour, disgust at the world, and all the painful sensations of an irritated and embittered mind.

So numerous and great are the evils arising from a suspicious disposition, that, of the two extremes, it is more eligible to expose ourselves to occasional disadvan-

tage from thinking too well of others, than to suffer continual misery by thinking always ill of them. It is better to be sometimes imposed upon, than never to trust. Safety is purchased at too dear a rate, when, in order to secure it, we are obliged to be always clad in armour, and to live in perpetual hostility with our fellows. This is, for the sake of living, to deprive ourselves of the comfort of life. The man of candour enjoys his situation, whatever it is, with cheerfulness and peace. Prudence directs his intercourse with the world ; but no black suspicions haunt his hours of rest. Accustomed to view the characters of his neighbours in the most favourable light, he is like one who dwells amidst those beautiful scenes of nature, on which the eye rests with pleasure. Whereas, the suspicious man, having his imagination filled with all the shocking forms of human falsehood, deceit, and treachery, resembles the traveller in the wilderness, who discerns no objects around him but such as are either dreary or terrible ; caverns that yawn, serpents that hiss, and beasts of prey that howl.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF ORDER IN THE DISTRIBUTION
OF OUR TIME.

BLAIR.

TIME we ought to consider as a sacred trust committed to us by God ; of which we are now the depositaries, and are to render an account at the last. That portion of it which he has allotted to us, is intended partly for the concerns of this world, partly for those of the next. Let

each of these occupy, in the distribution of our time, that space which properly belongs to it. Let not the hours of hospitality and pleasure, interfere with the discharge of our necessary affairs ; and let not what we call necessary affairs, encroach upon the time which is due to devotion. To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven. If we delay till tomorrow what ought to be done to-day, we overcharge the morrow with a burden which belongs not to it. We load the wheels of time, and prevent them from carrying us along smoothly. He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread which will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life. The orderly arrangement of his time is like a ray of light, which darts itself through all his affairs. But, where no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lie huddled together in one chaos, which admits neither of distribution nor review.

The first requisite for introducing order into the management of time, is, to be impressed with a just sense of its value. Let us consider well how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious and inconsistent, than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it as the measure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greatest anxiety seek to lengthen it out. But when they view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, and squander it with inconsiderate profusion. While they complain that life is short, they

are often wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous of every other possession, of time only they are prodigal. They allow every idle man to be master of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to consume it. Among those who are so careless of time, it is not to be expected that order should be observed in its distribution. But, by this fatal neglect, how many materials of severe and lasting regret are they laying up in store for themselves ! The time which they suffer to pass away in the midst of confusion, bitter repentance seeks afterwards in vain to recall. What was omitted to be done at its proper moment, arises to be the torment of some future season. Manhood is disgraced by the consequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belonged to a former period, labours under a burden not its own. At the close of life, the dying man beholds with anguish that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity is hardly commenced. Such are the effects of a disorderly waste of time, through not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of such persons is misplaced. Nothing is performed aright, from not being performed in due season.

But he who is orderly in the distribution of his time, takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. He is justly said to redeem the time. By proper management, he prolongs it. He lives much in little space ; more in a few years, than others do in many. He can live to God and his own soul, and, at the same time, attend to all the lawful interests of the present world. He

looks back on the past, and provides for the future. He catches and arrests the hours as they fly. They are marked down for useful purposes, and their memory remains. Whereas those hours fleet by the man of confusion like a shadow. His days and years are either blanks, of which he has no remembrance, or they are filled up with so confused and irregular a succession of unfinished transactions, that though he remembers he has been busy, yet he can give no account of the business which has employed him.

THE JOURNEY OF A DAY; A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

JOHNSON.

ORIDAH the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of Paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices. He sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: and all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on, till the sun approached his meridian, and the increased heat preyed upon his strength; he

then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation ; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling ; but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road ; and was pleased, that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, which the heat had assembled in the shade ; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruit that hung upon the branches. At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track ; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on

every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo; he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect; he turned aside to every cascade; and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements, the hours passed away unaccounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds; the day vanished from before him; and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove; and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what yet remained in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and recommended his life to the Lord of Nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with resolution. The beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and

fear, and ravage and expiration. All the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him : the winds roared in the woods ; and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety, or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him ; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled ; and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light ; and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither. I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation ; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on awhile in the direct road of piety, towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour,

and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance ; but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides ; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the garden of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation ; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling ; and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which, for a while, we keep in our sight, and to which we purpose to return : but temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another ; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy ; till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance ; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example, not to despair ; but shall remember that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made : that

reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted ; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors ; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose ; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence ; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

OMNISCIENCE AND OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY, THE
SOURCE OF CONSOLATION TO GOOD MEN.

ADDISON.

I was yesterday, about sun-set, walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours, which appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened, by the season of the year, and the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose, at length, in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of ; and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her bright-

nesss, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought arose in me, which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers ; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained ; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him !" In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me ; with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns ; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds, rising still above this which we discovered ; and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former, as the stars do to us : in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, it would scarcely make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other ;

as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. By the help of glasses, we see many stars, which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries.—Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible that there may be stars, whose light has not yet travelled down to us, since their first creation. There is no question that the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of Infinite Power, prompted by Infinite Goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imaginations set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature: and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which, in all probability, swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must, of course, neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves, in some degree, to the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite

and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space ; and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature, than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When, therefore, we reflect on the Divine Nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear, in some measure, ascribing it to HIM, in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason, indeed, assures us, that his attributes are infinite ; but the poor-ness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall, therefore, utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker, in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects, among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent ; and, in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports, the whole frame of nature. His creation, in every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, which is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, that he does not essentially reside in it. His substance is within the substance of

every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to move out of one place into another ; or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which he diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosophers, he is a Being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the second place, he is omniscient, as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally, flows from his omnipresence. He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades ; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Were the soul separated from the body, and should it, with one glance of thought, start beyond the bounds of the creation ; should it for millions of years, continue its progress through infinite space, with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed by the immensity of the Godhead.

In this consideration of the Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart, in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion ; for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident

that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice ; and in unfeigned humility of heart, think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

DAVID'S CONFIDENCE IN GOD'S GRACE.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies : thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life ; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

THE BANEFUL INFLUENCES OF THAT SCEPTICAL PHILOSOPHY, WHICH BARS US FROM THE COMFORTS OF A BELIEF IN A FUTURE STATE.

CAMPBELL.

Oh ! lives there, Heaven ! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark Idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;

Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss ?—
There live, alas ! of Heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man ! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay !
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower !
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,
Lights to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm ;
And when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To Night and Silence sink for ever more !—
Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame ?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause ?
For this hath Science searched, on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing ?
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep ?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of Heaven ?
Oh ! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair ?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit !

Ah me ! the laurelled wreath that murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain ?
I smile on death, if Heav'n-ward Hope remain !
But, if the warring wins of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power !
This frail and feverish being of an hour,
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while ;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain !
Fade, ye wild-flowers, memorials of my doom !
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb !
Truth, ever lovely, since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start,
Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart !
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field ;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed !
Oh ! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate ;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.

WE OFTEN CONDEMN IN OTHERS WHAT WE PRACTICE
OURSELVES.

The two Robbers.

DR. AIKIN.

*Alexander the Great in his tent. A man, with a fierce countenance, chained
and fettered, brought before him.*

Alexander. What ! art thou the Thracian robber, of
whose exploits I have heard so much ?

Robber. I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

Alexander. A soldier !—a thief, a plunderer, an assassin ! the pest of the country ! I could honour thy courage,
but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

Robber. What have I done of which you can complain ?

Alexander. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority ;
violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring
the persons and property of thy fellow subjects ?

Robber. Alexander ! I am your captive—I must hear
what you please to say, and endure what you please to
inflict. But my soul is unconquered ; and if I reply at
all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

Alexander. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take
the advantage of my power, to silence those with whom
I deign to converse !

Robber. I must then answer your question by another.
How have you passed your life ?

Alexander. Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell
you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest ; among
sovereigns, the noblest ; among conquerors, the mightiest.

Robber. And does not Fame speak of me too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever—but I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

Alexander. Still, what art thou, but a robber—a base dishonest robber?

Robber. And what is a conqueror? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry; plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district, with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations, with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is then the difference, but that, as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

Alexander. But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

Robber. I, too, have freely given to the poor, what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind; and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I shall ever atone to the world, for half the mischief we have done it.

Alexander. Leave me—take off his chains, and use him well.—Are we then so much alike?—Alexander to a robber?—Let me reflect.

VIRTUE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

DODD.

VIRTUE and goodness are confined to no station : and wherever they are discovered, they command respect.

Perrin, the amiable subject of this narrative, lost both his parents before he could articulate their names, and was obliged to a charity school for his education. At the age of fifteen he was hired by a farmer to be a shepherd, in a neighbourhood where Lucetta kept her father's sheep. They often met, and were fond of being together. After an acquaintance of five years, in which they had many opportunities of becoming thoroughly known to each other, Perrin proposed to Lucetta, to ask her father's consent to their marriage : she blushed, and did not refuse her approbation.

As she had an errand to the town next day, the opportunity of her absence was chosen for making the proposal. "You wish to marry my daughter," said the old man : have you a house to cover her, or money to maintain her? Lucetta's fortune is not enough for both. It will not do, Perrin ; it will not do." "But," replied Perrin, "I have hands to work : I have laid up twenty crowns of my wages, which will defray the expense of the wedding : I will work harder, and lay up more." "Well," said the old man, "you are young, and may

wait a little : get rich, and my daughter is at your service." Perrin waited for Lucetta's return in the evening.

"Has my father given you a refusal?" cried Lucetta. "Ah, Lucetta," replied Perrin, "how unhappy am I for being poor ! But I have not lost all hopes : my circumstances may change for the better." As they were never tired of conversing together, the night approached, and it became dark. Perrin, making a false step, fell on the ground. He found a bag, which was heavy. Drawing towards a light in the neighbourhood, he discovered that it was filled with gold. "I thank heaven," cries Perrin, in a transport of joy, "for being favourable to our wishes. This will satisfy your father, and make us happy." In their way to her father's house, a thought struck Perrin. "This money is not ours, it belongs to some stranger ; and perhaps this moment he is lamenting the loss of it ; let us go to the vicar for advice : he has always been kind to me."

Perrin put the bag into the vicar's hand, saying, "that at first he looked on it as a providential present to remove the only obstacle to their marriage ; but that he now doubted whether he could lawfully retain it." The vicar eyed the young couple with attention : he admired their honesty, which appeared even to surpass their affection. "Perrin," said he, "cherish these sentiments : Heaven will bless you. We will endeavour to find out the owner : he will reward thy honesty : I will add what I can spare. You shall have Lucetta."

The bag was advertised in the newspapers, and cried in the neighbouring parishes. Some time having elapsed,

and the money not having been demanded, the vicar carried it to Perrin. "These twelve thousand livres bear at present no profit : you may reap the interest, at least. Lay them out in such a manner, as to insure the sum itself to the owner, if he should ever appear." A farm was purchased, and the consent of Lucetta's father to the marriage was obtained. Perrin was employed in husbandry, and Lucetta in family affairs. They lived in perfect cordiality : and two children endeared them still more to each other.

Perrin, one evening returning homeward from his work, saw a chaise overturned with two gentlemen in it. He ran to their assistance, and offered them every accommodation his small house could afford. "This spot," cried one of the gentlemen, "is very fatal to me. Ten years ago, I lost here twelve thousand livres." Perrin listened with attention. "What search made you for them?" said he. "It was not in my power," replied the stranger, "to make any search. I was hurrying to Port l'Orient, to embark for the Indies, as the vessel was ready to sail.

Next morning, Perrin showed his guests his house, his garden, his cattle, and mentioned the produce of his fields. "All these are your property," said he, addressing the gentleman who had lost the bag : "the money fell into my hands ; I purchased this farm with it ; the farm is yours. The vicar has an instrument which secures your property, though I had died without seeing you."

The stranger read the instrument with emotion ; he

looked on Perrin, Lucetta, and the children. "Where am I," cried he, "and what do I hear!—What virtue in people of so low a condition! Have you any other land but this farm?" "No," replied Perrin, "but you will have occasion for a tenant, and I hope you will allow me to remain here." "Your honesty deserves a better recompense," answered the stranger. "My success in trade has been great, and I have forgotten my loss. You are well entitled to this little fortune: keep it as your own. What man in the world could have acted more nobly than you have done?"

Perrin and Lucetta shed tears of affection and joy. "My dear children," said Perrin, "kiss the hand of your benefactor.—Lucetta, this farm now belongs to us, and we can enjoy it without any anxiety or remorse." Thus was honesty rewarded. Let those who desire the reward, practice the virtue.

THE INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MATTER.

DR. ARNOTT.

THE smallest portion of any substance, which the human eye can perceive, is still a mass of many ultimate atoms or particles, which may be separated from each other, or newly arranged, but which cannot, individually, be hurt or destroyed.

A particle of powdered marble, hardly visible to the naked eye, still appears to the microscope a block susceptible of indefinite division; and, when broken by fit instruments, until the microscope can hardly discover

the separate particles of the fine powder, these may be yet farther divided, by dissolving them in an acid, until the whole becomes absolutely invisible, as part of a transparent liquid.

A small mass of gold may be hammered into thin leaf, or drawn into fine wire, or cut into almost invisible parts, or liquefied in a crucible, or dissolved in acid, or dissipated by intense heat into vapour ; yet, after any and all of these changes, the atoms can be collected again, and the original gold can be exhibited in its pristine state, without the slightest diminution or change. And all the substances, or elements, of which our globe is composed, may thus be cut, torn, bruised, ground, &c. a thousand times, but are always recoverable as perfect as at first.

And, with respect to delicate combinations of these elements, such as we see in animal and vegetable substances, although it be beyond human art originally to form, or to imitate many of them, still, in their decomposition and apparent destruction, the accomplished chemist of the present day does not lose a single atom. The coal which burns in his apparatus until only a little ash remains behind, or the wax taper which seems to vanish altogether in flame, or the portion of animal flesh which putrefies, and gradually dries up and disappears ; all these phenomena are now proved to be only changes of connexion, and arrangement among the indestructible ultimate atoms ; and the chemist can offer all the elements again, mixed or separate, as desired, for any of the useful purposes to which they are severally applicable. When the

funeral piles of the ancients, with their charge of human relict, appeared to be wholly consumed, and left the idea with survivors, that no base use could be made, in after time, of what had been the material dwelling of a noble or beloved spirit ; the flames had only, as it were, scattered the everlasting blocks of which a former edifice had been constructed, but which were soon to serve again in new combinations.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LANGUAGE.

DR. ARNOTT.

No intelligent mind can meditate on human speech, and its influence in the world, without being roused to vivid admiration. But for speech, the most gifted individuals that have lived, had they existed at all, could have been little superior, in their worldly state, to the leading oxen of our herds, or to leading monkeys in the woods. Even at the present day, among the natives of Australasia, where language may be said scarcely yet to be known, human nature is seen thus shockingly debased. On the other hand, in the history of the world, we may trace, as a consequence of speech, the following progress in art and civilization. Fathers, by language, have communicated their gathered observations and reflections to their children ; these, again, have transmitted the inheritance, with gradual accumulation, to new descendants ; and so on, to the present day : and when the precious store had increased, until the simple powers of memory could retain no more, the art of writing arose,

making language visible and permanent, and enlarging without limit the receptacles of wisdom. Printing came last, and now rolls the still swelling flood of knowledge into every hamlet and every hut.

Thus, language, at the present moment of the world's existence, may be said to bind the whole human race, of uncounted millions, into one gigantic rational being, whose memory reaches to the beginnings of written record, and retains imperishably, the important events that have occurred; whose judgment, analyzing the treasures of memory, has already discovered many of the sublime and unchanging laws of nature, and has built on them the arts of life, and through them pierces far into futurity, seeing, distinctly, events that are to come; and whose eyes, and ears, and observant mind, are at this moment, in every corner of the earth, watching and recording new phenomena, for the purpose of still better comprehending the magnificence, and simplicity, and beauty of creation.

ON THE IMMORALITY OF THE SOUL.

ADDISON.

I WAS yesterday walking alone, in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over, in my mind, the several arguments that establish this great point; which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes, and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs drawn,

First, from the nature of the soul itself, and particu-

larly its immateriality ; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, from its passions and sentiments ; as, particularly, from its love of existence ; its horror of annihilation ; and its hopes of immortality ; with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this point.

But among these, and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it ; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing, almost as soon as it is created ? Are such abilities made for no purpose ? A brute arrives at a point of perfection, that he can never pass : in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of ; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments ; were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements ; I could imagine she might

fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being that is in a perpetual progress of improvement, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of her Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries ?

Man, considered only in his present state, seems sent into the world merely to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor ; and immediately quits his post to make room for him. He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and which can finish their business in a short life. The silk worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man cannot take in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose ? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings ? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted ? capacities that are never to be gratified ? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next ; and without believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick

successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity.

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress, which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength ; to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity ; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge ; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition, which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes ; and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherub, which now appears as a god to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is : nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being ; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior

nature will, at length, mount up to it ; and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration, may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection ! We know not yet what we shall be ; nor will it ever enter into the heart of man, to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines, that may draw nearer to another for all eternity, without a possibility of touching it : and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to HIM, who is the standard, not only of perfection, but of happiness ?

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

WATTS.

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day :
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food :
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

Lord ! how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye ;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !

There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

In heaven he shines with beams of love ;
With wrath in hell beneath ;
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard ;
He keeps me with his eye ;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh.

NO LIFE PLEASING TO GOD, THAT IS NOT USEFUL TO
MAN. AN EASTERN NARRATIVE.

HAWKESWORTH.

IT pleased our mighty sovereign, Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza, his servant, over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality ; and under his

administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich : Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused ; he became pensive and melancholy ; he spent his leisure in solitude ; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa ; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground : he applied to the business of state with reluctance ; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign ; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply : “ May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of Damascus ; and a city glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendour of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarcely sufficient to prepare for death. All other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for ever : and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent as the colours of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity : let me give up my soul to meditation ; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion ; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till

the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty." Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon the throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage ; he looked round upon his nobles ; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth ; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

"Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force : but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality, or a dream. I am, as thou art, a reptile of the earth : my life is a moment, and eternity, in which days, and years, and ages, are nothing, eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare : but by whom then must the faithful be governed ? By those only who have no fear of judgment ; by those only whose life is brutal, because, like brutes, they do not consider that they shall die ? Or who, indeed, are the faithful ? Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city, in a state of perdition ? and is the cell of the Dervise, alone, the the gate of paradise ? To all, the life of a Dervise is not possible : to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house which has in this city been prepared for thy residence : I will meditate the reason of thy request ; and may He who illuminates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom."

Mirza departed ; and on the third day, having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more cheerful ; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. “ My Lord !” said he, “ I have learned by this letter, which I received from Cosrou the Iman, who stands now before thee, in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope ; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honours which I so lately wished to resign.” The king, who had listened to Mirza with a mixture of surprise and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to Cosrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush ; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words :

“ To Mirza, whom the wisdom of Abbas, our mighty lord, has honoured with dominion, be perpetual health ! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the king when he is troubled ; and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt ? To thee will I relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me ; and those truths which they taught me, may the Prophet multiply to thee !

“ Under the instruction of the physician Aluzar, I ob-

tained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I could administer plants, which the sun has impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty, and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty; and that by all who were proper objects of bounty, money was despised. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth; and renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country. My dwelling was a cave, by the side of a hill. I drank the running water from the spring, and eat such fruits and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the Prophet. One morning after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn increased; and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion; it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye fixed steadfastly upon it, and saw it alight

at a small distance, where I now descried a fox, whose two fore-legs appeared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared. When I awaked, I laid my forehead upon the ground, and blessed the Prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself : Cosrou, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and vanities of life : but thou hast as yet only done it in part ; thou art still every day busied in the search of food ; thy mind is not wholly at rest ; neither is thy trust in Providence complete. What art thou taught in this vision ? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by Heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of Heaven also supply thee with food, when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself, is not necessity, but devotion ? I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object. This impatience, however, I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my resolution : but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other ; I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible being, who pronounced these words : ‘ Cosrou, I am the angel, who, by the command of the Almighty, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has

perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the fox ? hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle ? Arise, let the eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou dost good to man, as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine ; and that happiness which is the pledge of paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.'

"At these words, I was not less astonished than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myself in the dust ; I returned to the city ; I dug up my treasure ; I was liberal yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body, gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I grew eminent beyond my merit ; and it was the pleasure of the king that I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended ; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received. As the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning, so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the Prophet. Believe then that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is profane, which terminates in thyself ; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment. Here thou canst do little more than pile error upon error : there, thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision ; and in the mean time emulate the eagle. Much is in thy power ; and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though

the Almighty only can give virtue, yet as a prince, thou mayst stimulate those to beneficence, who act from no higher motive than immediate interest : thou canst not produce the principle, but mayst enforce the practice. Let thy virtue be thus diffused ; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell ! May the smile of Him who resides in the heaven of heavens be upon thee ; and against thy name, in the volume of His will, may happiness be written !”

The king, whose doubts, like those of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government ; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know, “ that no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind.”

GENIUS.

AKENSIDE.

FROM heaven my strains begin ; from heaven descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love, and beauty, and poetic joy,
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon suspended her serener lamp ;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe,
Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore ;
Then lived the Almighty ONE ; then, deep retired,
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things ;

The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration : till, in time complete,
What he admired and loved, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves ;
Hence light and shade alternate ; warmth and cold,
And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life, to different labours urge
The active powers of man ; with wise intent
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil,
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heaven : to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse ; others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers ; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes

Were destin'd : some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand ;
In earth or air, the meadows purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form,
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see pourtray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The Mind Supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamour'd ; they partake the eternal joy.

PATIENCE UNDER PROVOCATIONS OUR INTEREST AS
WELL AS DUTY.

BLAIR.

THE wide circle of human society is diversified by an endless variety of characters, dispositions and passions. Uniformity is, in no respect, the genius of the world. Every man is marked by some peculiarity which distinguishes him from another : and no where can two individuals be found, who are exactly, and in all respects, alike. Where so much diversity obtains, it cannot but happen, that in the intercourse which men are obliged to maintain, their tempers will often be ill adjusted to that intercourse ; will jar, and interfere with each other. Hence, in every station, the highest as well as the lowest, and in every condition of life, public, private, and domestic, occasions of irritation frequently arise. We are provoked, sometimes, by the folly and levity of those

with whom we are connected : sometimes by their indifference or neglect , by the incivility of a friend, the haughtiness of a superior, or the insolent behaviour of one in lower station. Hardly a day passes, without somewhat or other occurring, which serves to ruffle the man of impatient spirit. Of course, such a man lives in a continual storm. He knows not what it is to enjoy a train of good humour. Servants, neighbours, friends, spouse, and children, all, through the unrestrained violence of his temper, become sources of disturbance and vexation to him. In vain is affluence ; in vain are health and prosperity. The least trifle is sufficient to discompose his mind, and poison his pleasures. His very amusements are mixed with turbulence and passion.

I would beseech this man to consider, of what small moment the provocations which he receives, or at least, imagines himself to receive, are really in themselves ; but of what great moment he makes them, by suffering them to deprive him of the possession of himself. I would beseech him to consider, how many hours of happiness he throws away, which a little more patience would allow him to enjoy ; and how much he puts it in the power of the most insignificant persons to render him miserable. “ But who can expect,” we hear him exclaim, “ that he is to possess the insensibility of a stone ? How is it possible for human nature to endure so many repeated provocations ? or to bear calmly with so unreasonable behaviour ? ”—My brother ! If thou canst bear with no instances of unreasonable behaviour, withdraw thyself from the world. Thou art no longer fit to live

in it. Leave the intercourse of men. Retreat to the mountain, and the desert ; or shut thyself up in a cell. For here, in the midst of society, *offences must come*. We might as well expect, when we behold a calm atmosphere, and a clear sky, that no clouds were ever to rise, and no winds to blow, as that our life were long to proceed, without receiving provocations from human frailty. The careless and the imprudent, the giddy and the fickle, the ungrateful and the interested, every where meet us. They are the briars and thorns, with which the paths of human life are beset. He only, who can hold his course among them with patience and equanimity, he who is prepared to bear what he must expect to happen, is worthy the name of a man.

If we preserved ourselves composed but for a moment, we should perceive the insignificancy of most of those provocations which we magnify so highly. When a few suns more have rolled over our heads, the storm will, of itself, have subsided ; the cause of our present impatience and disturbance will be utterly forgotten. Can we not then, anticipate this hour of calmness to ourselves ; and begin to enjoy the peace which it will certainly bring ? If others have behaved improperly, let us leave them to their own folly, without becoming the victim of their caprice, and punishing ourselves on their account. Patience. in this exercise of it, cannot be too much studied by all who wish their life to flow in a smooth stream. It is the reason of a man, in opposition to the passion of a child. It is the enjoyment of peace, in opposition to uproar and confusion.

GREATNESS.

AKENSIDE.

SAY, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the the vast creation ? why ordain'd
Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thought beyond the limit of his frame ;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice : to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds ;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast ;
And thro' the mists of passion aud of sense,
And thro' the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of Heaven ? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession ? Wherefore darts the mind,
With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms, impatient to be free ;
Spurning the gross control of wilful might ;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils ;
Proud to be daring ? Who but rather turns
To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame ?

Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Thro' fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heavens;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effused
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets: thro' its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amazed she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.

Even on the barriers of the world untired
She meditates the eternal depth below,
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges ; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallowed up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fatal goal: for, from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment ; but, from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

GIFTS ARE NOTHING WITHOUT CHARITY.

ST. PAUL.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,
and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass,
or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of
prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all know-
ledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove
mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And
though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and
though I give my body to be burned, and have not cha-
rity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind ; charity envieth
not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth

not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil ; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth ; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth ; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophecy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child ; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly ; but then face to face ; now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity.

TO THE SEA.

KEATE.

HAIL ! thou inexhaustible source of wonder and contemplation !—Hail ! thou multitudinous ocean ! whose waves chase one another down like the generations of men, and after a momentary space, are immersed for ever in oblivion :—Thy fluctuating waters wash the varied shores of the world, and while they disjoin nations, whom a nearer connection would involve in eternal war, they circulate their arts, and their labours, and give health and plenty to mankind.

How glorious ! how awful are the scenes thou displayest !—Whether we view thee when every wind is hushed, —when the morning sun silvers the level line of the horizon,—or when its evening track is marked with flaming gold, and thy unrippled bosom reflects the radiance of the overarching Heavens !—Or whether we behold thee in thy terrors !—when the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds,—when death rides the storm,—and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner whose heart is sinking with dismay !—

And yet, mighty deep ! 'tis thy *surface* alone we view. Who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain ?—What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation ?—Or search out the myriads of objects, whose beauties lie scattered over thy dread abyss ?

The mind staggers at the immensity of her own conceptions,—and when she contemplates the flux and reflux of thy tides, which from the beginning of the world were never known to err, how does she shrink at the idea of that Divine Power, which originally laid the foundations so sure, and whose omnipotent voice hath fixed the limits where thy proud waves shall be stayed !

REMARKS OF MR. CLINTON IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, ON THREATS OF DISUNION AMONG THE STATES.

MR. SPEAKER—The mover of the bill has menaced us with an insurrection of the Western States. Such threats

are doubly improper—improper as they respect the persons to whom they are addressed, because we are not to be terrified from the performance of our duty by menaces of any kind, from whatever quarter they may proceed ; and it is no less improper to represent our western brethren as a lawless, unprincipled banditti, who would at once release themselves from the wholesome restraints of law and order ; forego the sweets of liberty ; and either renounce the blessings of self-government, or like the Goths and Vandals, pour down with the irresistible force of a torrent upon the countries below, and carry havoc and desolation in their train.

A separation by a mountain, and a different outlet into the Atlantic, cannot create any natural collision between the Atlantic and western states : on the contrary, they are bound together by a community of interests, and a similarity of language and manners ; by the ties of consanguinity and friendship, and a sameness of principles. There is no reflecting and well principled man in this country, who can view the severance of the states without horror ; and who does not consider it as a Pandora's box which will overwhelm us with every calamity : and it has struck me with not a little astonishment, that on the agitation of almost every great political question, we should be menaced with this evil.

Last session, when a bill repealing a judiciary act was under consideration, we were told that the *eastern* states would withdraw themselves from the union, if it should obtain ; and we are now informed, that if we do not accede to the proposition before us, the *western* states

will hoist the standard of revolt and dismember the empire. Sir, these threats are calculated to produce the evil they predict, and they may possibly approximate the spirit they pretend to warn us against : they are at all times unnecessary, at all times improper, at all times mischievous, and ought never to be mentioned within these walls. If there be a portion of the United States peculiarly attached to republican government and the present administration, I should select the western states as that portion.

To represent a people so republican, so enlightened, and so firm in their principles, as ready, without any adequate cause, (for no government could watch over their interests with more paternal solicitude than the present, upon the present question,) to violate their plighted faith and political integrity, to detach themselves from the government they love, and to throw themselves under the protection of nations, whose political systems are entirely repugnant to their own, requires an extent of credulity rarely equalled, certainly never surpassed.

THE THUNDER STORM.

MONTGOMERY.

Oh for evening's brownest shade ;
Where the breezes play by stealth,
In the forest cintured glade,
Round the hermitage of Health :
While the noon-bright mountains blaze,
In the Sun's tormenting rays.

Oe'r the sick and sultry plains,
Through the dim delirious air,
Agonizing silence reigns ;
And the wanness of despair :
Nature faints with fervent heat,
Ah ! her pulse has ceased to beat !

Now in deep and dreadful gloom,
Clouds on clouds portentous spread ;
Black as if the day of doom
Hung oe'r Nature's shrinking head.
Lo ! the lightning breaks from high ;
God is coming ! God is nigh !

Hear ye not his chariot wheels,
As the mighty thunder rolls ?
Nature, startled Nature, reels
From the centre to the poles.
Tremble !—Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Tremble !—God is passing by !

Darkness, wild with horror, forms
His mysterious hiding-place ;
Should He from his ark of storms,
Rend the veil, and show his face,
At the judgment of his eye,
All the universe would die.

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,
Hail and rain tempestuous fall ;
Louder, deeper thunders crash,
Desolation threatens all :

Struggling Nature gasps for breath
In the agony of death.

God of Vengeance ! from above
While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
Oh ! remember thou art LOVE !
Spare ! oh spare a guilty world !
Stay thy flaming wrath awhile ;
See thy bow of promise smile !

Welcome, in the eastern cloud,
Messenger of Mercy still !
Now, ye winds, proclaim aloud,
“ Peace on earth, to man, good will ! ”
Nature, God's repenting child,
See thy parent reconciled !

Hark ! the nightingale, afar,
Sweetly sings the sun to rest,
And awakes the evening star
In the rosy tinted west ;
While the moon's enchanting eye
Opens Paradise on high !

Clear and tranquil is the night,
Nature's sore afflictions cease ;
For the storm, that spent its might,
Has a covenant of peace :
Vengeance drops her harmless rod ;
MERCY is the POWER OF GOD !

ON TASTE.

MELMOTH.

THE charms of the fine arts are derived from the Author of all nature, and founded in the original frame and constitution of the human mind. Accordingly the general principles of taste are common to our whole species, and arise from that internal sense of beauty which every man, in some degree at least, evidently possesses. No rational mind can be so wholly void of all perceptions of this sort, as to be capable of contemplating the various objects that surround him, with an equal coldness and indifference. There are certain forms which must necessarily fill the soul with agreeable ideas; and she is instantly determined in approbation of them, previous to all reasoning concerning their use and convenience. It is upon these general principles that what is called fine taste in the arts is founded; and consequently is by no means so precarious and unsettled an idea as you choose to describe it. The truth is, taste is nothing more than this universal sense of beauty, rendered more exquisite by genius, and more correct by cultivation: and it is from the simple and original ideas of this sort, that the mind learns to form her judgement of the higher and more complex kinds. Accordingly, the whole imitative and oratorical art is governed by the same general rules of criticism; and to prove the certainty of these with respect to one of them, is to establish their validity with re-

gard to all rest. I will therefore consider the criterion of taste, in relation only to fine writing.

Each species of composition has its distinct perfection ; and it would require a particular examination of the characters of each, to prove their respective beauties to be derived from truth and nature, and consequently reducible to a regular and precise standard. I will only mention, therefore, those general properties which are essential to them all, and without which they must necessarily be defective in their several kinds. These, I think, may be comprehended under uniformity in their design, variety and resemblance in the metaphors and similitudes, together with propriety and harmony in the diction. Now some or all of these qualities constantly attend our ideas of beauty, and necessarily raise that agreeable perception of the mind in what object soever they appear. The charms of fine composition, then, are so far from existing only in the heated imagination of an enthusiastic admirer, that they result from the constitution of nature herself. And perhaps the principles of criticism are as certain and indisputable, even as those of the mathematics. Thus, for instance, that order is preferable to confusion, that harmony is more pleasing than dissonance, with some few other axioms upon which the science is built, are truths which strike at once upon the mind with the same force of conviction, as that the whole is greater than any of its parts, or, that if from equals you take away equals, the remainder will be equal. And in both cases, the propositions which rest upon these

plain and obvious maxims, seem equally capable of the same evidence of demonstration.

But as every intellectual, as well as animal faculty, is improved and strengthened by exercise, the more the soul exerts this her internal sense of beauty upon any particular object, the more she will enlarge and refine her relish of that peculiar species. For this reason the works of those great masters, whose performances have long and generally been admired, supply a farther criterion of fine taste, equally fixed and certain as that which is derived from Nature herself. The truth is, fine writing is only the art of raising agreeable sensations of the intellectual kind : and therefore, as by examining those original forms which are adapted to awaken this perception in the mind, we learn what those qualities are which constitute beauty in general ; so by observing the peculiar construction of those compositions of genius which have always pleased, we perfect our idea of fine writing in particular. It is this united approbation, in persons of different ages, and of various characters and languages, that Longinus has made the test of the true sublime ; and he might with equal justice have extended the same criterion to all the inferior excellencies of elegant composition. Thus the deference paid to the performances of the great masters of antiquity, is fixed upon just and solid reasons ; it is not because Aristotle and Horace have given us the rules of criticism that we submit to their authority : it is because those rules are derived from works that have been distinguished by the uninterrupted admiration of all the more improved part of mankind,

from their earliest appearance down to this present hour. For whatever, through a long series of ages, has been universally esteemed beautiful, cannot but be conformable to our just and natural ideas of beauty.

THE VOICE OF THE SEASONS.

ALISON.

THERE is, in the revolution of time, a kind of warning voice, which summons us to thought and reflection ; and every season, as it arises, speaks to us of the analogous character which we ought to maintain. From the first openings of the spring, to the last desolation of winter, the days of the year are emblematic of the state and of the duties of man ; and, whatever may be the period of our journey, we can scarcely look up into the heavens, and mark the path of the sun, without feeling either something to animate us upon our course, or to reprove us for our delay.

When the spring appears, when the earth is covered with its tender green, and the song of happiness is heard in every shade, it is a call to us to religious hope and joy. Over the infant year the breath of heaven seems to blow with paternal softness, and the heart of man willingly partakes in the joyfulness of awakened nature.

When summer reigns, and every element is filled with life, and the sun, like a giant, pursues his course through the firmament above, it is the season of adoration. We see there, as it were, the majesty of the present God ; and, wherever we direct our eye, the glory of the Lord

seems to cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.

When autumn comes, and the annual miracle of nature is completed, it is the appropriate season of thankfulness and praise. The heart bends with instinctive gratitude before Him, whose benevolence neither slumbers nor sleeps, and who, from the throne of glory, yet remembereth the things that are in heaven and earth.

The season of winter has also similar instructions. To the thoughtful and the feeling mind, it comes not without a blessing upon its wings ; and perhaps the noblest lessons of religion are to be learned amid its clouds and storms.

ON VIRTUE.

POPE.

Know then this truth, (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is Happiness below,"
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
Where only Merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;
The joy unequal'd if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain :
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears :
Good, from each object, from each place acquired,
For ever exercised, yet never tired ;

Never elated, while one man's oppressed ;
Never dejected, while another's blessed ;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow !
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss ; the good, untaught, will find ;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God ;
Pursues that chain, which links the immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine ;
Sees that no Being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below ;
Learns from this union of the rising Whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.

For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul :
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why Nature plants in man alone,
Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown ;
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find,)
Wise is her present ; she connects in this
His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss ;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus pushed to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for thy boundless heart ?
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part :
 Grasp the whole world of Reason, Life, and Sense,
 In one close system of Benevolence ;
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of Bliss but height of Charity.

God loves from Whole to Parts : but human soul
 Must rise from Individual to the Whole,
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
 The centre moved, a circle strait succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads ;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
 His country next ; and next all human race ;
 Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
 Take every creature in, of every kind ;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.

SPEECH OF MR. WILBERFORCE ON THE SLAVE TRADE.

SIR—

WOULD you be acquainted with the character of the Slave Trade—look to the continent of Africa, and there you will behold such a scene of horrors as no tongue can express, no imagination can represent to itself. One mode adopted by the petty chieftains of that country to supply our traders with slaves is, that of committing de-

predations upon each other's territories : This circumstance gives a peculiar character to the wars in Africa. They are predatory expeditions, of which the chief object is the acquisition of slaves.

But this, sir, is the lightest of the evils Africa suffers from the Slave Trade. Still more intolerable are those acts of outrage which we are continually stimulating the kings to commit on *their own* subjects. Instead of the guardians and protectors, those kings have been made, through our instrumentality, the despoilers and ravagers of their people.

A chieftain is in want of European commodities. He sends a party of soldiers by night to one of his own defenceless villages. They set fire to it; they seize the miserable inhabitants as they are flying from the flames, and hurry with them to the ships of the Christian traders, who, hovering like vultures over these scenes of carnage, are ever ready for their prey.

Nor is it only by the chieftains that these disorders are committed; every one's hand is against his neighbour. Whithersoever a man goes, be it to the watering-place, or to the field, he is not safe. He never can quit his house without fear of being carried off by fraud or force; and he dreads to come home again, lest on his return, he should find his hut a heap of ruins, and his family torn away into perpetual exile. Distrust and terror every where prevail, and the whole country is one continued scene of anarchy and desolation.

But this is not all. No means of procuring slaves, is left untouched. Even the *administration of justice*

itself is made a fertile source of supply to this inhuman traffic. Every crime is punished by slavery ; and false accusations are continually brought, in order to obtain the price for which the criminal is sold. Sometimes the judges have a considerable part of this very price. Every man, therefore, is stimulated to bring an action against his neighbour.

But these evils, terrible as they are, do not equal those which are endured on board ship, or in what is commonly called *the middle passage*. The mortality during this period is excessive. The slaves labour under a fixed dejection and melancholy, interrupted now and then by lamentations and plaintive songs, expressive of their concern for their relations, and friends, and native country.

Many attempt to drown themselves ; others obstinately refuse to take sustenance ; and when the whip and other violent means have been used to compel them to eat, they have sometimes looked up in the face of the officer who executed his task, and consoled themselves by saying, in their own language, “presently we shall be no more.”

O, Sir ! are not these things too bad to be any longer endured ? I cannot but persuade myself that whatever difference of opinion there may have been, we shall be this night at length unanimous. I cannot believe that a British House of Commons will give its sanction to the continuance of this inhuman traffic. Never was there, indeed, a system so big with wickedness and cruelty. To whatever part of it you direct your view, the eye finds no relief.

It is the gracious ordinance of Providence, both in the natural and moral world, that good should often arise out of evil. Hurricanes clear the air, and persecution promotes the propagation of the truth. Pride, vanity, and profusion, in their remoter consequences contribute often to the happiness of mankind. Even those classes of men that may seem most noxious have some virtues. The Arab is hospitable. The robber is brave. We do not necessarily find cruelty associated with fraud, nor meanness with injustice.

But here it is otherwise. It is the prerogative of this detested traffic, to separate from evil its concomitant good, and reconcile discordant mischiefs ; it robs war of its generosity ; it deprives peace of its security. You have the vices of polished society without its knowledge or its comforts ; and the evils of barbarism without its simplicity.

No age, sex or rank is exempt from the influence of this wide-wasting calamity. It attains to the fullest measure of pure, unmixed wickedness ; and scorning all competition or comparison, it stands in the undisputed possession of its detestable pre-eminence.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF MR. CURRAN, IN BEHALF OF
ARCHIBALD HAMILTON ROWAN, ESQ. FOR A LIBEL, IN
THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH, IRELAND.

THIS paper, gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the Catholics of Ireland, and that is charged as part of the libel. If they had waited another year, if they had kept this prosecution impending

for another year, how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public reformation was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the legislature. In that interval our catholic brethren have *obtained* that admission, which it seems it was a libel to propose; in what way to account for this, I am really at a loss.

Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our catholic brethren? Has the bigoted malignity of any individuals been crushed? Or has the stability of the government, or that of the country, been weakened? Or is *one* million of subjects stronger than *four* millions? Do you think that the benefit they received should be poisoned by the sting of vengeance? If you think so, you must say to them, “you have demanded emancipation, and you have got it; but we abhor your persons, we are outraged at your success; and we will stigmatize by a criminal prosecution the relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country.”

I ask you, gentlemen, do you think, as honest men, anxious for the public tranquility, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized, that you ought to speak this language at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think that in this very emancipation they have been saved from their own Parliament by the humanity of their sovereign? Or do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or humane at this

moment to insult them, by sticking up in the pillory, the man who dared to stand forth their advocate? I put it to your oaths, do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure?

To propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it; giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, giving “*Universal Emancipation!*” I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseperable from, British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment that he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground upon which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of “*Universal Emancipation.*”

No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced;—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from

around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of "UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION."

INDUSTRY NECESSARY TO THE ATTAINMENT OF
ELOQUENCE.

WARE.

THE history of the world is full of testimony to prove how much depends upon industry ; not an eminent orator has lived but is an example of it. Yet, in contradiction to all this, the almost universal feeling appears to be, that industry can effect nothing, that eminence is the result of accident, and that every one must be content to remain just what he may happen to be. Thus multitudes, who come forward as teachers and guides, suffer themselves to be satisfied with the most indifferent attainments, and a miserable mediocrity, without so much as inquiring how they may rise higher, much less making any attempt to rise.

For any other art they would have served an apprenticeship, and would be ashamed to practice it in public before they had learned it. If any one would sing, he attends a master, and is drilled in the very elementary principles ; and only after the most laborious process, dares to exercise his voice in public. This he does, though he has scarce any thing to learn but the mechanical execution of what lies in sensible forms before the eye. But the extempore speaker, who is to invent as well as to utter, to carry on an operation of the mind

as well as to produce sound, enters upon the work without preparatory discipline, and then wonders that he fails !

If he were learning to play on the flute for public exhibition, what hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers, and attaining the power of the sweetest and most expressive execution ! If he were devoting himself to the organ, what months and years would he labour, that he might know its compass, and be master of its keys, and be able to draw out, at will, all its various combinations of harmonious sound, and its full richness and delicacy of expression ! And yet he will fancy that the grandest, the most various and most expressive of all instruments, which the infinite Creator has fashioned by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech, may be played upon without study or practice ; he comes to it a mere uninstructed tyro, and thinks to manage all its stops, and command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power ! He finds himself a bungler in the attempt, is mortified at his failure, and settles it in his mind forever, that the attempt is vain.

Success in every art, whatever may be the natural talent, is always the reward of industry and pains. But the instances are many, of men of the finest natural genius, whose beginning has promised much, but who have degenerated wretchedly as they advanced, because they trusted to their gifts, and made no efforts to improve. That there have never been other men of equal endowments with Demosthenes and Cicero, none would

venture to suppose ; but who have so devoted themselves to their art, or become equal in excellence ? If those great men had been content, like others, to continue as they began, and had never made their persevering efforts for improvement, what would their countries have benefitted from their genius, or the world have known of their fame ? They would have been lost in the undistinguished crowd that sunk to oblivion around them.

Of how many more will the same remark prove true ! What encouragement is thus given to the industrious ! With such encouragement, how inexcusable is the negligence, which suffers the most interesting and important truths to seem heavy and dull, and fall ineffectual to the ground, through mere sluggishness in their delivery ! How unworthy of one who performs the high functions of a religious instructor, upon whom depend, in a great measure, the religious knowledge, and devotional sentiments, and final character, of many fellow beings—to imagine, that he can worthily discharge this great concern, by occasionally talking for an hour, he knows not how, and in a manner which he has taken no pains to render correct, impressive, and attractive ; and which, simply through want of that command over himself which study would give, is immethodical, verbose, innacurate, feeble, trifling.

It has been said of the good preacher, that “truths divine come mended from his tongue.” Alas ! they come ruined and worthless from such a man as this. They lose that holy energy, by which they are to convert the soul and purify man for heaven, and sink, in in-

terest and efficacy, below the level of those principles, which govern the ordinary affairs of this lower world.

EXECUTION OF THE EARL OF ARGYLE.

FOX.

ON the 30th of June, 1685, the Earl of Argyle was brought from the castle, first to the Laigh Council House, and thence to the place of execution. Before he left the Castle, he had his dinner at the usual hour, at which he discoursed, not only calmly, but even cheerfully, with Mr. Chateris and others. After dinner he retired, as was his custom, to his bed chamber, where, it is recorded, he slept quietly for about a quarter of an hour. While he was in bed, one of the members of the council came, and intimated to the attendants, a desire to speak with him—upon being told that the earl was asleep, and had left orders not to be disturbed, the manager disbelieved the account, which he considered as a device to avoid further questionings. To satisfy him, the door of the bed chamber was half opened, and then he beheld, enjoying a sweet and tranquil slumber, the man who by the doom of him and his fellows, was to die within the short space of two hours !

Struck with the sight, he hurried out of the room, quitted the castle with the utmost precipitation, and hid himself in the lodgings of an acquaintance who lived near, where he threw himself upon the first bed that presented itself, and had every appearance of a man suffering the most excruciating torture. His friend, who

was apprised of the state he was in, and who naturally concluded he was ill, offered him some wine. He refused, saying, "no, no, that will not help me; I have been to Argyle, and saw him sleeping as pleasantly as ever man did, within one hour of Eternity, but as for me ——."

The name of the person to whom this anecdote relates is not mentioned, and the truth of it may therefore be fairly considered as liable to that degree of doubt with which men of judgment receive every species of traditional history. Woodrow, however, whose veracity is above suspicion, says he had it from the most unquestionable authority. It is not in itself unlikely, and who is there who would not wish it true? What a satisfactory spectacle to a philosophical mind, to see the oppressor in the zenith of his power, envying his victim! What an acknowledgment of the superiority of virtue! What an affecting and forcible testimony of the value of that peace of mind, which Innocence alone can confer!

We know not who this man was, but when we reflect that the guilt which agonized him, was probably incurred for some vain title, or at least for some increase of wealth which he did not want, and possibly knew not how to enjoy, our disgust is turned into something like compassion, for that very foolish class of men, whom the world calls wise in their generation.

Soon after this short repose, Argyle was brought, according to order, to the Laigh Council House, from which place is dated the letter to his wife, and from thence to the place of execution. On the scaffold he had some discourse, as well with Mr. Annand, a minister appointed

by government to attend him, as with Mr. Chateris. He desired both of them to pray for him, and prayed himself with much fervour and devotion.

The speech which he made to the people, was such as might be expected from the passage already related. The same mixture of firmness and mildness is conspicuous in every part of it. "We ought not," said he, "to despise our afflictions, nor to faint under them. We should not suffer ourselves to be exasperated against the instruments of our troubles, nor by fraudulent or pusillanimous compliance, bring guilt upon ourselves—faint hearts are usually false hearts, choosing sin rather than suffering."

He offers his prayers for the three Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and that an end may be put to their present trials. Having then asked pardon for his own faults, both of God and man, he would have concluded, but being reminded that he had said nothing of the Royal Family, he adds, that he refers, in this matter, to what he had said at his trial concerning the test : that he prayed there never might be wanting one of the Royal Family to support the Protestant Religion : and if any of them had swerved from the true faith, he prayed God to turn their hearts : but at any rate to save his people from their machinations.

When he had ended, he turned to the south side of the scaffold and said, "Gentlemen, I pray you, do not misconstrue my behaviour this day—I freely forgive all men their wrongs and injuries done against me, as I desire to be forgiven of God." He then embraced his

friends, gave some tokens of his remembrance to his son-in-law, Lord Maitland, for his daughter and grandchildren, stript himself of part of his apparel, of which he likewise made presents, and laid his head upon the block. Having uttered a short prayer, he gave the signal to the executioner, which was instantly obeyed, and his head severed from his body.

Such were the last hours, and such the final close of this great man's life. May the like happy serenity, in such dreadful circumstances, and a death equally glorious, be the lot of all, whom tyranny of whatever description or denomination, shall, in any age, or in any country, call to expiate their virtues on the scaffold !

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

HOWISON.

THE form of Niagara Falls is that of an irregular semi-circle, about three quarters of a mile in extent. This is divided into two distinct cascades by the intervention of Goat Island, the extremity of which is perpendicular, and in a line with the precipice, over which the water is projected. The cataract on the Canada side of the river is called the Horseshoe, or Great Fall, from its peculiar form ; and that next the United States, the American Fall.

Three extensive views of the Falls may be obtained from three different places. In general, the first opportunity travellers have of seeing the cataract is from the high road, which, at one point, lies near the bank of the

river. This place, however, being considerably above the level of the Falls, and a good way beyond them, affords a view that is comparatively imperfect and unimposing.

The Table Rock, from which the Falls of the Niagara may be contemplated in all their grandeur, lies on an exact level with the edge of the cataract on the Canada side, and indeed forms a part of the precipice, over which the water rushes. It derives its name from the circumstance of its projecting beyond the cliffs that support it, like the leaf of a table. To gain this position, it is necessary to descend a steep bank, and to follow a path that winds among shrubbery and trees, which entirely conceal from the eye the scene that awaits him who traverses it.

When near the termination of this road, a few steps carried me beyond all these obstructions, and a magnificent amphitheatre of cataracts burst upon my view with appalling suddenness and majesty. However, in a moment, the scene was concealed from my eyes by a dense cloud of spray, which involved me so completely, that I did not dare to extricate myself.

A mingled and thundering rushing filled my ears. I could see nothing, except when the wind made a chasm in the spray, and then tremendous cataracts seemed to encompass me on every side ; while, below a raging and foaming gulf of undiscoverable extent, lashed the rocks with its hissing waves, and swallowed, under a horrible obscurity, the smoking floods that were precipitated into its bosom.

At first the sky was obscured by clouds, but after a few minutes, the sun burst forth, and the breeze, subsiding at the same time, permitted the spray to ascend perpendicularly. A host of pyramidal clouds rose majestically, one after another, from the abyss at the bottom of the Fall; and each, when it had ascended a little above the edge of the cataract, displayed a beautiful rainbow, which, in a few moments, was gradually transferred into to the bosom of the cloud that immediately succeeded.

The spray of the Great Fall had extended itself through a wide space directly over me, and receiving the full influence of the sun, exhibited a luminous and magnificent rainbow, which continued to overarch and irradiate the spot on which I stood, while I enthusiastically contemplated the indescribable scene.

Any person, who has nerve enough, may plunge his hand into the water of the Great Fall, after it is projected over the precipice, merely by lying down flat, with his face beyond the edge of the Table Rock, and stretching out his arm to its utmost extent. The experiment is truly a horrible one, and such as I would not wish to repeat; for, even to this day, I feel a shuddering and recoiling sensation when I recollect having been in the posture above described.

The body of water which composes the middle part of the Great Fall, is so immense, that it descends nearly two-thirds of the space without being ruffled or broken; and the solemn calmness, with which it rolls over the edge of the precipice, is finely contrasted with the perturbed appearance it assumes after having reached the gulf below.

But the water, towards each side of the Fall, is shattered the moment it drops over the rock, and loses, as it descends, in a great measure, the character of a fluid, being divided into pyramidal-shaped fragments, the bases of which are turned upwards.

The surface of the gulf, below the cataract, presents a very singular aspect ; seeming, as it were, filled with an immense quantity of hoar frost, which is agitated by small and rapid undulations. The particles of water are dazzlingly white, and do not apparently unite together, as might be supposed, but seem to continue for a time in a state of distinct comminution, and to repel each other with a thrilling and shivering motion, which cannot easily be described.

The road to the bottom of the Fall presents many more difficulties than that which leads to the Table Rock. After leaving the Table Rock, the traveller must proceed down the river nearly half a mile, where he will come to a small chasm in the bank, in which there is a spiral staircase enclosed in a wooden building. By descending the stair, which is seventy or eighty feet perpendicular height, he will find himself under the precipice, on the top of which he formerly walked. A high, but sloping bank, extends from its base to the edge of the river ; and, on the summit of this, there is a narrow, slippery path, covered with angular fragments of rock, which leads to the Great Fall.

The impending cliffs, hung with a profusion of trees and brushwood, overarch this road, and seem to vibrate with the thunders of the cataract. In some places they

rise abruptly to the height of one hundred feet, and display upon their surfaces, fossil shells, and the organic remains of a former world ; thus sublimely leading the mind to contemplate the convulsions which nature has undergone since the creation.

As the traveller advances, he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise ; clouds of spray sometimes envelope him, and suddenly check his faltering steps ; rattlesnakes start from the cavities of the rocks ; and the scream of eagles, soaring among the whirlwinds of eddying vapour, which obscure the gulf of the cataract, at intervals announces that the raging waters have hurled some bewildered animal over the precipice. After scrambling among piles of hugh rocks that obstruct his way, the traveller gains the bottom of the Fall, where the soul can be susceptible only of one emotion,—that of uncontrollable terror.

It was not until I had, by frequent excursions to the Falls, in some measure familiarized my mind with their sublimities, that I ventured to explore the recesses of the Great Cataract. The precipice over which it rolls is very much arched underneath, while the impetus which the water receives in its descent, projects it far beyond the cliff, and thus an immense Gothic arch is formed by the rock and the torrent. Twice I entered this cavern, and twice I was obliged to retrace my steps, lest I should be suffocated by the blast of dense spray that whirled around me ; however, the third time, I succeeded in advancing about twenty-five yards.

Here darkness began to encircle me. On one side, the

black cliff stretched itself into a gigantic arch far above my head, and on the other, the dense and hissing torrent formed an impenetrable sheet of foam, with which I was drenched in a moment. The rocks were so slippery, that I could hardly keep my feet, or hold securely by them; while the horrid din made me think the precipices above were tumbling down in colossal fragments upon my head.

A little way below the great Fall, the river is, comparatively speaking, so tranquil, that a ferry-boat plies between the Canada and American shores, for the convenience of travellers. When I first crossed, the heaving flood tossed about the skiff with a violence that seemed very alarming; but as soon as we gained the middle of the river, my attention was altogether engaged by the surpassing grandeur of the scene before me.

I was now within the area of a semi-circle of cataracts more than three thousand feet in extent, and floated on the surface of a gulf, raging, fathomless, and interminable. Majestic cliffs, splendid rainbows, lofty trees, and columns of spray, were the gorgeous decorations of this theatre of wonders; while a dazzling sun shed refulgent glories upon every part of the scene.—Surrounded with clouds of vapour, and stunned into a state of confusion and terror by the hideous noise, I looked upwards to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, and saw vast floods, dense, awful, and stupendous, vehemently bursting over the precipice, and rolling down as if the windows of heaven were opened to pour another deluge upon the earth.

Loud sounds, resembling discharges of artillery or volcanic explosions, were now distinguishable amidst the

watery tumult, and added terrors to the abyss from which they issued. The sun, looking majestically through the ascending spray, was encircled by a radiant halo ; while fragments of rainbows floated on every side, and momentarily vanished, only to give place to a succession of others more brilliant.

Looking backwards, I saw the Niagara River again become calm and tranquil, rolling magnificently between the towering cliffs, that rose on either side. A gentle breeze ruffled the waters, and beautiful birds fluttered around, as if to welcome its egress from those clouds, and thunders, and rainbows, which were the heralds of its precipitation into the abyss of the cataract.

NIAGARA FALLS.

JOSE MARIA HEREDIA.

TREMENDOUS torrent ! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
Those wide-involving shadows, that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face !
I am not all unworthy of thy sight ;
For, from my very boyhood, have I loved,—
Shunning the meaner track of common minds,—
To look on nature in her loftier moods.
At the fierce rushing of the hurricane,
At the near bursting of the thunderbolt,
I have been touched with joy ; and, when the sea,
Lashed by the wind, hath rocked my bark, and showed
Its yawning caves beneath me, I have loved

Its dangers and the wrath of elements.
But never yet the madness of the sea
Hath moved me as thy grandeur moves me now.

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
Grow broken 'midst the rocks ; thy current then
Shoots onward, like the irresistible course
Of destiny. Ah ! terribly they rage—
The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there ! My brain
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters, and my sight
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent—waves innumerable
Meet there and madden—waves innumerable
Urge on and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam.

They reach—they leap the barrier ; the abyss
Swallows, insatiable, the sinking waves.
A thousand rainbows arch them, and the woods
Are deafened with the roar. The violent shock
Shatters to vapour the descending sheets :
A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves
The mighty pyramid of circling mist
To heaven, The solitary hunter, near,
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.

* * * *

God of all truth ! in other lands I've seen
Lying philosophers blaspheming men,
Questioners of thy mysteries, that draw
Their fellows deep into impiety ;
And therefore doth my spirit seek thy face

In earth's majestic solitudes. Even here
My heart doth open all itself to thee.
In this immensity of loneliness
I feel thy hand upon me. To my ear
The eternal thunder of the cataract brings
Thy voice, and I am humbled as I hear.

Dread torrent ! that with wonder and with fear
Dost overwhelm the soul of him that looks
Upon thee, and dost bear it from itself,
Whence hast thou thy beginning ? who supplies,
Age after age, thy unexhausted springs ?
What power hath ordered, that, when all thy weight
Descends into the deep, the swollen waves
Rise not, and roll to overwhelm the earth ?

The Lord hath opened his omnipotent hand,
Covered thy face with clouds, and given his voice
To thy down-rushing waters ; he hath girt
Thy terrible forehead with his radiant bow.
I see thy never-resting waters run,
And I bethink me how the tide of time
Sweeps to eternity. So pass of man,—
Pass, like a noon-day dream,—the blossoming days,
And he awakes to sorrow. * * * *

Hear, dread Niagara ! my latest voice.
Yet a few years, and the cold earth shall close
Over the bones of him who sings the now
Thus feelingly. Would that this, my humble verse,
Might be, like thee, immortal. I, meanwhile,
Cheerfully passing to the appointed rest,

Might raise my radiant forehead in the clouds
To listen to the echoes of my fame.

PASSAGE OF THE POTOMAC AND SHENANDOAH RIVERS
THROUGH THE BLUE RIDGE.

JEFFERSON.

THE passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge, is, perhaps, one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles, to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea.

The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this earth has been created in time ; that the mountains were formed first ; that the rivers began to flow afterwards ; that, in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean, which filled the whole valley ; that, continuing to rise, they have, at length, broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down, from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disrupture and avulsion from their beds, by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate this impression.

But the distant finishing, which nature has given to the

picture, is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the fore-ground. That is as placid and delightful, as this is wild and tremendous. For the mountain, being cloven asunder, presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below.

Here the eye ultimately composes itself ; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above the junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain, for three miles ; its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighbourhood of the Natural Bridge, are people, who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre.

CONTEMPLATION.

THOMSON.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night
And Contemplation her sedate compeer ;
Let me shake off the intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life ?
 Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train !
 Where are you now ? and what is your amount ?
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
 Sad, sickening thought ! And yet deluded Man,
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
 And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
 With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of Light and Life ! thou Good Supreme !
 O teach me what is good ! teach me Thyself !
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;
 Sacred, substantial, never-failing bliss !

PARALLEL BETWEEN POPE AND DRYDEN.

JOHNSON.

POPE professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality ; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding, and nicety of discernment, were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismissal of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for

the people ; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers : he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration : when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind ; for, when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy ; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best: he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of *Thirty-eight* : of which Dodsley told me, that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. “Every line,” said he, “was then written twice over ; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent sometime afterwards to me for the press, with every line written twice over a second time.”

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at

their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them : what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the *Iliad*, and freed it from some of its imperfections ; and the *Essay on Criticism* received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour. Pope had, perhaps, the judgment of Dryden ; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either ; for both excelled likewise in prose ; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied ; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind ; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid ; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by

the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope is a velvet lawn, shaven by the sithe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This parallel, will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory

of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY COLUMBUS.

ROBERTSON.

ON Friday, the third day of August, in the year one thousand four hundred and ninety two, Columbus set sail from Palos, in Spain, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage; which they wished, rather than expected.

His squadron, if it merit that name, consisted of no more than three small vessels—the Santa Maria, the Pinta, and the Nigna—having on board ninety men, mostly sailors, together with a few adventurers, who followed the fortune of Columbus, and some gentlemen of the Spanish court, whom the queen appointed to accompany him.

He steered directly for the Canary Islands; from which, after refitting his ships, and supplying himself with fresh provisions, he took his departure on the sixth day of September. Here the voyage of discovery may properly be said to have begun; for Columbus, holding his course due west, left immediately the usual track of navigation, and seretched into unfrequented and unknown seas.

The first day, as it was very calm, he made but little way; but, on the second, he lost sight of the Canaries; and many of the sailors, already dejected and dis-

mayed, when they contemplated the boldness of the undertaking, began to beat their breasts, and to shed tears, as if they were never more to behold land. Columbus comforted them with assurances of success, and the prospect of vast wealth in those opulent regions, whither he was conducting them.

This early discovery of the spirit of his followers taught Columbus that he must prepare to struggle, not only with the unavoidable difficulties which might be expecting from the nature of his undertaking, but with such as were likely to arise from the ignorance and timidity of the people under his command; and he perceived that the art of governing the minds of men would be no less requisite for accomplishing the discoveries which he had in view, than naval skill and enterprising courage.

Happily for himself, and for the country by which he was employed, he joined to the ardent temper and inventive genius of a projector, virtues of another species, which are rarely united with them. He possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind, an insinuating address, a patient perseverance in executing any plan, the perfect government of his own passions, and the talent of acquiring the direction of those of other men.

All these qualities which formed him for command, were accompanied with that superior knowledge of his profession, which begets confidence in times of difficulty and danger. To unskilful Spanish sailors, accustomed only to coasting voyages in the Mediterranean, the maritime science of Columbus, the fruit of thirty years' expe-

rience, appeared immense. As soon as they put to sea, he regulated every thing by his sole authority ; he superintended the execution of every order, and, allowing himself only a few hours for sleep, he was, at all other times, upon deck.

As his course lay through seas, which had not been visited before, the sounding line, or instruments for observation, were continually in his hands. He attended to the motion of the tides and currents, watched the flight of birds, the appearance of fishes, of sea-weeds, and of every thing that floated on the waves, and accurately noted every occurrence in a journal that he kept.

By the fourteenth day of September, the fleet was above two hundred leagues to the west of the Canary Isles, a greater distance from land than any Spaniard had ever been before that time. Here the sailors were struck with an appearance no less astonishing than new. They observed that the magnetic needle, in their compasses, did not point exactly to the north star, but varied towards the west.

This appearance, which is now familiar, filled the companions of Columbus with terror. They were in an ocean boundless and unknown, nature itself seemed to be altered, and the only guide, which they had left, was about to fail them. Columbus, with no less quickness than ingenuity, invented a reason for this appearance, which, though it did not satisfy himself, seemed so plausible to them, that it dispelled their fears, and silenced their murmurs.

On the first of October, they were about seven hundred

and seventy leagues west of the Canaries. They had now been above three weeks at sea : all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds, and other circumstances, had proved fallacious, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. The spirit of discontent and of mutiny began to manifest itself among the sailors ; and, by degrees, the contagion spread from ship to ship.

All agreed, that Columbus should be compelled, by force, to return, while their crazy vessels were yet in a condition to keep the sea ; and some even proposed to throw him overboard, as the most expeditious method of getting rid of his remonstrances, and of securing a seasonable return to their native land.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former expedients, to lead on the hopes of his companions, and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition, among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment.

He found it necessary to sooth passions, which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He accordingly promised his men, that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him, and obey his commands, for three days longer ; and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient as they

were of returning to their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable : nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a time so short ; for the presages of discovering land had become so numerous and promising, that he deemed them infallible.

For some days, the sounding line had reached the bottom ; and the soil which it brought up, indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore.

The crew of the *Pitna* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber, artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree, with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun, assumed a new appearance ; the air was more mild and warm ; and, during night, the wind became unequal and variable.

From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that, on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and strict watch to be kept, lest the ship should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes ; all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to two of his people. All three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A

little after midnight, the joyful sound of *Land! Land!* was heard from the Pinta. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, they had now become slow of belief, and waited, in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience, for the return of day.

As soon as morning dawned, their doubts and fears were dispelled. They beheld an island about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented to them the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the Pinta instantly began a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy, and transports of congratulation.

This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven, with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all the boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, warlike music, and other martial

pomp; and, as they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, and whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view.

Columbus was the first European who set foot in the New World which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had long desired to see.

They next erected a crucifix, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities with which the Portuguese were accustomed to take possession of *their* new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed, in silent admiration, upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising.

The vast machines, in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the water with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound, resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror, that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they

were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb, and shrub, and tree, was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful.

The inhabitants were entirely naked: their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses around their heads; they had no beards; their complexion was of a dusky copper colour; their features singular, rather than disagreeable; their aspect gentle and timid.

Though not tall they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and other parts of their body, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first, through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards; and, with transports of joy, received from them hawks' bells, glass beads, and other baubles; in return for which, they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce.

Towards evening Columbus returned to his ships, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called *canoes*; and, though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the Old World and those of the New, every thing was conducted amicably, and to their mutual satis-

faction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from those regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation, which were now approaching their country.

CHILDHOOD AND MANHOOD—AN APOLOGUE.

CRABBE.

“Men are but children of a larger growth.”

’Twas eight o’clock, and near the fire
 My ruddy little boy was seated,
 And with the title of a sire
 My ears expected to be greeted :—
 But vain the thought : by sleep oppressed,
 No father there the child descried ;
 His head reclined upon his breast,
 Or, nodding, rolled from side to side.

“Let this young rogue be sent to bed”—
 Nought further had I time to say,
 When the poor urchin raised his head
 To beg that he might longer stay.
 Refused, towards rest his steps he bent,
 With tearful eye and aching heart ;
 But claimed his playthings ere he went,
 And took up stairs his *horse* and *cart*.

For new delay, though oft denied,
 He pleaded ; wildly craved the boon :

Though past his usual hour, he cried
At being sent away so soon.
If stern to him, his grief I shared ;
(Unmoved who hears his offspring weep !)
Of soothing him I half despaired ;
But soon his cares were lost in sleep.

“ Alas ! poor infant ! ” I exclaimed,
“ Thy father blushes now to scan,
In all which he so lately blamed,
The follies and the fears of man.
The vain regret, the anguish brief,
Which thou has known, sent up to bed,
Portrays of man the idle grief,
When doomed to slumber with the dead.

And more I thought, when, up the stairs,
With “ longing, lingering looks,” he crept,
To mark of man the childish cares,
His playthings carefully he kept.
Thus mortals, on life’s later stage,
When nature claims their forfeit breath,
Still grasp at wealth in pain and age,
And cling to golden toys in death.

’Tis morn ; and see, my smiling boy
Awakes to hail returning light,—
To fearless laughter,—boundless joy,—
Forgot the tears of yesternight.
Thus shall not man forget his wo ?
Survive of age and death the gloom ?

Smile at the cares he knew below ?
And, renovated, burst the tomb ?

O, my Creator ! when thy will
Shall stretch this frame on earth's cold bed,
Let that blest hope sustain me still,
'Till thought, sense, memory—all are fled.
And, grateful for what thou may'st give,
No tear shall dim my fading eye,
That 'twas thy pleasure I should live,
That 'tis thy mandate bids me die.

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THE country assigned to him by the royal charter was yet full of its original inhabitants ; and the principles of William Penn did not allow him to look upon that gift as a warrant to dispossess the first proprietors of the land. He had accordingly appointed his commissioners, the preceding year, to treat with them for the fair purchase of a part of their lands, and for their joint possession of the remainder ; and the terms of the settlement being now nearly agreed upon, he proceeded very soon after his arrival, to conclude the settlement, and solemnly to pledge his faith, and to ratify and confirm the treaty in sight of both the indians and planters.

For this purpose a grand convocation of the tribes had been appointed near the spot where Philadelphia now stands ; and it was agreed that he and the presiding

Sachems should meet and exchange faith, under the spreading branches of a prodigious elm-tree, that grew on the bank of the river. On the day appointed, accordingly, an innumerable multitude of the Indians assembled in that neighbourhood; and were seen, with their dark visages and brandished arms, moving, in vast swarms, in the depth of the woods which then overshadowed the whole of that now cultivated region.

On the other hand, William Penn, with a moderate attendance of friends advanced to meet them. He came, of course, unarmed—in his usual plain dress—without banners, or mace, or guard, or carriages; and only distinguished from his companions by wearing a blue sash of silk net-work, (which it seems is still preserved by Mr. Kett, of Seething-hall, near Norwich,) and by having in his hand a roll of parchment, on which was engrossed the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity. As soon as he drew near the spot where the Sachems were assembled, the whole multitude of Indians threw down their weapons, and seated themselves on the ground in groups, each under his own chieftain; and the presiding chief intimated to William Penn, that the nations were ready to hear him.

Having been thus called upon, he began: “The Great Spirit,” he said, “who made him and them, who ruled the heaven and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fel-

low creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood, and love.”

After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and by means of the same interpreter, conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the compact then made for their eternal union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits even in the territory they had alienated, for it was to be common to them and the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein, relating to the improvement of their grounds, and the providing of sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any disputes should arise between the two, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English, and half Indians.

He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents besides, from the merchandise which had been spread before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people. He then added that he would not do as the Marylanders did, that is, call them Children or Brothers only; for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ; neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and

break it ; but he would consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the Sachem who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other Sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he himself had remained with them to repeat it.

The Indians, in return, made long and stately harangues—of which, however, no more seems to have been remembered, but that “they pledged themselves to live in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the sun and moon shall endure.” And thus ended this famous treaty ;—of which Voltaire has remarked, with so much truth and severity, “that it was the only one ever concluded between savages and christians that was not ratified by an oath—and the only one that never was broken !”

Such, indeed, was the spirit in which the negociation was entered into, and the corresponding settlement conducted, that, for the space of more than seventy years, and so long indeed as the Quakers retained the chief power in the government, the peace and amity which had been thus solemnly promised and concluded, never was violated ; and a large and most striking, though solitary example afforded, of the facility with which they who are really sincere and friendly in their own views, may live in harmony even with those who are supposed to be peculiarly fierce and faithless.

WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORD.

REV. ROBERT HALL.

THE exclusion of a Supreme Being, and of a superintending providence, tends directly to the destruction of moral taste. It robs the universe of all finished and consummate excellence even in idea. The admiration of perfect wisdom and goodness for which we are formed, and which kindles such unspeakable rapture in the soul, finding in the regions of scepticism nothing to which it corresponds, droops and languishes. In a world which presents a fair spectacle of order and beauty, of a vast family nourished and supported by an Almighty Parent; in a world which leads the devout mind, step by step, to the contemplation of the first fair and the first good, the sceptic is encompassed with nothing but obscurity, meanness, and disorder.

When we reflect on the manner in which the idea of Deity is formed, we must be convinced that such an idea intimately present to the mind, must have a most powerful effect in refining the moral taste. Composed of the richest elements, it embraces in the character of a beneficent Parent and Almighty Ruler, whatever is venerable in wisdom, whatever is awful in authority, whatever is touching in goodness.

Human excellence is blended with many imperfections, and seen under many limitations. It is beheld only in detached and separate portions, nor ever appears in any one character whole and entire. So that when, in imita-

tion of the Stoics, we wish to form out of these fragments the notion of a perfectly wise and good man, we know it is a mere fiction of the mind, without any real being in whom it is embodied and realized. In the belief of a Deity, these conceptions are reduced to reality; the scattered rays of an ideal excellence are concentrated, and become the real attributes of that Being with whom we stand in the nearest relation, who sits supreme at the head of the universe, is armed with infinite power, and pervades all nature with his presence.

The efficacy of these sentiments in producing and augmenting a virtuous taste, will indeed be proportioned to the vividness with which they are formed, and the frequency with which they recur; yet some benefit will not fail to result from them even in their lowest degree.

The idea of the Supreme Being has this peculiar property; that, as it admits of no substitute, so, from the first moment it is impressed, it is capable of continual growth and enlargement. God himself is immutable; but our conception of his character is continually receiving fresh accessions; is continually growing more extended and refulgent, by having transferred upon it new perceptions of beauty and goodness; by attracting to itself, as a centre, whatever bears the impress of dignity, order, or happiness. It borrows splendour from all that is fair, subordinates to itself all that is great, and sits enthroned on the riches of the universe.

INDUSTRY RECOMMENDED.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

VERY few people are good economists of their fortune, and still fewer of their time ; and yet of the two, the latter is the most precious. I heartily wish you to be a good economist of both ; and you are now of an age to begin to think seriously of these two important articles. Young people are apt to think they have so much time before them, that they may squander what they please of it, and yet have enough left ; as very great fortunes have frequently seduced people to a ruinous profusion. Fatal mistakes, always repented of, but always too late ! Old Mr. Lowndes, the famous secretary of the treasury, in the reigns of king William, queen Ann, and king George the First, used to say, “ Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.”

This holds equally true as to time ; and I most earnestly recommend to you the care of those minutes and quarters of hours, in the course of the day, which people think too short to deserve their attention ; and yet, if summed up at the end of the year, would amount to a very considerable portion of time. For example : you are to be at such a place at twelve, by appointment : you go out at eleven, to make two or three visits first ; those persons are not at home : instead of sauntering away that intermediate time at a coffee-house, and possibly alone ; return home, write a letter, beforehand, for the ensuing

post, or take up a good book, I do not mean Descartes, Malbranche, Locke, or Newton, by way of dipping; but some book of rational amusement, and detached pieces, as Horace, Boileau, Waller, La Bruyere, &c. This will be so much time saved, and by no means ill employed. Many people lose a great deal of time by reading: for they read frivolous and idle books; such as the absurd romances of the two last centuries, where characters, that never existed, are insipidly displayed, and sentiments, that were never felt, pompously described; the oriental ravings and extravagancies of the Arabian Nights, and Mogul Tales; and such sort of idle, frivolous stuff, that nourishes and improves the mind just as much as whipped cream would the body. Stick to the best established books in every language; the celebrated poets, historians, orators, or philosophers. By these means (to use a city metaphor) you will make fifty *per cent* of that time, of which others do not make above three or four, or probably nothing at all.

Many people lose a great deal of their time by laziness; they loll and yawn in a great chair, tell themselves that they have not time to begin any thing then, and that it will do as well another time. This is a most unfortunate disposition, and the greatest obstruction to both knowledge and business. At your age, you have no right nor claim to laziness. You are but just listed in the world, and must be active, diligent, indefatigable. If ever you propose commanding with dignity, you must serve up to it with diligence. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Despatch is the soul of business ; and nothing contributes more to despatch, than method. Lay down a method for every thing, and stick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incidents may allow. Fix one certain hour and day in the week for your accounts, and keep them together in their proper order ; by which means they will require very little time, and you can never be much cheated. Whatever letters and papers you keep, docket and tie them up in their respective classes, so that you may instantly have recourse to any one. Lay down a method also for your reading, for which you allot a certain share of your mornings ; let it be in a consistent and consecutive course, and not in that desultory and immethodical manner, in which many people read scraps of different authors, upon different subjects. Keep a useful and short common-place book of what you read, to help your memory only, and not for pedantic quotations. Never read history without having maps, and a chronological book, or tables lying by you, and constantly recurred to ; without which, history is only a confused heap of facts. One method more I recommend to you, by which I have found great benefit, even in the most dissipated part of my life : that is, to rise early, and at the same hour every morning, how late soever you may have sat up the night before.

You will say, it may be, as many young people would, that all this order and method is very troublesome, only fit for dull people, and a disagreeable restraint upon the noble spirit and fire of youth. I deny it ; and assert, on the contrary, that it will procure you, both more time

and more taste for your pleasures ; and, so far from being troublesome to you, that, after you have pursued it a month, it would be troublesome to you to lay it aside.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME.

MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole :
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While, in his softened looks, benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.

Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strows with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,

An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found ?
Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around ;
Oh ! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land **THY COUNTRY**, and that spot **THY HOME**.

VIEW OF MONT BLANC AT SUNSET.

GRISCOM.

WE arrived, before sundown, at the village of St. Martin, where we were to stay for the night. The evening being remarkably fine, we crossed the Arvé on a beautiful bridge, and walked over to Salenche, a very considerable village, opposite to St Martin, and ascended a hill to view the effect of the sun's declining light upon Mont Blanc. The scene was truly grand. The broad range of the mountain was fully before us, of a pure and almost glowing white, apparently to its very base ; and which, contrasted with the brown tints of the adjoining mountains, greatly heightened the novelty of the scene. We could scarcely avoid the conclusion, that this vast pile of snow was very near us ; and yet its base was not less than fifteen, and its summit, probably, more than twenty miles from the place where we stood.

The varying rays of light, produced by reflection from the snow, passing, as the sun's rays declined, from a brilliant white through purple and pink, and ending in the gentle light which the snow gives after the sun has set, afforded an exhibition in optics upon a scale of gran-

deur, which no other region in the world could probably excel. Never, in my life, have my feelings been so powerfully affected, by mere scenery, as they were in this day's excursion. The excitement, though attended by sensations awfully impressive, is, nevertheless, so finely attempered by the glow of novelty, incessantly mingled with astonishment and admiration, as to produce, on the whole a feast of delight.

A few years ago, I stood upon Table Rock, and placed my cane in the descending flood of Niagara. Its tremendous roar almost entirely precluded conversation with the friend at my side ; while its whirlwind of mist and foam filled the air to a great distance around me. The rainbow sported in its bosom ; the gulf below exhibited the wild fury of an immense boiling caldron ; while the rapids above, for the space of nearly a mile, appeared like a mountain of billows chafing and dashing against each other with thundering impetuosity, in their eager strife to gain the precipice, and take the awful leap.

In contemplating this scene, my imagination and my heart were filled with sublime and tender emotions. The soul seemed to be brought a step nearer to the presence of that incomprehensible Being, whose spirit dwelt in every feature of the cataract, and directed all its amazing energies. Yet, in the scenery of this day, there was more of a pervading sense of awful and unlimited grandeur ; mountain piled upon mountain, in endless continuity, throughout the whole extent, and crowned by the brightest effulgence of an evening sun, upon the everlasting snows of the highest pinnacle of Europe.

EXTRACT FROM MR. PITT'S SPEECH ON THE SLAVE
TRADE.

SIR—It is alleged that Africa labours under a natural incapacity for civilization, that it is enthusiasm and fanaticism to think that she can ever enjoy the knowledge and the morals of Europe ; that Providence never intended her to rise above a state of barbarism. Allow of this principle, as applied to Africa, and I should be glad to know, why it might not also have been applied to ancient and uncivilized Britain.

Sir, the condition of this country was once as deplorable as that of Africa. There was a time, sir, when even HUMAN SACRIFICES are said to have been offered in this island. Nay, the very practice of the Slave Trade, once prevailed among us. Slaves were formerly an established article of our exports. Great numbers were exported like cattle from the British coast, and were to be seen exposed for sale in the Roman market.

Why might not some Roman Senator, reasoning on the principles of the honourable gentlemen, and pointing to British barbarians, have predicted with equal boldness, “there is a people that will never rise to civilization—there is a people never destined to be free—a people without the understanding necessary for the attainment of useful arts ; depressed by the hand of nature below the level of the human species ; and created to form a supply of slaves for the rest of the world.”

Might not this have been said, according to the principles, which we now hear stated in all respects as fairly and as truly of Britain herself at that period of her history, as it can now be said by us of the inhabitants of Africa?

Yet we, sir, have long since emerged from barbarism. We have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians. Yet we were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understandings, as these unhappy Africans are at present. But in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression slow, and, for a time, almost imperceptible, we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favoured above measure in the gifts of Providence—unrivalled in commerce, pre-eminent in arts, foremost in the pursuits of philosophy and science, and established in all the blessings of civil society.

We are in the possession of peace, of happiness, and of liberty. We are under the guidance of a mild and beneficent religion : and we are protected by impartial laws, and the purest administration of justice. From all these blessings we must for ever have been shut out, had there been any truth in those principles which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to Africa. Ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism ; we might at this hour have been little superior either in morals, in knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of Guinea.

I trust we shall no longer continue this commerce, to the destruction of every improvement on that wide con-

continent. If we listen to the voice of reason and duty, and pursue this night the line of conduct which they prescribe, some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture, from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret.

We may live to behold the natives of Africa, engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuits of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which at some happy period in still later times, may blaze with full lustre; and joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent.

Then may we hope that even Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length in the evening of her days those blessings, which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world.

RELIGION THE ONLY BASIS OF SOCIETY.

CHANNING.

RELIGION is a social concern; for it operates powerfully on society, contributing, in various ways, to its stability and prosperity. Religion is not merely a private affair; the community is deeply interested in its diffusion; for it is the best support of the virtues and principles, on which the social order rests. Pure and undefiled religion is, to do good; and it follows, very plainly, that, if God be the Author and Friend of society, then

the recognition of him must enforce all social duty, and enlightened piety must give its whole strength to public order.

Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware, how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become, without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind.

And let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish for ever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction; once let them *thoroughly* abandon religion; and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow!

We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sym-

pathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that, were the sun quenched in the heavens, *our* torches would illuminate, and *our* fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day? And what is he more, if atheism be true?

Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling; and man would become, in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be—a companion for brutes.

ON SINCERITY.

TILLOTSON.

TRUTH and sincerity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good, I am sure the reality is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not,—but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? Now the best way for a man to seem to be any thing, is to be in reality what he would seem to be: besides,—it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality, as to have it: and, if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to

want it ; and, then, all his labour to seem to have it, is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed : and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction. Particularly, as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier,—much the safer, and more secure way of dealing in the world ; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker, and less serviceable to those that practice them ; whereas integrity gains strength by use ; and the more and longer any man practiseth it the greater service it does him ; by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest confidence in him ; which is an unspeakable advantage in business and the affairs of life.

But insincerity is very troublesome to manage. A hypocrite hath so many things to attend to, as make his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of a good memory, lest he contradict at one time, what he said at another ; but truth is always consistent, and needs nothing to help it out ; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips ; whereas a lie is troublesome, and needs a great many more to make it good.

In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to

be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over ; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual ; because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion ; so that he is not believed when he speaks the truth ; nor trusted when, perhaps, he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity,—nothing will then serve his turn ; neither truth nor falsehood.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, it were then no great matter (as far as respects the affairs of this world) if he spent his reputation all at once ; or ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions ; for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts may fail ; but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

THE GOODNESS OF THE DEITY.

PALEY.

THE proof of the Divine Goodness, rests upon two propositions, each capable of being sustained by observations drawn from the appearances of nature. The first is “that in a vast plurality of instances, in which contrivance is perceived, the design of the contrivance is *beneficial*.” The second “that the Deity has superadded *pleasure* to animal sensations, beyond what was ne-

cessary for any other purpose ; or, when the purpose, so far as it was necessary, might have been effected by the operation of pain.”

First, no productions of nature display contrivance so manifestly as the parts of animals : and the parts of animals, have, I believe, universally, a real, and, with very few exceptions, a known and intelligent subserviency to the use of the animal. Now, when the *multitude* of animals is considered, the number of parts in each, their figure and fitness, the faculties depending upon them, the variety of species, the complexity of structure, we can never reflect, without the profoundest adoration, upon the character of that Being from whom all these things have proceeded : we cannot help acknowledging what an exertion of benevolence creation was, how minute in its care, how vast in its comprehension.

When we appeal to the parts and faculties of animals, we state, I conceive, the proper medium of proof for the conclusion which we wish to establish. The *benevolence* of the Deity, can only be considered in relation to sensitive being. The parts, therefore, especially the limbs and senses, of animals, although they constitute in mass and quantity, a small portion of the material creation, yet, since they alone are instruments of perception, they compose the whole of the visible nature estimated with a view to the disposition of its Author. Consequently, it is by these that we are to prove, that the world was made with a benevolent design.

Nor is the design abortive. It is, after all, a happy world. The air, the earth, the water teem with delight-

ed existence. In a spring noon, or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. "The insect youth are on the wing." Swarms of new born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton images, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy, and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties.

A bee among the flowers, in spring, is one of the cheerfulest objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment; so busy, so pleased it seems: yet it is only a *specimen*, of insect life, with which, because the animal is half domesticated, we are better acquainted than with that of others. The *whole* winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them.

Nor are the waters less peopled with active and happy inhabitants. The margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself produce shoals of the fry of fish. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their wanton frolics, their leaps out of the water, show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess.

What scene can present a finer picture of calm enjoyment than large herds of cattle when grazing and reposing in the meadows; intermingled with flocks of sheep accompanied by their frisking young. If, moreover, we

reflect that each individual of the numerous species which cover the earth or fill the air and the waters, is in a state of positive enjoyment, what a scene of gratification and pleasure is brought before our view when we consider the whole collectively.

The *young* of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure, simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties. A child is delighted with speaking without having any thing to say, and with walking without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found in the arm chair of dozing age, as well as in the sprightliness of the dance, and the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardour of pursuit, succeeds, what is, in no considerable degree, an equivalent for them all, "perception of ease."

This "perception" oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort; especially when riding at its anchor, after a busy and tempestuous life. The appearance of satisfaction, with which most animals, as their activity subsides, seek and enjoy rest, affords reason to believe, that this source of gratification is appointed to advanced life, under all, or most, of its varied forms. In the species with which we are best acquainted, namely, our own, I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking, that youth is its happiest season, much

less the only happy one ; as a Christian, I am willing to believe that there is a great deal of truth in the following representation given by a very pious writer as well as excellent man.

“ To the intelligent and virtuous, old age presents a scene of tranquil enjoyments, of obedient appetites, of well regulated affections, of maturity in knowledge, and of calm preparation for immortality. In this serene and dignified state, placed as it were, on the confines of two worlds, the mind of a good man, reviews what is past with the complacency of an approving conscience, and looks forward with humble confidence in the mercy of God, and with devout aspirations, towards his eternal and ever increasing favour.”

JOB BEMOANETH HIMSELF.

OH that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me ; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness ; as I was in the days of my youth, when the secret of God was upon my tabernacle ; when the Almighty was yet with me, when my children were about me ; when I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured me out rivers of oil ; when I went out to the gate through the city when I prepared my seat in the street ! The young men saw me, and hid themselves, and the aged arose, and stood up. The princes refrained talking, and laid their hand on their mouth. The nobles held their

peace, and their tongue cleaved to the roof of their mouth.

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me: my judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not I searched out. And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth. Then I said, I shall die in my nest, and I shall multiply my days as the sand. My root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch. My glory was fresh in me, and my bow was renewed in my hand. Unto me men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence at my counsel. After my words they spake not again; and my speech dropped upon them. And they waited for me as for the rain; and they opened their mouth wide as for the latter rain. If I laughed on them, they believed it not: and the light of my countenance they cast not down. I chose out their way, and sat chief, and dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners.

TWILIGHT—HOPE.

HALLECK.

THERE is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion waves are lulled to rest,
And the eye sees Life's fairy scenes depart,
As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.
'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret
We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet ;
But Hope is round us, with her angel lay,
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour ;
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early power.

In youth, the cheek was crimsoned with her glow ;
Her smile was loveliest then ; her matin song
Was Heaven's own music, and the note of wo
Was all unheard her sunny bowers among.
Life's little world of bliss was newly born ;
We knew not, cared not, it was born to die.
Flushed with the cool breeze and the dews of morn,
With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky.
And mocked the passing cloud that dimmed its blue,
Like our own sorrows then—as fleeting and as few.

And manhood felt her sway, too ; on the eye,
Half realized, her early dreams burst bright ;
Her promised bower of happiness seemed nigh,—
Its days of joy, its vigils of delight ;

And though, at times, might lower the thunder storm,
And the red lightnings threaten, still the air
Was balmy with her breath, and her loved form,
The rainbow of the heart, was hovering there.
'Tis in life's noontide she is nearest seen,
Her wreath the summer flower, her robe of summer green.

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress,
There's more of heaven's pure beam about her now ;
That angel-smile of tranquil loveliness,
Which the heart worships, glowing on her brow—
That smile shall brighten the dim evening star,
That points our destined tomb, nor e'er depart
Till the faint light of life is fled afar,
And hushed the last deep beating of the heart,—
The meteor-bearer of our parting breath,
A moon-beam in the midnight cloud of death.

ART OF PLEASING.

CHESTERFIELD.

THE desire of being pleased is universal ; the desire of pleasing should be so too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what we wish they should do to us. There are, indeed, some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable ; and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

The manner of conferring favours or benefits is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take

care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which, perhaps, you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold and comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses and miseries of our fellow creatures : but this is not all ; for a true, heart-felt benevolence and tenderness will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may. Let us, then, not only scatter benefits, but even strow flowers, for our fellow travellers in the rugged ways of the world.

There are some, and but too many in this country particularly, who, without the least visible taint of ill nature or malevolence, seem to be totally indifferent, and do not show the least desire to please : as, on the other hand, they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent and listless disposition, from a gloomy and melancholic nature, from ill health, low spirits, or from a secret and sullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independence, is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But, be the cause what it will, that neutrality which is the effect of it, makes these people, as neutralities always do, despicable, and mere blanks in society. They would surely be roused from their indifference, if they would seriously consider the infinite utility of pleasing.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his perhaps small stock of merit at great interest. What vast returns, then, must real merit, when thus adorned, necessarily bring in !

Civility is the essential article toward pleasing, and is the result of good nature and good sense : but good-breeding is the decoration, the lustre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to good company. A good-natured ploughman may be intentionally as civil as the politest courtier ; but his manner often degrades and vilifies the matter ; whereas, in good-breeding, the manner always adorns and dignifies the matter to such a degree, that I have often known it give currency to base coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremoniousness, which good-breeding corrects, but will not quite abolish. A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary outwork of manners : it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper distance, and is a very small restraint to the sensible and to the well-bred part of the world.

GENUINE VIRTUE COMMANDS RESPECT, EVEN FROM
THE BAD.

FENELON.

Dionysius, Pythias, and Damon.

Dionysius. Amazing ! What do I see ! It is Pythias just arrived.—It is indeed Pythias. I did not think it possible. He is come to die, and to redeem his friend !

Pythias. Yes, it is Pythias. I left the place of my

confinement, with no other views, than to pay to heaven the vows I had made ; to settle my family concerns according to the rules of justice ; and to bid adieu to my children, that I might die tranquil and satisfied.

Dio. But why dost thou return ? Hast thou no fear of death ? Is it not the character of a madman to seek it thus voluntarily ?

Py. I return to suffer, though I have not deserved death. Every principle of honour and goodness, forbids me to allow my friend to die for me.

Dio. Dost thou, then, love him better than thyself.

Py. No ; I love him as myself. But I am persuaded that I ought to suffer death, rather than my friend ; since it was Pythias whom thou hadst decreed to die. It were not just that Damon should suffer, to deliver me from the death which was designed, not for him, but for me only.

Dio. But thou supposest, that it is as unjust to inflict death upon thee, as upon thy friend.

Py. Very true ; we are both perfectly innocent ; and it is equally unjust to make either of us suffer.

Dio. Why dost thou, then, assert, that it were injustice to put him to death, instead of thee ?

Py. It is unjust, in the same degree, to inflict death either on Damon or on myself : but Pythias were highly culpable to let Damon suffer that death, which the tyrant had prepared for Pythias only.

Dio. Dost thou, then, return hither, on the day appointed, with no other view, than to save the life of a friend, by losing thy own ?

Py. I return, in regard to thee, to suffer an act of injustice which it is common for tyrants to inflict ; and, with respect to Damon, to perform my duty, by rescuing him from the danger he incurred by his generosity to me.

Dio. And now, Damon, let me address myself to thee. Didst thou not really fear, that Pythias would never return ; and that thou wouldst be put to death on his account ?

Da. I was but too well assured that Pythias would punctually return ; and that he would be more solicitous to keep his promise, than to preserve his life. Would to heaven that his relations and friends had forcibly detained him ! He would then have lived for the comfort and benefit of good men ; and I should have the satisfaction of dying for him !

Dio. What ! does life displease thee ?

Da. Yes ; It displeases me when I see and feel the power of a tyrant.

Dio. It is well ! Thou shalt see him no more. I will order thee to be put to death immediately.

Py. Pardon the feelings of a man who sympathizes with his dying friend. But remember it was Pythias who was devoted by thee to destruction. I come to submit to it, that I may redeem my friend. Do not refuse me this consolation in my last hour.

Dio. I cannot endure men who despise death, and set my power at defiance.

Da. Thou canst not, then, endure virtue.

Dio. No : I cannot endure that proud, disdainful virtue, which contemns life ; which dreads no punishment ;

and which is insensible to the charms of riches and pleasure.

Da. Thou seest, however, that it is a virtue, which is not insensible to the dictates of honour, justice and friendship.

Dio. Guards, take Pythias to execution. We shall see whether Damon will continue to despise my authority.

Da. Pythias, by returning to submit himself to thy pleasure, has merited his life, and deserved thy favour; but I have excited thy indignation, by resigning myself to thy power, in order to save him; be satisfied, then, with this sacrifice, and put me to death.

Py. Hold, Dionysius! remember it was Pythias alone who offended thee; Damon could not——

Dio. Alas! what do I see and hear! where am I? How miserable; and how worthy to be so! I have hitherto known nothing of true virtue. I have spent my life in darkness and error. All my power and honours are insufficient to produce love. I cannot boast of having acquired a single friend, in the course of a reign of thirty years. And yet these two persons, in a private condition, love one another tenderly, unreservedly confide in each other, are mutually happy, and ready to die for each other's preservation.

Py. How couldst thou, who hast never loved any person, expect to have friends? If thou hadst loved and respected men, thou wouldst have secured their love and respect. Thou hast feared mankind; and they fear thee; they detest thee.

Dio. Damon, Pythias, condescend to admit me as a

third friend, in a connexion so perfect. I give you your lives ; and I will load you with riches.

Da. We have no desire to be enriched by thee ; and, in regard to thy friendship, we cannot accept or enjoy it, till thou become good and just. Without these qualities, thou canst be connected with none but trembling slaves, and base flatterers. To be loved and esteemed by men of free and generous minds, thou must be virtuous, affectionate, disinterested, beneficent ; and know how to live in a sort of equality with those who share and deserve thy friendship.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

WEBSTER.

THE land is not wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt—I mean the African slave trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God, in his mercy, has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts no sentiment of humanity or justice inhabits, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave trader is a pirate and a felon ;—and in the sight of heaven, an offender far beyond the

ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter part of our history, than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government, at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic ; and I would call on all the true sons of New England, to co-operate with the laws of man, and the justice of Heaven. If there be within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit, that the land of the pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those, who by stealth, and at midnight, labour in this work of wickedness, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world ; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.

I would invoke those who fill the seats of justice, and all who minister at her altar, that they execute the wholesome and necessary severity of the law. I invoke the ministers of our religion, that they proclaim its denunciation of these crimes, and add its solemn sanctions to the authority of human laws. I call on the fair merchant, who has reaped his harvest upon the seas, that he assist in scourging from those seas the worst pirates which ever infested them. That ocean, which seems to

wave with a gentle magnificence to waft the burdens of an honest commerce, and to roll along its treasures with a conscious pride, that ocean, which hardy industry regards, even when the winds have ruffled its surface, as a field of grateful toil ; what is it to the victim of this oppression, when he is brought to its shores, and looks forth upon it, for the first time, from beneath chains, and bleeding with stripes? What is it to him, but a wide-spread prospect of suffering, anguish, and death? Nor do the skies smile longer, nor is the air longer fragrant to him. The sun is cast down from heaven. An inhuman traffic has cut him off in his manhood, or in his youth, from every enjoyment belonging to his being, and every blessing which his Creator intended for him.

FEELINGS EXCITED BY A LONG VOYAGE—VISIT TO A
NEW CONTINENT.

W. IRVING.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

I have said that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation ; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to

loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top on a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea ; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own, or to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down from my giddy height on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols.— Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship ; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface ; or the ravenous shark, darting like a spectre, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me ; of the finny herds that roam in the fathomless valleys ; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth ; and those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail gliding along the edge of the ocean would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence ! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave ; has brought the ends of the earth in communion ; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south ; diffusing the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life ; and has thus bound together those

scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to the spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over;—they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest;—their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence—oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fire-side of home! How often has the maiden, the wife, and the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, “and was never heard of more.”

The sight of the wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair,

began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp, in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

“As I was once sailing,” said he, “in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of the heavy fogs that prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for me to see far a-head, even in the day time; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of our ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of ‘a sail a-head!’ but it was scarcely uttered till we were upon her. She was a small schooner at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just a-mid-ships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel, bore her down below the waves; we passed over her, and were hurried on our course.

“As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches, rushing from her cabin; they had just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that

bore it to our ears, swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack was anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired several guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent—we never heard nor saw any thing of them more!”

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of “land!” was given from the mast-head. I question whether Columbus, when he discovered the new world, felt a more delicious throng of sensations than rush into an American’s bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations in the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with every thing of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious ears have pondered.

From that time until the period of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war that prowled like guardian giants round the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitred the shore with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on the neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass plots. I saw the mouldering ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighbouring hill—all were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favourable, that the ship was enabled to come at once at the pier. It was thronged with people; some idle lookers-on, others eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship belonged. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded to him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheering and salutations interchanged between the shore and ship, as friends happened to recognise each other.

All was now hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the salutations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

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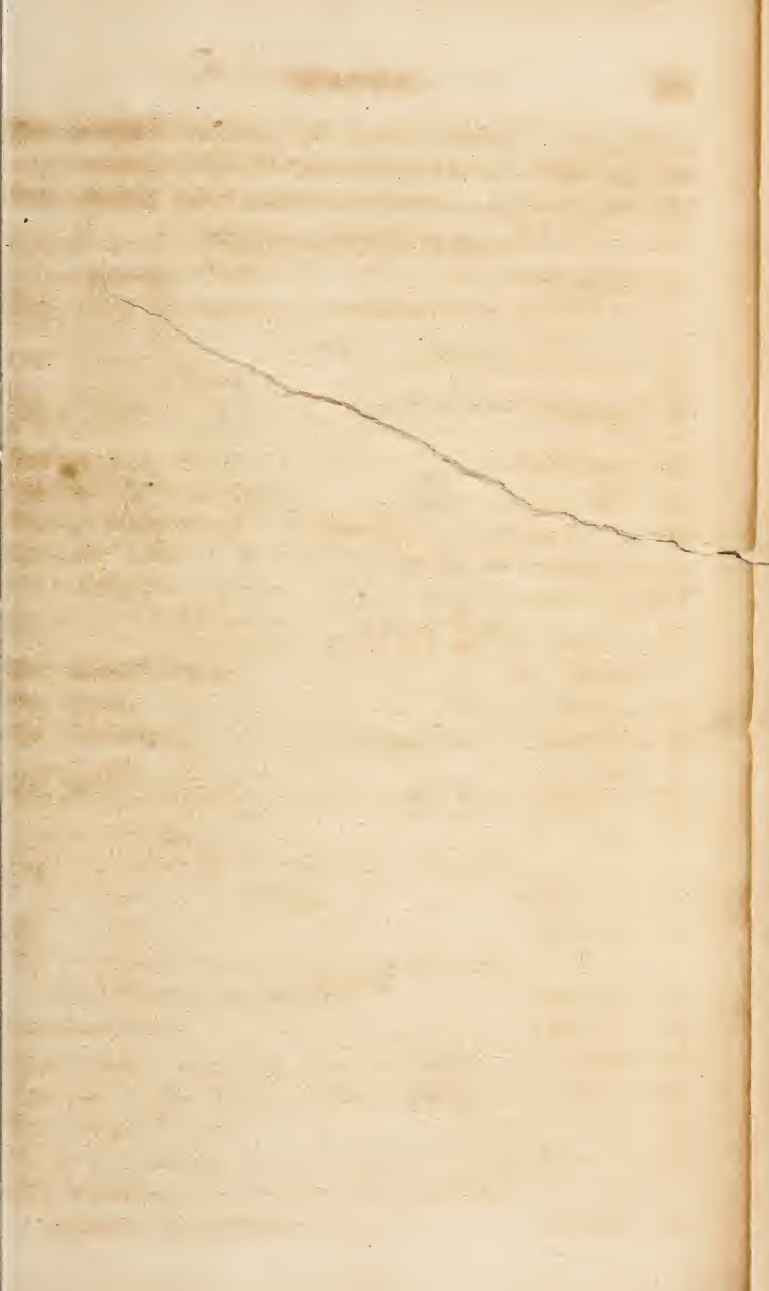
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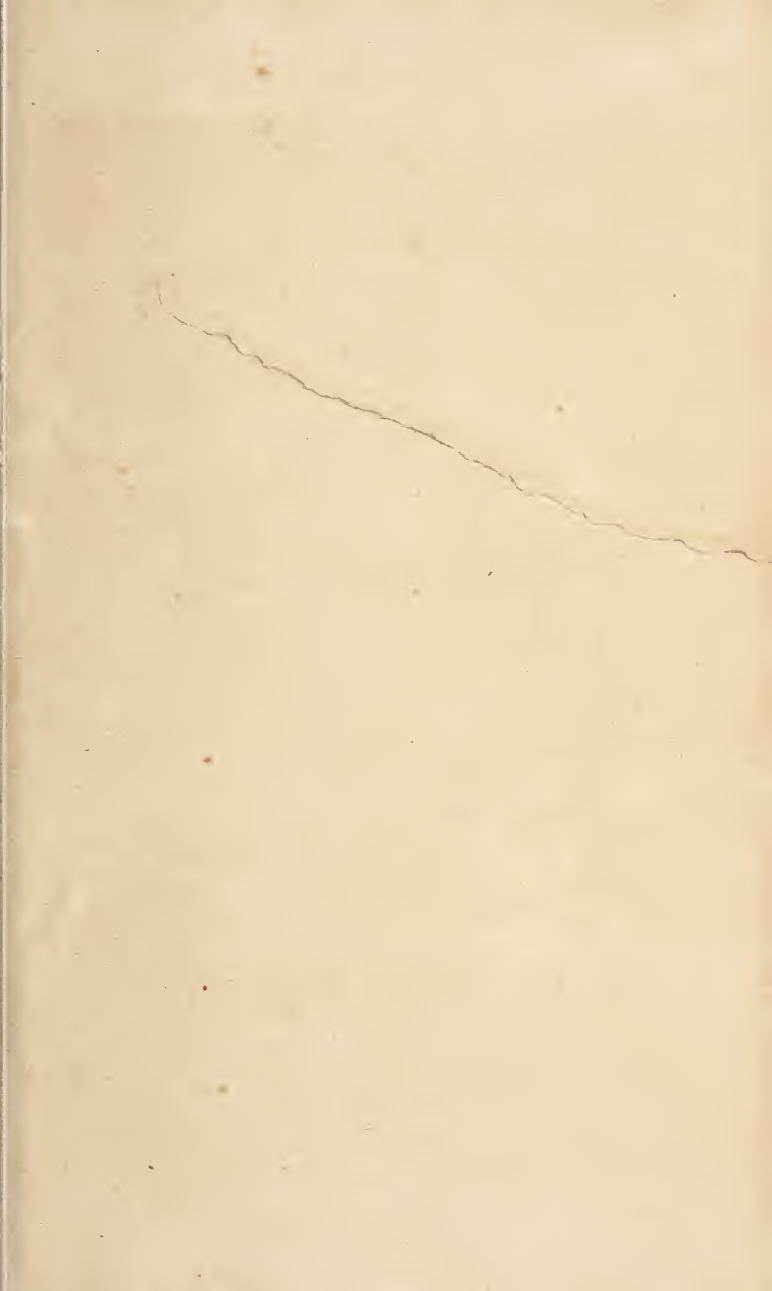
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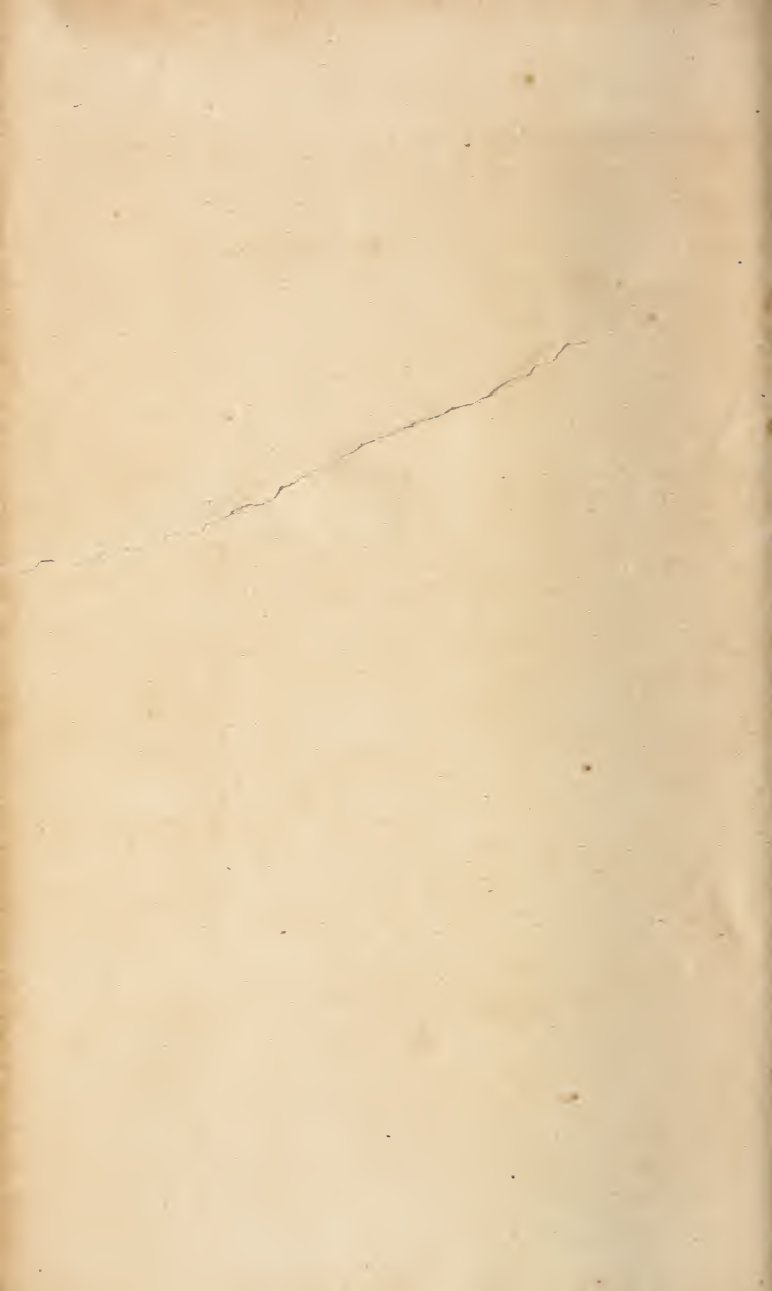
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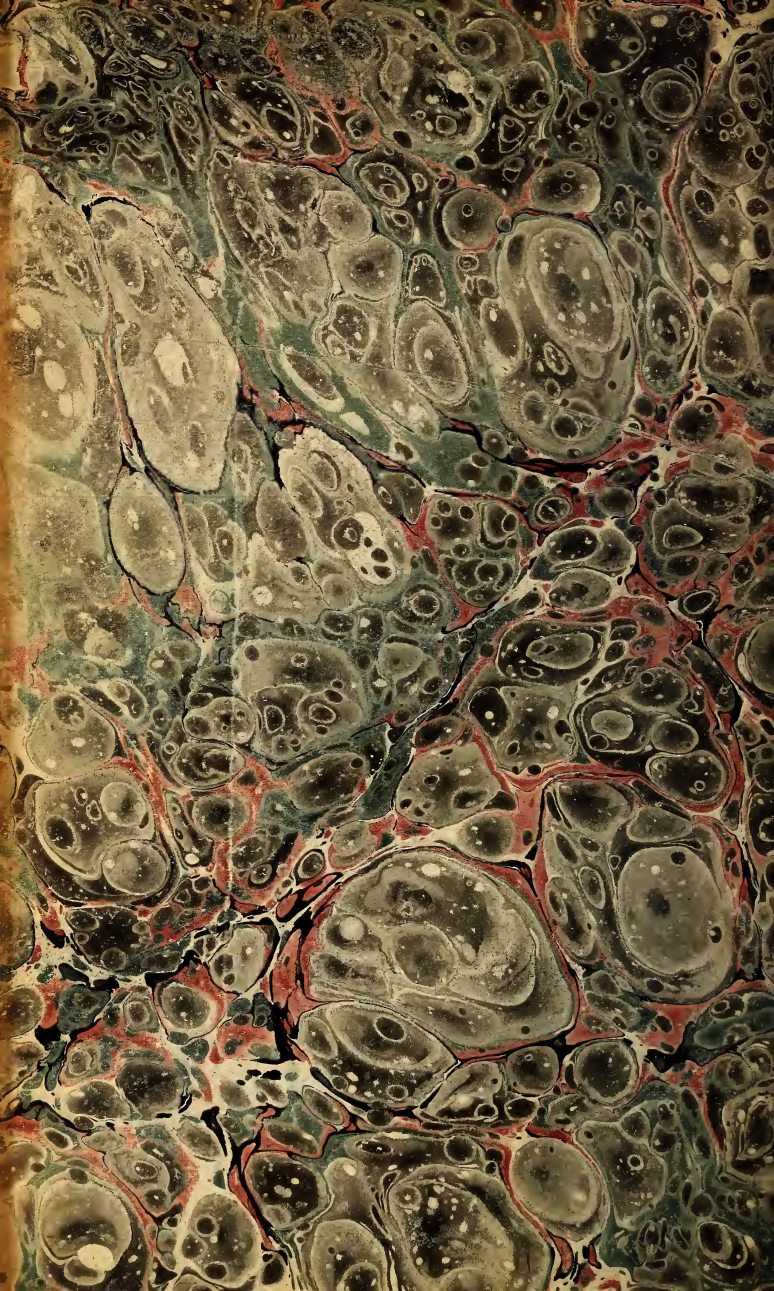
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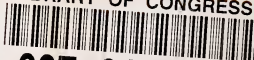








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